This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Geo. Garnier.

Digitized by Google

XL 8.23 Lwc
[Pha]

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

L. Cheron Inv. *G. Vdr Gucht Sculp.*

Digitized by Google

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

Tranſlated into *Engliſh* Verſe

By *NICHOLAS ROWE*, Eſq;

Servant to His MAJESTY.

——*Ne tanta animis aſſueſcite Bella,*
Neu Patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires. Virg.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

The SECOND EDITION.

London: Printed for *J. Tonſon* at *Shakeſpear*'s-*Head* in the *Strand*. MDCCXXII.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TO THE

KING.

SIR,

WHILE my deceased Husband was engaged in the following long and laborious Work, he was not a little supported in

Digitized by Google

it, by the Honour which he propoſed to himſelf of Dedicating it to Your Sacred MAJESTY. This Deſign, which had given him ſo much Pleaſure for ſome Years, out-laſted his Abilities to put it in Execution: for when his Life was deſpaired of, and this Part of the Book remained unfiniſhed, he expreſſed to me his Deſire, that this Tranſlation ſhould be laid at Your MA-

Digitized by Google

MAJESTY's Feet, as a Mark of that Zeal and Veneration which he had always entertained for Your MAJESTY's Royal Perſon and Virtues. Had he lived to have made his own Addreſs to Your MAJESTY upon this Occaſion, he would have been able in ſome meaſure to have done Juſtice to that Exalted Character, which it becomes ſuch as I am to admire in Silence:

Digitized by Google

being incapable of repre-
senting my Dear Husband
in any thing, but in that
profound Humility and
Respect, with which
I am,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY's

most Dutiful and

most Obedient Servant,

ANNE ROWE.

Digitized by Google

THE PREFACE.

Giving some ACCOUNT of

LUCAN *and his* WORKS, *and of Mr.* ROWE.

By JAMES WELWOOD, *M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians*, London.

I Could not resist Mr. *Rowe*'s Request in his last Sickness, nor the Importunities of his Friends since, to introduce into the World this his Posthumous Translation of *Lucan*, with something by way of Preface. I am very sensible how much it is out of my Sphere, and that I want both Leasure, and Ma-

Digitized by Google

terials, to do Juſtice to the Author, or to the Memory of the Tranſlator. The Works of both will beſt plead for them, the one having already out-liv'd Seventeen Ages, and both one and t'other like to endure as long, as there is any Taſte of Liberty or Polite Learning left in the World. Hard has been the Fate of many a Great Genius, that while they have conferr'd Immortality on others, they have wanted themſelves ſome Friend, to Embalm their Names to Poſterity. This has been the Fate of *Lucan*, and perhaps may be that of Mr. *Rowe*.

All the Accounts we have handed down to us of the firſt, are but very lame, and ſcatter'd in Fragments of Ancient Authors. I am of Opinion, That one Reaſon why his Life is not to be found at any length, in the Writings of his Contemporaries, is the fear they were in of *Nero*'s Reſentment, who could not bear to have the Life of a Man ſet in a true light, whom, together with his Uncle *Seneca*, he had Sacrific'd to his Revenge. Notwithſtanding this, we have ſome Hints in Writers who liv'd near his time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the Life and Works of this extraordinary Young Man.

Marcus

Digitized by Google

Marcus Annæus Lucan was of an Equestrian Family of *Rome*, Born at *Corduba* in *Spain*, about the Year of our Saviour 39, in the Reign of *Caligula*. His Family had been transplanted from *Italy* to *Spain* a considerable time before, and were invested with several Dignities and Employments, in that remote Province of the *Roman* Empire. His Father was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, or *Mella*, a Man of a distinguish'd Merit and Interest in his Country, and not the less in Esteem, for being the Brother of the Great Philosopher *Seneca*. His Mother was *Acilia* the Daughter of *Acilius Lucanus*, one of the most Eminent Orators of his time: And it was from this Grandfather that he took the Name of *Lucan*. The Story that is told of *Hesiod* and *Homer*, of a Swarm of Bees hovering about them in their Cradle, is likewise told of *Lucan*, and probably with Equal Truth: But whether true or not, it's a Proof of the high Esteem paid to him by the Ancients, as a Poet.

He was hardly Eight Months Old when he was brought from his Native Country to *Rome*, that he might take the first Impression of the *Latin* Tongue, in the City, where it was spoke in the greatest Purity. I wonder then to find some Criticks detract

trast from his Language, as if it took a Tincture from the Place of his Birth, nor can I be brought to think otherwise, than that the Language he writes in, is as pure *Roman*, as any that was writ in *Nero*'s time. As he grew up, his Parents educated him with a Care that became a promising Genius, and the Rank of his Family. His Masters were *Rhemnius Palemon* the Grammarian, then *Flavius Virginius* the Rhetorician, and lastly *Cornutus* the Stoick Philosopher, to which Sect he ever after addicted himself.

It was in the Course of these Studies, he contracted an intimate Friendship with *Aulus Persius* the Satyrist. It's no wonder that two Men whose Genius's were so much alike, should unite and become agreeable to one another; For if we consider *Lucan* critically, we shall find in him a strong Bent towards Satyr. His Manner, it's true, is more declamatory and diffuse than *Persius*: But Satyr is still in his View, and the whole *Pharsalia* appears to me a continued Invective against Ambition and unbounded Power.

The Progress he made in all Parts of Learning must needs have been very great, considering the Pregnancy of his Genius, and the nice Care that was taken in cultivating

Digitized by Google

tivating it, by a suitable Education: Nor is it to be questioned, but besides the Masters I have nam'd, he had likewise the Example and Instructions of his Uncle *Seneca*, the most conspicuous Man then of *Rome* for Learning, Wit and Morals. Thus he set out in the World, with the greatest Advantages possible, a Noble Birth, an Opulent Fortune, Great Relations, and withal, the Friendship and Protection of an Uncle, who, besides his other Preferments in the Empire, was Favourite, as well as Tutor, to the Emperor. But Rhetorick seems to have been the Art he excell'd most in, and valu'd himself most upon; For all Writers agree, he declaim'd in publick when but Fourteen Years Old, both in *Greek* and *Latin*, with universal Applause. To this Purpose it's observable, that he has interspers'd a great many Orations in the *Pharsalia*, and these are acknowledged by all, to be very shining Parts of the Poem. Whence it is that *Quintilian*, the best Judge in these Matters, reckons him among the Rhetoricians, rather than the Poets, tho' he was certainly Master of both these Arts in a high Degree.

His Uncle *Seneca* being then in great Favour with *Nero*, and having the Care of

of that Prince's Education committed to him, it's probable he introduc'd his Nephew to the Court and Acquaintance of the Emperor. And it appears from an old Fragment of his Life, that he ſent for him from *Athens*, where he was at his Studies, to *Rome* for that purpoſe. Every one knows, that *Nero*, for the firſt five Years of his Reign, either really was, or pretended to be, Endow'd with all the amiable Qualities that became an Emperor, and a Philoſopher. It muſt have been in this Stage of *Nero*'s Life, that *Lucan* has offer'd up to him that *Poetical Incenſe* we find in the Firſt Book of the *Pharſalia*: For it is not to be imagin'd, that a Man of *Lucan*'s Temper would flatter *Nero* in ſo groſs a manner, if he had then thrown off the Mask of Virtue, and appear'd in ſuch bloody Colours as he afterwards did. No! *Lucan*'s Soul ſeems to have been caſt in another Mold: And he that durſt, throughout the whole *Pharſalia*, eſpouſe the Party of *Pompey*, and the Cauſe of *Rome* againſt *Cæſar*, could never have ſtoop'd ſo vilely low, as to celebrate a Tyrant and a Monſter, in ſuch an open manner. I know ſome Commentators have judg'd that Compliment to *Nero* to be meant Ironically; but it ſeems to me plain to be in the greateſt earneſt; And it's more

Digitized by Google

more than probable, that if *Nero* had been as Wicked at that time, as he became afterwards, *Lucan*'s Life had paid for his Irony. Now it's agreed on by all Writers, that he continued for some time in the highest Favour and Friendship with *Nero*, and it was to that Favour, as well as his Merit, that he ow'd his being made *Quæstor*, and admitted into the *College* of *Augurs*, before he attain'd the Age requir'd for these Offices: In the first of which Posts he exhibited to the People of *Rome* a Show of Gladiators at a vast Expence. It was in this Sun-shine of Life, *Lucan* marry'd *Polla Argentaria*, the Daughter of *Pollius Argentarius* a *Roman* Senator; a Lady of Noble Birth, great Fortune, and fam'd Beauty; who, to add to her other Excellencies, was accomplish'd in all parts of Learning, insomuch that the Three first Books of the *Pharsalia* are said to have been Revis'd and Corrected by her, in his Life-time.

How he came to decline in *Nero*'s Favour, we have no Account, that I know of, in History; and it's agreed by all, that he lost it gradually, till he became his utter Aversion. No doubt *Lucan*'s Virtue, and his Principles of Liberty, must make him hated by a Man of *Nero*'s Temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of

Digitized by Google

of Envy in the case, blended with his other Prejudices against him, upon the Account of his Poetry.

Tho' the Spirit and Height of the *Roman* Poetry was somewhat declin'd, from what it had been, in the time of *Augustus*; yet it was still an Art belov'd and cultivated. *Nero* himself was not only fond of it, to the highest Degree, but, as most bad Poets are, was vain and conceited of his Performances in that kind. He valued himself more upon his Skill in that Art, and in Musick, than on the Purple he wore; and bore it better, to be thought a bad Emperor, than a bad Poet or Musician. Now *Lucan*, tho' then in Favour, was too honest and too open to applaud the Bombast Stuff, that *Nero* was every day repeating in publick. *Lucan* appears to have been much of the Temper of *Philoxenus* the Philosopher, who for not approving the Verses of *Dionysius* the Tyrant of *Syracuse*, was by his Order condemn'd to the *Mines*. Upon the Promise of Amendment, the Philosopher was set at Liberty; but *Dionysius* repeating to him some of his wretched Performances, in full expectation of having them approv'd, *Enough*, cries out *Philoxenus*, *carry me back to the Mines*. But *Lucan* carry'd this point farther, and had the Imprudence to dispute the

Digitized by Google

the Prize of Eloquence with *Nero*, in a ſolemn publick Aſſembly. The Judges in that Tryal were ſo juſt and bold, as to adjudge the Reward to *Lucan*, which was *Fame* and a *Wreath of Laurel*, but in Return he loſt for ever the Favour of his Competitor. He ſoon felt the Effects of the Emperor's Reſentment, for the next Day he had an Order ſent him, never more to plead at the Bar, nor repeat any of his Performances in publick, as all the Eminent Orators and Poets were us'd to do. It's no wonder that a Young Man, an admirable Poet, and one conſcious enough of a Superior Genius, ſhould be ſtung to the quick by this barbarous Treatment. In Revenge, he omitted no Occaſion to treat *Nero*'s Verſes with the utmoſt Contempt, and expoſe them and their Author to Ridicule.

In this Behaviour towards *Nero*, he was ſeconded by his Friend *Perſius*; and no doubt, they diverted themſelves often alone, at the Emperor's Expence. *Perſius* went ſo far, that he dar'd to Attack openly ſome of *Nero*'s Verſes in his firſt Satyr, where he brings in his Friend and himſelf repeating them. I believe a Sample of them, may not be unacceptable to the Reader, as Tranſlated thus by Mr. *Dryden*.

FRIEND.

Digitized by Google

FRIEND.

But to vain Numbers and unfinish'd Verse,
Sweet Sound is added now, to make it Terse.
'Tis tagg'd with Rhime like Berecynthian Atys,
The mid part Chimes with Art that never flat is.
" *The* Dolphin *brave,*
" *That cuts the liquid Wave,*
" *Or he who in his Line,*
" *Can chime the long-rib'd* Appenine.

PERSIUS.

All this is Dogrel Stuff.

FRIEND.

What if I bring
A nobler Verse? Arms and the Man I sing.

PERSIUS.

Why name you Virgil *with such Fops as these?*
He's truly great, and must for ever please.
Not fierce, but awful in his manly Rage,
Bold in his Strength, but sober in his Rage.

FRIEND.

What Poems think you soft? and to be read
With languishing Regards, and bending Head?

PERSIUS.

" *Their crooked Horns the* Mimallonian *Crew*
" *With Blasts inspir'd; and* Bassaris *who slew*

" *The*

Digitized by Google

" *The ſcornful Calf, with Sword advanc'd on high,*
" *Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly.*
" *And* Mænas *when with Ivy Bridles bound*
" *She led the ſpotted* Lynx, *then* Evion *rung around,*
" Evion *from Woods and Floods repairing Ecchoes Sound.*

The Verſes mark'd with the Comma's are *Nero*'s, and it's no wonder that Men of ſo delicate a Taſte as *Lucan* and *Perſius* could not digeſt them, tho' made by an Emperor.

About this time the World was grown weary of *Nero*, for a thouſand monſtrous Cruelties of his Life, and the continued Abuſe of the Imperial Power. *Rome* had groan'd long under the Weight of them, till at length ſeveral of the firſt Rank, headed by *Piſo*, form'd a Conſpiracy to rid the World of that abandon'd Wretch. *Lucan* hated him upon a double ſcore, as his Country's Enemy, and his own, and went heartily in to the Deſign. When it was juſt ripe for Execution, it came to be diſcover'd by ſome of the Accomplices, and *Lucan* was found among the firſt of the Conſpirators. They were condemn'd to dye, and *Lucan* had the Choice of the Manner of his Death. Upon this Occaſion ſome Authors have tax'd him with an Action, which, if true, had been an Eternal Stain upon his Name, that to ſave his

Digitized by Google

his Life, he inform'd againſt his Mother. This Story ſeems to me to be a meer Calumny, and invented only to detract from his Fame. It's certainly the moſt unlikely thing in the World, conſidering the whole Conduct of his Life, and that Noble Scheme of Philoſophy, and Morals, he had imbib'd from his Infancy, and which ſhines in every Page of his *Pharſalia*. It's probable, *Nero* himſelf, or ſome of his Flatterers, might invent the Story to blacken his Rival to Poſterity, and ſome unwary Authors have afterwards taken it up on Truſt, without examining into the truth of it. We have ſeveral Fragments of his Life, where this Particular is not to be found; and, which makes it ſtill the more improbable to me, the Writers that mention it, have tack'd to it another Calumny yet more improbable, That he accus'd her unjuſtly. As this Accuſation contradicts the whole Tenor of his Life, ſo it does the Manner of his Death. It's univerſally agreed, that having choſe to have the Arteries of his Arms and Legs open'd in a hot Bath, he Supp'd chearfully with his Friends, and then taking leave of them with the greateſt Tranquillity of Mind, and the higheſt Contempt of Death, went into the Bath, and ſubmitted to the Operation. When he found the Extremities of

Digitized by Google

of his Body growing cold, and Death's laſt Alarm in every Part, he call'd to mind a Paſſage of his own in the 9th Book of the *Pharſalia*, which he repeated to the Standers-by, with the ſame Grace and Accent, with which he us'd to declaim in Publick, and immediately expir'd, in the 27th Year of his Age, and Tenth of *Nero*. The Paſſage was that, where he deſcribes a Soldier of *Cato*'s dying much after the ſame manner, being bit by a *Serpent*, and is thus Tranſlated by Mr. *Rowe*

" *So the Warm Blood at once from every Part*
" *Ran purple Poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting Heart.*
" *Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face*
" *The ruddy Drops their tainted Paſſage trace.*
" *Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a Way,*
" *There Streams of Blood, there Crimſon Rivers ſtray,*
" *His Mouth and guſhing Noſtrils pour a Flood,*
" *And ev'n the Pores ooze out the trickling Blood;*
" *In the Red Deluge, all the Parts lye drown'd,*
" *And the whole Body ſeems one bleeding Wound.*

He was buried in his Garden at *Rome*, and there was lately to be ſeen in the Church of Sᵗᵒ. *Paulo*, an Ancient Marble with the following Inſcription.

Marco Annæo Lucano, Cordubenſi Poetæ, Beneficio Neronis, Famæ Servatæ.

This Inſcription, if done by *Nero*'s Order, ſhows, that even in ſpite of himſelf, he

Digitized by Google

he paid a ſecret Homage to *Lucan*'s Genius and Virtue, and would have atton'd in ſome meaſure for the Injuries, and the Death he gave him. But he needed no Marble or Inſcription to perpetuate his Memory: His *Pharſalia* will out-live all theſe.

Lucan wrote ſeveral Books that have periſh'd by the Injury of Time, and of which nothing remains but the Titles. The firſt we are told, he wrote, was a *Poem on the Combat between* Achilles *and* Hector, *and* Priam's *redeeming his Son's Body*, which, it's ſaid, he wrote before he had attained Eleven Years of Age. The reſt were, *The Deſcent of* Orpheus *into Hell*; *The burning of* Rome, in which he is ſaid not to have ſpar'd *Nero* that ſet it on Fire; and a *Poem in Praiſe of his Wife* Polla Argentaria. He wrote likewiſe ſeveral Books of *Saturnalia*, Ten Books of *Sylvæ*, an imperfect *Tragedy of* Medea, a *Poem upon the burning of* Troy, *and the Fate of* Priam, to which ſome have added the *Panegyrick to Calphurnius Piſo*, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later Age. But the Book he ſtak'd his Fame on, was his *Pharſalia*, the only one that now remains, and which *Nero*'s Cruelty has left us Imperfect, in reſpect

Digitized by Google

reſpect of what it would have been, if he had liv'd to finiſh it.

Statius in his *Silvæ* gives us the Catalogue of *Lucan*'s Works in an Elegant manner, introducing the Muſe *Calliope* accoſting him to this purpoſe. *When thou art ſcarce paſt the Age of Childhood* (ſays *Calliope* to *Lucan*) *thou ſhalt play with the Valour of* Achilles, *and* Hector's *Skill in driving of a Chariot. Thou ſhalt draw* Priam *at the Feet of his unrelenting Conqueror, begging the dead Body of his darling Son. Thou ſhalt ſet open the Gates of Hell for* Eurydice, *and thy* Orpheus *ſhall have the Preference in a full Theater, in ſpite of* Nero's *Envy*; alluding to the Diſpute for the Prize between him and *Nero*, where the Piece exhibited by *Lucan*, was *Orpheus*'s Deſcent into Hell. *Thou ſhalt relate* (continues *Calliope*) *that Flame which the Execrable Tyrant kindled, to lay in Aſhes the Miſtreſs of the World; nor ſhalt thou be ſilent in the Praiſes that are juſtly due to thy beloved Wife; and when thou haſt attained to riper Years, thou ſhalt ſing in a lofty Strain, the fatal Fields of* Philippi, *white with* Roman *Bones, the dreadful Battel of* Pharſalia, *and the Thundring Wars of that Great Captain, who by the Renown of his Arms merited to be inroll'd among the Gods. In that Work,* (continues *Calliope*) *thou ſhalt*

Digitized by Google

shalt paint, in never-fading Colours, the Austere Virtues of Cato, *who scorn'd to out-live the Liberties of his Country, and the Fate of* Pompey, *once the Darling of* Rome. *Thou shalt, like a true* Roman, *weep over the Crime of the young Tyrant* Ptolemy; *and shalt raise to* Pompey, *by the Power of thy Eloquence, a higher Monument than the* Egyptian *Pyramids. The Poetry of* Ennius, (adds *Calliope*) *and the learn'd Fire of* Lucretius, *the one that conducted the* Argonauts *through such vast Seas to the Conquest of the Golden Fleece, the other that could strike an infinite Number of Forms from the first Atoms of Matter, both of them shall give place to thee, without the least Envy, and even the divine* Æneid *shall pay thee a just Respect.*

Thus far *Statius* concerning *Lucan*'s Work; and even *Lucan* in two places of the *Pharsalia* has promis'd himself Immortality to his Poem. The first is in the 7th Book, which I beg leave to give in Prose, tho' Mr. *Rowe* has done it a thousand times better in Verse. *One day*, says he, *when these Wars shall be spoken of in Ages yet to come, and among Nations far remote from this Clime, whether from the Voice of Fame alone, or the real Value I have given them by this my History, those that read it shall alternately hope and fear for the great Events*

Events therein contain'd. In vain, continues he, *shall they offer up their Vows for the Righteous Cause, and stand Thunder-struck at so many various turns of Fortune; nor shall they read them as things that are already past, but with that Concern as if they were yet to come, and shall range themselves, O* Pompey, *on thy side.*

The other Passage, which is in the 9th Book, may be Translated thus: *Oh!* Cæsar, *profane thou not through Envy the Funeral Monuments of these Great Patriots, that fell here Sacrifices to thy Ambition. If there may be allow'd any Renown to a* Roman *Muse, while* Homer's *Verses shall be thought worthy of Praise, they that shall live after us, shall read his and mine together: My* Pharsalia *shall live, and no Time nor Age shall consign it to Oblivion.*

This is all that I can trace from the Ancients, or himself, concerning *Lucan*'s Life and Writings; and indeed there is scarce any one Author, either Ancient or Modern, that mentions him but with the greatest Respect and the highest Encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more Instances.

I design not to enter into any Criticism on the *Pharsalia*, tho' I had ever so much Leisure or Ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain Sett of Men, that read the Ancients

Digitized by Google

cients only to find Fault with them, and seem to live only on the Excrements of Authors. I beg leave to tell these Gentlemen, that *Lucan* is not to be try'd by those Rules of an Epick Poem, which they have drawn from the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; for if they allow him not the Honour to be on the same Foot with *Homer* or *Virgil*, they must do him the Justice at least, as not to try him by Laws founded on their Model. The *Pharsalia* is properly an Historical Heroick Poem, because the Subject is a known true Story. Now with our late Criticks, Truth is an unnecessary Trifle for an Epick Poem, and ought to be thrown aside as a Curb to Invention. To have every Part a meer Web of their own Brain, is with them a distinguishing Mark of a mighty Genius in the Epick Way. Hence it is, these Criticks observe, that their Favourite Poems of that kind do always produce in the Mind of the Reader the highest Wonder and Surprize, and the more improbable the Story is, still the more wonderful and surprizing. Much good may this Notion of theirs do them; but to my Taste, a Fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with surprising Circumstances, big with the highest Events, and conducted with all the Arts of the most consummate

ſummate Wiſdom, does not ſtrike the leſs ſtrong, but leaves a more laſting Impreſſion on my Mind, for being true.

If *Lucan* therefore wants theſe Ornaments, he might have borrowed from *Helicon*, or his own Invention; he has made us more than ample Amends by the Great and True Events that fall within the Compaſs of his Story. I am of Opinion, that in his firſt Deſign of Writing this Poem of the Civil Wars, he reſolv'd to treat the Subject fairly and plainly, and that Fable and Invention were to have had no ſhare in the Work: But the force of Cuſtom, and the deſign he had to induce the generality of Readers to fall in Love with Liberty, and abhor Slavery, the principal deſign of the Poem, induc'd him to imbelliſh it with ſome Fables, that without them his Books would not be ſo univerſally read: So much was Fable the delight of the *Roman* People.

If any ſhall object to his Privilege of being Examin'd and Try'd as an Hiſtorian, that he has given in to the Poetical Province of Invention, and Fiction in the 6th Book, where *Sixtus* enquires of the *Theſſalian* Witch *Erictho* the Event of the Civil War, and the Fate of *Rome*; It may be anſwer'd, that perhaps the Story was true, or at leaſt it was commonly believ'd

Digitized by Google

to be ſo, in his time, which is a ſufficient Excuſe for *Lucan* to have inſerted it. It's true, no other Author mentions it. But it's uſual to find ſome one Paſſage in one Hiſtorian, that is not mention'd in any other, tho' they treat of the ſame Subject. For tho' I am fully perſuaded that all theſe *Oracles* and *Reſponſes*, ſo famous in the Pagan World, were the meer Cheats of Prieſts, yet the Belief of them, and of Magick, and Witchcraft, was univerſally receiv'd at that time. Therefore *Lucan* may very well be excus'd for falling in with a popular Error, whether he himſelf believ'd it or no, eſpecially when it ſerv'd to enliven and embelliſh his Story. If it be an Error, it's an Error all the Ancients have fallen into, both *Greek* and *Roman*: And *Livy*, the Prince of the *Latin* Hiſtorians, abounds in ſuch Relations. That it is not below the Dignity and Veracity of an Hiſtorian to mention ſuch things, we have a late Inſtance in a Noble Author of our time, who has likewiſe wrote the Civil Wars of his Country, and intermixt in it the Story of the Ghoſt of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Father.

In general, all the Actions that *Lucan* relates in the Courſe of his Hiſtory are true; nor is it any Impeachment of his Veracity, that ſometimes he differs in Place,

Digitized by Google

Place, Manner, or Circumſtances of Action, from other Writers, any more than it is an Imputation on them, that they differ from him. We our ſelves have ſeen in the Courſe of the late two Famous Wars, how differently almoſt every Battel and Siege has been repreſented, and ſometimes by thoſe of the ſame Side, when at the ſame time there be a Thouſand living Witneſſes, ready to contradict any Falſehood, that Partiality ſhould impoſe upon the World. This I may affirm, The moſt important Events, and the whole Thread of Action in *Lucan* are agreeable to the univerſal Conſent of all Authors, that have treated of the Civil Wars of *Rome*. If now and then he differs from them in leſſer Incidents or Circumſtances, let the Criticks in Hiſtory decide the Queſtion: For my part, I am willing to take them for *Anecdots* firſt diſcover'd and publiſh'd by *Lucan*, which may at leaſt conciliate to him the Favour of our late Admirers of *Secret Hiſtory*.

After all I have ſaid on this Head, I cannot but in ſome meaſure call in Queſtion ſome Parts of *Cæſar*'s Character, as drawn by *Lucan*; which ſeem to me not altogether agreeable to Truth, nor to the univerſal Conſent of Hiſtory. I wiſh I could vindicate him in ſome of his Perſonal Repre-

Digitized by Google

ſentations of Men, and *Cæſar* in particular, as I can do in the Narration of the principal Events and Series of his Story. He is not content only to deliver him down to Poſterity, as the Subverter of the Laws and Liberties of his Country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater Infamy can poſſibly be caſt upon any Name; But he deſcribes him as purſuing that abominable End, by the moſt execrable Methods, and ſome that were not in *Cæſar*'s Nature to be guilty of. *Cæſar* was certainly a Man far from Revenge, or delight in Blood, and he made appear in the Exerciſe of the Supream Power, a noble and generous Inclination to Clemency upon all Occaſions: Even *Lucan*, tho' never ſo much his Enemy, has not omitted his generous Uſage of *Domitius* at *Corfinium*, or of *Affranius* and *Petreius*, when they were his Priſoners in *Spain*. What can be then ſaid in Excuſe for *Lucan*, when he repreſents him riding in Triumph over the Field of *Pharſalia*, the Day after the Battel, taking Delight in that horrid Landſcape of *Slaughter* and *Blood*, and forbidding the Bodies of ſo many brave *Romans* to be either Buried or Burnt? Not any one Paſſage of *Cæſar*'s Life gives Countenance to a Story like this: and how commendable ſoever the Zeal of a Writer may be,

Digitized by Google

be, against the Oppressor of his Country, it ought not to have transported him to such a degree of Malevolence, as to paint the most merciful Conqueror that ever was, in Colours proper only for the most Savage Natures. But the Effects of Prejudice and Partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of Life, in which even the best of Men are not guilty of them in some degree or other. How many Instances have we in History of the best Princes treated as the worst of Men, by the Pens of Authors that were highly prejudic'd against them?

Shall we wonder then, that the *Roman* People, smarting under the Lashes of *Nero*'s Tyranny, should exclaim in the bitterest Terms against the Memory of *Julius Cæsar*, since it was from him that *Nero* deriv'd that Power to use Mankind as he did? Those that liv'd in *Lucan*'s Time, did not consider so much what *Cæsar* was in his own Person, or Temper, as what he was the Occasion of, to them. It's very probable, there were a great many dreadful Stories of him handed about by Tradition among the Multitude, and even Men of Sense might give Credit to them so far as to forget his Clemency, and remember his Ambition, to which they imputed all the Cruelties and Devastations committed

ted by his Succeſſors. Reſentments of this kind in the Soul of a Man, fond of the Ancient Conſtitution of the Common-wealth, ſuch as *Lucan* was, might betray him to believe, upon too ſlight Grounds, whatever was to the Diſadvantage of one, he look'd upon as the Subverter of that Conſtitution. It was in that Quality, and for that Crime alone, that *Brutus* afterwards ſtabb'd him; For Perſonal Prejudice againſt him he had none, and had been highly oblig'd by him: And it was upon that Account alone, that *Cato* ſcorn'd to owe his Life to him, tho' he well knew, *Cæſar* would have eſteemed it one of the greateſt Felicities of his, to have had it in his Power to Pardon him. I would not be thought to make an Apology for *Lucan*'s thus traducing the Memory of *Cæſar*; but would only beg the ſame Indulgence to his Partiality, that we are willing to allow to moſt other Authors; for I cannot help believing all Hiſtorians are more or leſs guilty of it.

I beg leave to obſerve one thing further on this Head, That it's odd, *Lucan* ſhould thus miſtake this Part of *Cæſar*'s Character, and yet do him ſo much Juſtice in the reſt. His Greatneſs of Mind, his intrepid Courage, his indefatigable Activity, his Magnanimity, his Generoſity, his conſummate Knowledge

Digitized by Google

Knowledge in the Art of War, and Power and Grace of his Eloquence, ar set forth in the beſt light, upon every p per Occaſion. He never makes him ſp but it's with all the Strength of Ar ment, and all the Flowers of Rhetor It were tedious to enumerate every Inſta of this, and I ſhall only mention the Spe to his Army before the Battel of *Pharſa* which in my Opinion ſurpaſſes all I read, for the eaſy Nobleneſs of Expreſſ the proper Topicks to animate his So ers, and the force of an Inimitable I quence.

Among *Lucan*'s few Miſtakes in mat of Fact, may be added thoſe of Geo phy and Aſtronomy; but finding Mr. *K* has taken ſome notice of them in his No I ſhall ſay nothing of them. *Lucan* neither Time nor Opportunity to viſit Scenes where the Actions he deſcribes v done, as ſome other Hiſtorians both G and *Romans* had, and therefore it was wonder he might commit ſome mi Errors in theſe Matters. As to Aſtro my, The Schemes of that noble Sci were but very conjectural in his t and not reduc'd to that Mathematical tainty they have been ſince.

The Method and Diſpoſition of a W of this kind, muſt be much the ſame

Digitized by Google

thoſe obſerv'd by other Hiſtorians, with one difference only, which I ſubmit to better Judgments: An Hiſtorian who like *Lucan* has choſen to write in Verſe, tho' he is oblig'd to have ſtrict regard to Truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not oblig'd to mention all Facts, as other Hiſtorians are. He is not ty'd down to relate every minute Paſſage, or Circumſtance, if they be not abſolutely neceſſary to the main Story; eſpecially if they are ſuch as would appear Heavy and Flat, and conſequently incumber his Genius, or his Verſe. All theſe trifling Parts of Action would take off from the Pleaſure and Entertainment, which is the main Scope of that manner of Writing. Thus the Particulars of an Army's March, the Journal of a Siege, or the Situation of a Camp, where they are not ſubſervient to the Relation of ſome Great and Important Event, had better be ſpar'd than inſerted in a Work of that kind. In a Proſe Writer, theſe perhaps ought, or at leaſt may be properly and agreeably enough mention'd; of which we have innumerable Inſtances in moſt Ancient Hiſtorians, and particularly in *Thucydides* and *Livy*.

There is a Fault in *Lucan* againſt this Rule, and that is his long and unneceſſary Enumeration of the ſeveral Parts of *Gaul*, whence

Digitized by Google

whence *Cæsar*'s Army was drawn together, in the *First Book*. It is enliven'd, it's true, with some Beautiful Verses he throws in, about the Ancient *Bards* and *Druids*; but still in the main it's dry, and but of little Consequence to the Story it self. The many different People and Cities there mention'd were not *Cæsar*'s Confederates, as those in the Third Book were *Pompey*'s, and these last are particularly nam'd, to express how many Nations espous'd the Side of *Pompey*. Those reckon'd up in *Gaul* were only the Places where *Cæsar*'s Troops had been Quarter'd, and *Lucan* might with as great Propriety, have mention'd the different Routs by which they march'd, as the Garrisons from which they were drawn. This therefore, in my Opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewise think, that the Digression of *Thessaly*, and an Account of its first Inhabitants, is too Prolix, and not of any great Consequence to his Purpose. I am sure it signifies but little to the Civil War in general, or the Battel of *Pharsalia* in particular, to know how many Rivers there are in *Thessaly*, or which of its Mountains lies *East* or *West*.

But if these be Faults in *Lucan*, they are such as will be found in the most admir'd Poets, nay, and thought Excellencies in them;

Digitized by Google

them; and beſides, he has made us moſt ample Amends in the many extraordinary Beauties of his Poem. The Story it ſelf is *Noble* and *Great*; for what can there be in Hiſtory more worthy of our Knowledge and Attention, than a War of the higheſt Importance to Mankind, carried on between the two greateſt *Leaders* that ever were, and by a People the moſt renown'd for Arts and Arms, and who were at that time Maſters of the World? What a poor Subject is that of the *Æneid*, when compar'd with this of the *Pharſalia?* and what a deſpicable Figure does *Agamemnon*, *Homer*'s *King of Kings*, make, when compar'd with *Chiefs*, who by ſaying only, *Be thou a King*, made far greater Kings than him? The Scene of the *Iliad* contain'd but *Greece*, ſome Iſlands in the *Ægean* and *Ionian* Seas, with a very little Part of the leſſer *Aſia*: This of the Civil War of *Rome* drew after it, almoſt all the Nations of the then known World. *Troy* was but a little Town, of the little Kingdom of *Phrygia*; whereas *Rome* was then Miſtreſs of an Empire, that reach'd from the Streights of *Hercules*, and the *Atlantick* Ocean, to the *Euphrates*, and from the Bottom of the *Euxine* and the *Caſpian* Seas, to *Æthiopia* and Mount *Atlas*. The Inimitable *Virgil* is yet more ſtraitned in his Subject

Digitized by Google

Subject. *Æneas*, a Poor Fugitive from *Troy*, with a handful of Followers, ſettles at laſt in *Italy*, and all the Empire that Immortal Pen could give him, is but a few Miles upon the Banks of the *Tyber*. So vaſt a Diſproportion there is between the Importance of the Subject of the *Æneid*, and that of the *Pharſalia*, that we find one ſingle *Roman*, *Craſſus*, Maſter of more Slaves on his Eſtate, than *Virgil*'s Hero had *Subjects*. In fine, it may be ſaid, Nothing can excuſe him for his Choice, but that he deſign'd his Hero for the Anceſtor of *Rome*, and the *Julian* Race.

I cannot leave this Parallel, without taking Notice, to what a height of Power the *Roman* Empire was then arriv'd, in an Inſtance of *Cæſar* himſelf, when but Pro-Conſul of *Gaul*, and before it's thought he ever dream'd of being what he afterwards attained to: It's in one of *Cicero*'s Letters to him, wherein he repeats the Words of *Cæſar*'s Letters to him ſome time before. The Words are theſe; *As to what concerns* Marcus Furius, *whom you recommended to me, I will, if you pleaſe, make him King of* Gaul; *but if you would have me advance any other Friend of yours, ſend him to me.* It was no new thing for Citizens of *Rome*, ſuch as *Cæſar* was, to diſpoſe of Kingdoms as they pleas'd, and *Cæſar* himſelf

ſelf had taken away *Deiotarus*'s Kingdom from him, and given it to a private Gentleman of *Pergamum*. But there is one ſurprizing Inſtance more, of the prodigious Greatneſs of the *Roman* Power, in the Affair of King *Antiochus*, and that long before the height it arriv'd to, at the breaking forth of the Civil War. That Prince was Maſter of all *Egypt*, and marching to the Conqueſt of *Phœnicia*, *Cyprus*, and the other Appendixes of that Empire, *Popilius* overtakes him in his full March, with Letters from the Senate, and refuſes to give him his Hand, till he had read them. *Antiochus*, ſtartled at the Command that was contain'd in them, to ſtop the Progreſs of his Victories, ask'd a ſhort time to conſider of it. *Popilius* makes a Circle about him with a Stick he had in his Hand, *Return me an Anſwer*, ſaid he, *before thou ſtirr'ſt out of this Circle, or the* Roman *People are no more thy Friends*. *Antiochus*, after a ſhort Pauſe, told him with the loweſt Submiſſion, he would obey the Senate's Commands. Upon which *Popilius* gives him his Hand and ſalutes him a Friend of *Rome*. After *Antiochus* had given up ſo great a Monarchy, and ſuch a Torrent of Succeſs, upon receiving only a few Words in Writing, he had indeed Reaſon to ſend Word to the Senate,

as

Digitized by Google

as he did by his Ambaſſadors, that he had obey'd their Commands, with the ſame Submiſſion, as if they had been ſent him from the Immortal Gods.

To leave this Digreſſion. It were the height of Arrogance to detract ever ſo little from *Homer* or *Virgil*, who have kept Poſſeſſion of the firſt Places, among the Poets of *Greece* and *Rome*, for ſo many Ages: Yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I ſay there are ſeveral Paſſages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the Dignity, that ſhines almoſt in every Page of *Lucan*. It were to take both the *Iliad* and *Æneid* in pieces, to prove this: But I ſhall only take Notice of one Inſtance, and that is, the different Colouring of *Virgil's* Hero, and *Lucan's Cæſar*, in a *Storm*. *Æneas* is drawn weeping, and in the greateſt Confuſion and Deſpair, tho' he had Aſſurance from the Gods that he ſhould one Day ſettle and raiſe a New Empire in *Italy*. *Cæſar*, on the contrary, is repreſented perfectly Sedate, and free from Fear. His Courage and Magnanimity brighten up as much upon this Occaſion, as afterwards they did at the Battels of *Pharſalia* and *Munda*. Courage would have coſt *Virgil* nothing, to have beſtow'd it on his Hero, and he might as eaſily have thrown him upon the Coaſt of *Carthage* in a calm Temper

Digitized by Google

Temper of Mind, as in a Panick Fear.

St. *Evremont* is very ſevere upon *Virgil* on this Account, and has criticized upon his Character of *Æneas* in this manner. When *Virgil* tells us,

Extemplò Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra,
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas, &c.

Seiz'd as he is, ſays St. *Evremont, with this Chillneſs through all his Limbs, the firſt Sign of Life we find in him, is his Groaning; then he lifts up his Hands to Heaven, and in all Appearance, would implore its Succour, if the Condition wherein the Good Hero finds himſelf, would afford him Strength enough to raiſe his Mind to the Gods, and pray with Attention. His Soul, which could not apply it ſelf to any thing elſe, abandons it ſelf to Lamentations; and like thoſe deſolate Widows, who upon the firſt Trouble they meet with, wiſh they were in the Grave with their dear Husbands, the poor* Æneas *bewails his not having periſh'd before* Troy *with* Hector, *and eſteems them very happy who left their Bones in the Boſom of ſo Sweet and Dear a Country. Some People,* adds he, *may perhaps believe he ſays ſo, becauſe he envies their Happineſs; but I am perſwaded,* ſays St. *Evremont, it's for Fear of the Danger that*

Digitized by Google

that threatens him. The ſame Author, after he has expos'd his want of Courage, adds, *The good Æneas hardly ever concerns himſelf in any Important or Glorious Deſign: It's enough for him that he diſcharges his Conſcience in the Office of a Pious, Tender, and Compaſſionate Man. He carries his Father on his Shoulders, he conjugally Laments his Dear* Creüſa, *he cauſes his Nurſe to be interr'd, and makes a Funeral Pile for his Truſty Pilot* Palinurus, *for whom he ſheds a Thouſand Tears. Here is* (ſays he) *a ſorry Hero in Paganiſm, who would have made an admirable Saint among ſome Chriſtians.* In ſhort, it's St. *Evremont*'s Opinion, *he was fitter to make a Founder of an Order than a State.*

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. *Evremont*: I beg leave to take Notice, that the Storm in *Lucan* is drawn in ſtronger Colours, and ſtrikes the Mind with greater Horror, than that in *Virgil*; notwithſtanding the firſt has no Supernatural Cauſe aſſign'd for it, and the latter is rais'd by a God, at the Inſtigation of a Goddeſs, that was both Wife and Siſter of *Jupiter*.

In the *Pharſalia*, moſt of the Tranſactions and Events, that compoſe the Relation, are Wonderful and Surpriſing, tho' True, as well as Inſtructive, and Entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to tranſcribe the

Digitized by Google

the Work it self, and therefore I shall only hint at some of the most Remarkable. With what Dignity, and Justness of Character, are the two Great Rivals, *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, introduc'd in the First Book; and how Beautifully, and with what a Masterly Art, are they oppos'd to one another? Add to this, the justest Similitudes by which their different Characters are Illustrated in the Second and Ninth Book. Who can but admire the Figure that *Cato*'s Virtue makes, in more Places than one? And I perswade my self, if *Lucan* had liv'd to finish his Design, the Death of that Illustrious *Roman* had made one of the most Moving, as well as one of the most Sublime Episodes of his Poem. In the Third Book, *Pompey*'s Dream, *Cæsar*'s breaking open the Temple of *Saturn*, the Siege of *Marseilles*, the Sea Fight, and the Sacred Grove, have each of them their particular Excellence, that in my Opinion come very little short of any thing we find in *Homer* or *Virgil*.

In the Fourth Book, there are a great many charming Incidents, and among the rest, that of the Soldiers running out of their Camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable Story of *Vulteius*. The Fifth Book affords us a fine Account of the Oracle of *Delphos*, its Origin, the manner

Digitized by Google

manner of its delivering Answers, and the Reason of its then Silence. Then upon the Occasion of a Mutiny in *Cæsar*'s Camp near *Placentia*, in his manner of passing the *Adriatick* in a small Boat, amidst the Storm I hinted at, he has given us the Noblest and the best Image of that Great Man. But what affects me above all, is the Parting of *Pompey* and *Cornelia*, in the End of the Book. It has something in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagin'd.

In the Description of the Witch *Erictho*, in the Sixth Book, we have a Beautiful Picture of Horror; for even Works of that kind have their Beauties in Poetry, as well as in Painting. The Seventh Book is most taken up with what relates to the Famous Battel of *Pharsalia*, which decided the Fate of *Rome*. It is so related, that the Reader may rather think himself a Spectator of, or even engaged in, the Battel, than so remote from the Age in which it was Fought. There is, towards the End of this Book, a Noble Majestick Description of the General *Conflagration*, and of that last *Catastrophe*, which must put an end to this Frame of Heaven and Earth. To this is added, in the most Elevated Stile, his Sentiments of the *Immortality of the Soul*, and of Rewards and Punishments

Digitized by Google

niſhments after this Life. All theſe are touch'd with the niceſt Delicacy of Expreſſion and Thought, eſpecially that about the Univerſal *Conflagration*; and agrees with what we find of it in *Holy Writ*. In ſo much that I am willing to believe *Lucan* might have convers'd with St. *Peter* at *Rome*, if it be true he was ever there; or he might have ſeen that *Epiſtle* of his, wherein he gives us the very ſame Idea of it.

In the Eighth Book our Paſſions are again touch'd with the Misfortunes of *Cornelia* and *Pompey*; but eſpecially with the Death, and unworthy Funeral, of the latter. In this Book is likewiſe drawn, with the greateſt Art, the Character of young *Ptolemy* and his Miniſters; particularly that of the Villain *Photinus* is exquiſitely expos'd in his own Speech in Council.

In the Ninth Book, after the Apotheoſis of *Pompey*, *Cato* is introduc'd as the fitteſt Man after him to head the Cauſe of Liberty and *Rome*. This Book is the longeſt, and, in my Opinion, the moſt Entertaining in the whole Poem. The March of *Cato* through the Deſarts of *Libya*, affords a noble and agreeable Variety of Matter; and the Virtue of his Hero, amidſt theſe Diſtreſſes through which he leads him, ſeems every where to deſerve

thoſe

Digitized by Google

thoſe Raptures of Praiſe he beſtows upon him. Add to this, the artful Deſcriptions of the various Poiſons with which theſe Deſarts abounded, and their different Effects upon Human Bodies, than which nothing can be more Moving or Poetical.

But *Cato*'s Anſwer to *Labienus* in this Book, upon his deſiring him to conſult the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon* about the Event of the Civil War, and the Fortune of *Rome*, is a Maſter-Piece not to be equall'd. All the Attributes of God, ſuch as his Omnipotence, his Preſcience, his Juſtice, his Goodneſs, and his unſearchable Decrees, are Painted in the moſt awful, and the ſtrongeſt Colours, and ſuch as may make Chriſtians themſelves bluſh, for not coming up to them in moſt of their Writings upon that Subject. I know not but St. *Evremont* has carry'd the Matter too far, when in mentioning this Paſſage, he concludes, *If all the Ancient Poets had ſpoke as worthily of the Oracles of their Gods, he ſhould make no ſcruple to prefer them to the Divines and Philoſophers of our time. We may ſee*, ſays he, *in the Concourſe of ſo many People, that came to conſult the Oracle of* Hammon, *what effect a Publick Opinion can produce, where Zeal and Superſtition mingle together. We may ſee in* Labienus, *a Pious ſenſible Man, who to his Reſpect for*

Digitized by Google

for the Gods, joyns that Consideration and Esteem we ought to preserve for Virtue in Good Men. Cato is a Religious severe Philosopher, wean'd from all Vulgar Opinions, who entertains those lofty Thoughts of the Gods, which pure undebauch'd Reason, and a true elevated Knowledge can give us of them; Every thing here, says St. *Evremont, is Poetical, every thing is Consonant to Truth and Reason. It is not Poetical upon the score of any ridiculous Fiction, or for some extravagant Hyperbole, but for the daring Greatness and Majesty of the Language, and for the noble Elevation of the Discourse. It's thus,* adds he, *that Poetry is the Language of the Gods, and that Poets are Wise; and it's so much the greater Wonder to find it in* Lucan, says he, *because it's neither to be met with in* Homer *nor* Virgil. I remember *Montaigne,* who is allow'd by all to have been an admirable Judge in these Matters, prefers *Lucan*'s Character of *Cato* to *Virgil,* or any other of the Ancient Poets. He thinks all of them Flat and Languishing, but *Lucan*'s much more Strong, tho' overthrown by the Extravagancy of his own Force.

The Tenth Book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the *Egyptian* Magnificence, with a curious Account of the then receiv'd Opinions of

of the Increaſe and Decreaſe of the River *Nile*. From the Variety of the Story, and many other Particulars I need not mention in this ſhort Account, it may eaſily appear, that a true Hiſtory may be as a Romance or Fiction, when the Author makes choice of a Subject that affords ſo many, and ſo ſurprizing Incidents.

Among the Faults that have been laid to *Lucan's* Charge, the moſt juſtly imputed are thoſe of his *Stile*; and indeed how could it be otherwiſe? Let us but remember the imperfect State, in which his ſudden and Immature Death left the *Pharſalia*, the Deſign it ſelf being probably but half finiſhed, and what was writ of it, but ſlightly, if at all, reviſ'd. We are told, it's true, he either Corrected the Three Firſt Books himſelf, or his Wife did it for him, in his own Life-time. Be it ſo; but what are the Corrections of a Lady, or a young Man of Six and Twenty, to thoſe he might have made at Forty, or a more advanc'd Age? *Virgil*, the moſt Correct and Judicious Poet that ever was, continued Correcting his *Æneid* for near as long a Series of Years together, as *Lucan* liv'd, and yet dy'd with a ſtrong Opinion, that it was Imperfect ſtill. If *Lucan* had liv'd to his Age, the *Pharſalia* without doubt would have made another kind

kind of Figure, than it now does, notwithſtanding the difference to be found in the *Roman* Language, between the Times of *Nero* and *Auguſtus*.

It muſt be own'd he is in many Places obſcure, and hard, and therefore not ſo agreeable, and comes ſhort of the Purity, Sweetneſs and delicate Propriety of *Virgil*. Yet it's ſtill univerſally agreed among both Ancients and Moderns, that his Genius was wonderfully Great, but at the ſame time too haughty and Headſtrong to be govern'd by Art; and that his Stile was like his Genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too Tragical and Bluſtering.

I am by no means willing to compare the *Pharſalia* to the *Æneid*, but I muſt ſay with St. *Evremont*, that for what purely regards the Elevation of Thought, *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, *Cato*, and *Labienus* ſhine much more in *Lucan*, than *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, *Juno*, or *Venus* do in *Virgil*. The Idea's which *Lucan* has given us of theſe Great Men are truly Greater, and affect us more ſenſibly, than thoſe which *Virgil* has given us of his Deities: The latter has cloath'd his Gods with Human Infirmities, to adapt them to the Capacity of Men: The other has rais'd his Heroes ſo, as to bring them into Competition with the Gods themſelves. In a Word, the Gods are not ſo valuable in

Digitized by Google

Virgil, as the Hero's: In *Lucan*, the Hero's equal the Gods. After all, it must be allow'd, that most things throughout the whole *Pharsalia* are greatly and justly said, with regard even to the Language and Expression: But the Sentiments are every where so Beautiful and Elevated, that they appear, as he describes *Cæsar* in *Amyclus*'s Cottage in the Fifth Book, Noble and Magnificent in any Dress. It's in this Elevation of Thought that *Lucan* justly excels: This is his *Fort*, and what raises him up to an Equality with the greatest of the Ancient *Poets*.

I cannot omit here the delicate Character of *Lucan*'s Genius, as mention'd by *Strada* in the Emblematick Way. It's commonly known that Pope *Leo* the Tenth was not only Learned himself, but a great Patron of Learning, and us'd to be present at the Conversations and Performances of all the Polite Writers of his time. The Wits of *Rome* entertain'd him one Day at his *Villa* on the Banks of the *Tyber*, with an Interlude in the Nature of a *Poetical Masquerade*. They had their *Parnassus*, their *Pegasus*, their *Helicon*, and every one of the Ancient Poets in their several Characters, where each Acted the Part that was suitable to his Manner of Writing, and among the rest one that Acted *Lucan*.

Digitized by Google

There was none, says he, *that was plac'd in a higher Station, or had a greater Prospect under him than* Lucan. *He Vaulted upon* Pegasus *with all the Heat and Intrepidity of Youth, and seem'd desirous of mounting into the Clouds upon the Back of him. But as the hinder Feet of the Horse stuck to the Mountain, while the Body rear'd up in the Air, the Poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off, insomuch that the Spectators often gave him for gone, and cry'd out now and then, he was tumbling.* Thus *Strada*.

I shall sum up all I have time to say of *Lucan*, with another Character, as it is given by one of the most Polite Men of the Age he liv'd in, and who under the Protection of the same Pope *Leo* X. was one of the first Restorers of Learning in the latter End of the Fifteenth and the beginning of the Sixteenth *Century*. I mean *Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus*, who with the assistance of *Beroaldus*, *Budius*, and some others of the First *Form* in the Republick of Letters, publish'd *Lucan* with Notes at *Rome* in the Year 1514, being the first Impression, if I mistake not, that ever was made of him. *Poetry* and *Painting*, with the Knowledge of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, rose about that time to a prodigious height in a small Compass of Years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declin'd ever

ever since. *Verulanus* in his Dedication to Cardinal *Palavicini*, prefix'd to that Edition, has not only given us a delicate sententious Criticism on his *Pharsalia*, but a Beautiful Judicious Comparison between him and *Virgil*, and that in a Stile which in my Opinion comes but little short of *Salust*, or the Writers of the *Augustan* Age. It is to the following Purpose in *English*, and it may not be unacceptable to the Reader, that I have put the *Latin* in the Margin.

I come now to the Author I have Commented upon, says *Sulpitius Verulanus*, and shall endeavour to describe him, as well as observe in what he differs from that great Poet *Virgil*. *Lucan*, in the Opinion of *Fabius*, is no less a Pattern for Orators than for Poets; and always adhering strictly to Truth, he seems to have as fair a Pretence to the Character of an Historian; for he equally performs each of these Offices. His Expression is Bold and Lively; his Sentiments are

Nunc ad vatem quem enarravimus me convertam: qualisque sit, & in quo a Virgilio poeta summo differat explicabo. Lucanus non minus oratoribus quam poetis Fabii judicio imitandus, cum puram historiæ fidem sequatur, etiam historici sustinere personam videtur: singulorum enim pariter officio fungitur. Quippe ardens, concitatus, sententiis clarissimus, modesta figmenta & concinnas habet evagationes: estque in concionibus artificiosus, abundans, virilis, & cultus. In cæteris vero gravis, copiosus, amplus, tersus, mira eruditione & rerum varietate perfusus. Tantaque cæ-

minis majeſtate, conſilia, rationes, geſtaque explicat, ut hæc ipſa non legere ſed cernere videaris. Bella vero & conflictus non narrari ſed geri: urbes trepidare: acies concurrere: & militum ardorem, terroremque putes aſpicere. Cumque ſit in deſcriptionibus frequens & locuples: in rerum perſcrutanda natura, exprimendiſque affectibus perſpicax: in moribus judicandis argutus: atque in omni oſtentanda doctrina verſatilis: quem Coſmographum, quem Aſtrologum, aut Mathematicum, aut Philoſophum, dum eum legimus, deſideramus? Quis enim de rebus in quas incidit, aut affectat: ſubtilius & accuratius diſſerit? Magnus profecto eſt Maro, magnus Lucanus: adeoque prope par: ut uter ſit major poſſis ambigere. Summis enim uterque eſt laudibus eloquentiæ cumulatus. Dives & magnificus Maro: hic ſumptuoſus & ſplendidus. Ille maturus ſublimis abundans: hic vehemens canorus effuſus. Ille venerabilius ponti-

Clear, his Fictions within Compaſs of Probability, and his Digreſſions proper: His Orations Artful, Correct, Manly, and full of Matter. In the other Parts of his Work, he is Grave, Fluent, Copious, and Elegant; abounding with great Variety, and wonderful Erudition. And in unriddling the Intricacy of Contrivances, Deſigns and Actions, his Stile is ſo Maſterly, that you rather ſeem to ſee, than read of thoſe Tranſactions. But as for Enterprizes and Battels, you imagine them not Related but Acted: Towns alarm'd, Armies engag'd, the Eagerneſs and Terror of the ſeveral Soldiers, ſeem preſent to your View. As our Author is frequent and fertile in Deſcriptions; and none more skilful in diſcovering the Secret Springs of Action, and their Riſe in Human Paſſions; as he is an acute Searcher

Digitized by Google

Searcher into the Manners of Men, and moſt dextrous in applying all Sorts of Learning to his Subject: What other Coſmographer, Aſtrologer, Philoſopher or Mathematician do we ſtand in need of, while we read him? Who has more judiciouſly handled, or treated with more Delicacy, whatever Topics his Fancy has led him to, or have caſually fall'n in his Way: *Maro* is without doubt, a great Poet; ſo is *Lucan*. In ſo apparent an Equality, 'tis hard to decide which Excells: For Both have juſtly obtained the higheſt Commendations. *Maro* is Rich and Magnificent; *Lucan* Sumptuous and Splendid; The firſt is Diſcreet, Inventive, and Sublime; the latter Free, Harmonious, and full of Spirit. *Virgil* ſeems to move with the Devout Solemnity of a Reverend Prelate: *Lucan* to March with the Noble Haughtineſs of a Victorious General. One owes moſt to Labour and Application; the other to Nature and

ficio more quadam cum religione videtur incedere: hic cum terrore concitatius imperatorio. Ille cura & diligentia cultus: hic natura & ſtudio perpolitus. Ille ſuavitate & dulcedine animos capit: hic ardore & ſpiritu complet. Vergilius nitidus, beatus, compoſitus. Lucanus varius floridus aptus. Ille fortioribus telis pugnare videtur: hic pluribus. Ille plus roboris habere: hic plus terroris & acrimoniæ. Illum grandi tuba uti & horriſona dixeris: hunc fere pari ſed clariori. Tanta denique eſt huic cum illo affinitas & in diverſitate præſtantia: ut cum ad illam Maronis divinitatem acceſſerit nemo: tamen niſi ille priorem locum apud nos occupaſſet, hic poſſideret.

Digitized by Google

Practice; One lulls the Soul with the Sweetness and Music of his Verse, the other raises it by his Fire and Rapture. *Virgil* is Sedate, Happy in his Conceptions, free from Faults; *Lucan* Quick, Various and Florid: *He* seems to Fight with stronger Weapons, *This* with more. The first surpasses all in solid Strength; the latter excells in Vigour and Poynancy. You would think that the one Sounds rather a larger and deeper ton'd Trumpet; the other a less indeed, but Clearer. In short, so great is the Affinity, and the struggle for Precedence between them, that tho' no Body be allow'd to come up to that *Divinity* in *Maro*; yet had *He* not been possess'd of the chief Seat on *Parnassus*, our Author's Claim to it had been indisputable.

Thus much for *Lucan*; And it may be expected I should give some Account of Mr. *Rowe*, who has obliged the World with the following Translation of him in *English* Verse. Never Man had it more in his Nature than he, to Love and Oblige his Friends living, or celebrate their Memory when Dead; What Pity is it then, that for want of Information, there cannot be paid to his Name that just Encomium he ev'ry way deserv'd?

He was born at *Little Berkford* in *Bedfordshire*, at the House of *Jasper Edwards*, Esq; his Mother's

Mother's Father, in the Year 1673, of an Ancient Family in *Devonshire*, that for many Ages had made a handsome Figure in their Country, and was known by the Name of *Rowes* of *Lambertoun*. He could trace his Ancestors, in a direct Line, up to the Times of the *Holy War*, where one of them so distinguish'd himself in the *Holy Land*, that at his return, he had the Coat of Arms given him, which they bore ever since, that being in those Days all the Reward of Military Virtue, or of Blood spilt in those Expeditions. From that time downward to Mr. *Rowe*'s Father, The Family kept themselves to the Frugal Management of a Private Fortune, and the Innocent Pleasures of a Country Life. Having a Handsome Seat, and a Competent Estate, they liv'd beyond the Fear of Want, or Reach of Envy. In all the Changes of Governments, they are said to have ever lean'd towards the side of Publick Liberty, and in that retir'd Situation of Life to have beheld with Grief and Concern the many Incroachments that have been made upon it from time to time.

His Father was *John Rowe*, and the first of the Family, as his Son has told me, that chang'd a Country Life for a Liberal Profession. After he had past the Schools at home, he was brought up to *London*, and enter'd a Student of the Law in the *Mid-*

Digitized by Google

dle Temple, where some time after he was call'd to the Bar, and at length made a Serjeant at Law. He was a Gentleman in great Esteem for many engaging Qualities, of very considerable Practice at the Bar, and stood fair for the first Vacancy on the Bench, when he died the 30th of *April*, 1692, and was buried in the *Temple* Church the 7th of *May* following. Let it be mention'd to the Honour of this Gentleman, that when he publish'd Serjeant *Benloe* and Judge *Dalison's Reports*, he had the Honesty and Boldness to observe in the Preface, how moderate these two great Lawyers had been in their Opinions concerning the Extent of the Royal Prerogative; and that he durst do this in the late King *James*'s Reign, at a time when a *Dispensing Power* was set up, as inherent in the Crown. From such worthy Ancestors *Nicholas Rowe* was Descended, who, together with the Ancient Paternal Seat of the Family, Inherited their Probity and good Nature, Contentment of Mind, and an unbyas's'd Love to their Country.

His Father took all the Care possible of his Education, and when he was fit for it, sent him to *Westminster* School, under the Famous Dr. *Busby*. He made an extraordinary Progress in all the Parts of Learning taught in that School, and about the

Age

Age of Twelve Years was choſen one of the King's Scholars. He became in a little time Maſter to a great Perfection of all the Claſſical Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, and made a tolerable Proficiency in the *Hebrew*; but Poetry was his early Bent, and his darling Study. He compos'd at that time ſeveral Copies of Verſes upon different Subjects both in *Greek* and *Latin*, and ſome in *Engliſh*, which were much admir'd, and the more that they coſt him very little Pains, and ſeem'd to flow from his Imagination, almoſt as faſt as his Pen.

His Father deſigning him for his own Profeſſion, took him from that School when he was about Sixteen Years of Age, and enter'd him a Student in the *Middle Temple*, whereof he himſelf was a Member, that he might have him under his immediate Care and Inſtruction. Being capable of any part of Knowledge he apply'd his Mind to, he made very remarkable Advances in the Study of the Law; and was not content, as he told me, to know it as a Collection of *Statutes* or *Cuſtoms* only, but as a *Syſtem* founded upon right Reaſon, and calculated for the Good of Mankind. Being afterwards call'd to the Bar, he appear'd in as promiſing a way to make a Figure in that Profeſſion, as any of his Contemporaries, if the Love of the

Digitized by Google

Belles Lettres, and that of Poetry in particular, had not ſtop'd him in his Career. He had the Advantage of the Friendſhip and Protection of one of the fineſt Gentlemen, as well as one of the greateſt Lawyers of that Time, Sir *George Treby*, Lord Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas, who was fond of him to a great Degree, and had it both in his Power and Inclination to promote his Intereſt.

But the *Muſes* had ſtoln away his Heart from his Infancy, and his Paſſion for them rendred the Study of the *Law* dry and taſteleſs to his Palate. He ſtruggled for ſome time againſt the natural Bent of his Mind, but in vain; for *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* had infinitely more Charms with him, then the beſt Authors that had writ of the Law of *England*. He now and then could not refrain from making ſome Copies of Verſes on Subjects that fell in his Way, which being approv'd of by his Intimate Friends, to whom only he ſhow'd them, that Approbation prov'd his Snare, ſo that from that time he began to give way to the Natural Biaſs of his Mind, and would needs try what he could do in Tragedy.

The firſt he wrote was *The Ambitious Step-Mother*; which meeting with univerſal Applauſe, as it well deſerv'd, he laid aſide

aſide all Thoughts of riſing in the Law, and turn'd them ever after, in their main Channel, towards Poetry. This his firſt Tragedy he writ when Twenty Five Years of Age, and as a Tryal only of his Genius that way. The Purity of the *Engliſh* Language, the Juſtneſs of his Characters, the Noble Elevation of the Sentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the Plan of the Play. His Talent lay in *Heroick Poetry*, and conſequently in *Tragedy*: For Comedy, he once try'd it, but found his Genius did not lean that way. He writ ſeveral Tragedies afterwards, which are in every Body's Hands, and all of them highly approv'd of by Men of Taſte, upon the Account of the Loftineſs of Thought, and the delicate Propriety of the Language; in which laſt I may venture to ſay, no one has ever out-done him, few equall'd him.

The Tragedy he valu'd himſelf moſt upon, and which was moſt valu'd, was his *Tamerlane*; and never Author, in my Opinion, did more Juſtice to his Hero, than he to that excellent Prince: For *Tamerlane* was the very Man that Mr. *Rowe* has Painted him. In that Play he aim'd at a Parallel between the late King *William* of immortal Memory and *Tamerlane*; as alſo between *Bajazet*, and a Monarch who is ſince

Digitized by Google

since Dead. That Glorious Ambition and Noble Ardour in *Tamerlane*, to break the Chains of enslav'd Nations, and set Mankind free from the Incroachments of Lawless Power, are Painted in the most lively, as well as the most amiable Colours: On the other side, his manner of Introducing on the Stage a Prince that thinks Mankind is made but for him, and whose chief Aim is to perpetuate his Name to Posterity, by that Havock and Ruin he scatters through the World, are all drawn with that Pomp of Horror and Detestation which such monstrous Actions do deserve. And since nothing could be more Calculated for raising in the Minds of the Audience, a true Passion for Liberty, and a just Abhorrence for Slavery; how this Play came to be discouraged, next to a Prohibition, in the latter End of a late Reign, I leave it to others to give a Reason.

I shall say nothing of any of the rest of Mr. *Rowe*'s Plays in particular; but it may be justly said of them all, that never Poet painted *Virtue* or *Religion* in a more charming Dress on the Stage, nor were ever *Vice* and *Impiety* better expos'd to Contempt and Hatred. There runs through every one of them an Air of Religion and Virtue, attended with all the Social Duties of Life, and a constant untainted Love,

to

Digitized by Google

to his Country. The same Principles of Liberty he had early imbib'd himself, and seem'd a Part of his Constitution, appear'd in every thing he wrote, and he took all Occasions that fell in his Way, to make the Stage subservient to them. His Muse was so religiously Chast, that I do not remember one Word in any of his Plays or Writings that might admit but of a *double Entendre* in point of *Decency* or *Morals*. There is nothing to be found in them to humour the deprav'd Taste of the Age, by nibbling at *Scripture*, or depreciating Things in themselves *Sacred*; and it was the less wonder, that he observ'd this Rule in his Dramatick Performances, since in his ordinary Conversation, and when his Mirth and Humour enliven'd the whole Company, he us'd to express his Dissatisfaction, in the severest Manner, with any thing that look'd that way. Being much Conversant in the *Holy Scriptures*, it's observable that to raise the highest Ideas of Virtue, he has with great Art in several of his Tragedies made use of those Expressions and Metaphors in them, that taste most of the *Sublime*.

Besides his Plays, Mr. *Rowe* wrote a great many Copies of Verses on different Subjects, which it's hop'd his Friends may some time or other publish together, and whereof

Digitized by Google

whereof many have been already Printed apart. Being a great Admirer of *Shakespear*, he oblig'd the Publick with a new Edition of his Works, and prefix'd to it a short Account of his Life. In that Account he lay under the same Misfortune that I have done in this Account of Mr. *Rowe*; He wanted Information, to do Justice to *Shakespear*. He took all Occasions to express the vast Esteem he had for that Wonderful Man, and endeavour'd in some of his Pieces to imitate his manner of Writing, particularly in the Tragedy of *Jane Shore*. He has given him the Character he well deserv'd in the Prologue to that Play in the following Verses, which I am the more willing to insert here, because I believe there is no Man of Taste but pays to *Shakespear*'s Memory the Homage that's due to one of the greatest Genius's that ever appear'd in Dramatick Poetry. The Lines are these,

In such an Age, Immortal Shakespear *wrote,*
By no quaint Rules, nor hampering Criticks taught;
With rough, majestick Force, he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength and Nature made Amends for Art.
Our humble Author does his Steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty Bard in view;
And in these Scenes has made it more his Care
To rouse the Passions, than to charm the Ear.

But Mr. *Rowe*'s last, and perhaps his best Poem, is this his Translation of *Lucan*, which

Digitized by Google

which he just liv'd to finish. He had entertain'd an early Inclination for that Author, and I believe it was the darling Passion he had for the Liberty and Constitution of his Country, that first inclin'd him to think of Translating him. He thought it was a Pity, that a Work in which the Cause of Liberty was set in such a Shining Light, should be preserv'd only in the Dead Language wherein it was Written; and therefore thought it well worth his Pains to put it in an *English* Dress, for the Benefit of his Countrymen. As this is the happiest Nation of the World in its Constitution, and happy even in spite of our selves, he judg'd that all who are in Love with it, must needs be fond of an Author, who not only wrote for the Ancient Constitution of his own Country, but fell a Sacrifice for endeavouring to support it.

As to the Translation it self, I perswade my self it will meet with a kind Reception in the World. I dare be bold to say the Language is Pure, and the Versification both Musical and adapted to the Subject. I have no Reason to doubt but the true Meaning of the Original is faithfully preserv'd through the whole Work, and if I may venture to Judge, the Translation comes up to the Spirit of the Original, as far as the

Digitized by Google

the Difference between the *Roman* and *English* Languages will allow of.

I am afraid I have gone out of my Depth, in giving my Opinion of a Piece of this kind, being no Poet my ſelf; ſo I leave this Tranſlation of *Lucan* to make its way by its own Merit. I know *May* has Tranſlated it near an Age ago, and I confeſs it is many Years ſince I read it. But it muſt be own'd, that it's but a lame Performance, and does not reach the Spirit or Senſe of *Lucan*. The Language and Verſification are yet worſe, and fall infinitely ſhort of the lofty Numbers and Propriety of Expreſſion in which Mr. *Rowe* excels. I know of no other Tranſlation of *Lucan* in any of the living Languages, in Verſe, except that of *Brebeuf* in *French*. I have a very great Value for it, and the Author, if it were for no other Reaſon, but that he had the honeſt Boldneſs to publiſh ſuch a Work in his Native Language, that was Diametrically oppoſite to the Maxims of Government purſued by the Prince then Reigning. His Courage in this matter deſerves yet the more to be applauded, that when all the other *Claſſicks* were publiſh'd for the Uſe of the *Dauphin*, *Lucan* alone was Prohibited. It's obſervable, he has carry'd in ſome Places in the *French* Language the Heat of *Lucan*, farther than *Lucan*

Digitized by Google

can himſelf in the *Latin*, and that by attempting the Fire of his Author, he has, if I may be allow'd the Expreſſion, fir'd himſelf much more. This is what happens to him frequently: But again at other times he flags, and when *Lucan* happily hits on the true Beauty of a Thought, *Brebeuf* falls infinitely below him, through an Affectation of appearing Eaſy and Natural, when he ought to exert all his Force. I might give a great many Inſtances of this laſt, but ſhall confine my ſelf to one, which will ſet in a true Light the Difference between the two Tranſlations of *Lucan* by *Brebeuf* and Mr. *Rowe*. That ſtrong celebrated Line in *Lucan*,

Victrix Cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni,

is with the whole Period, thus done by Mr. *Rowe*, tho' none of the brighteſt Lines in his Tranſlation.

Juſtly to name the better Cauſe were hard,
While Greateſt Names for either Side declar'd.
Victorious Cæſar by the Gods was Crown'd,
The vanquiſh'd Party was by Cato *own'd.*

When *Brebeuf* comes to Tranſlate this Paſſage, he does it after this manner,

De ſi hauts partiſans s'arment pour chacun d'eux,
Qu'on ne ſcait qui defendre, ou qui blamer de deux,
Qui des deux a tire plus juſtement l'epée,
Les dieux ſervent Ceſar, & Caton ſuit Pompée.

What

Digitized by Google

What can be poorer than this last? It does not answer the Nobleness of the *Latin*, and besides it maims the Sense of the Author. For *Lucan*, who had his Imagination full of the Virtue of *Cato*, intended to raise him above, or at least equal him to, the Gods, as to the Merit of the Cause, that occasion'd the Opposition: But *Brebeuf*, instead of raising him to a Competition with the Gods, makes him only a Retainer of *Pompey's*. This puts me in mind of an Observation I have frequently made upon most of our *English* Translations. Whenever there happens an Expression or Period of a distinguish'd Beauty, there they fall often not only short of the Original, but mistake intirely the Sense. I shall give but one Instance in *Dryden's Virgil*. There is not in all the Inimitable *Æneid* a more Beautiful Period than that in the Sixth Book concerning *Marcellus*, which *Virgil* sums up in this *Hemistichon*,

Tu Marcellus eris.

Dryden turns it thus,

O! could'st thou break through Fate's severe Decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.

which is altogether wide from the Meaning of *Virgil*, and sinks infinitely below the Dignity of his Verse.

I might take notice here of several Passages of *Lucan* left out in *Brebeuf*, which well

Digitized by Google

well deserv'd a Place in his Translation. I shall only mention one in the Sixth Book concerning the Witch *Erictho*, which in my Opinion is a very Beautiful Picture of Horror. *Brebeuf* cuts it short, and in its Place gives us a Love Story of his own Invention between *Burrhus* and *Octavia*, which is nothing to the Purpose, and falls infinitely short of the Spirit of *Lucan*. Yet after all it cannot be deny'd, but *Brebeuf*'s Performance is in the main admirably well done, and in many Places he appears animated with the same Fire we find in *Lucan*. I cannot omit one Instance of this in that Passage of the Third Book concerning the Origine of Letters, which is one of the finest in *Lucan*, and excellently done into *French* by *Brebeuf*. *Lucan* has it thus,

Phœnices primi, fama si creditur, ausi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.

Brebeuf turns it after this manner,

C'est de luy que nous vient cet art ingenieux,
De peindre la parole & de parler aux yeux,
Et par les traits divers des figures tracées,
Donner de la Couleur, & du Corps aux pensées.

The Translation of this Passage by *Brebeuf* is excellently Imitated in *English* by a *young Lady* * that I had the Honour to be acquainted with, which if I mistake not, transcends

* *A Daughter of the Viscount* Molesworth.

Digitized by Google

transcends *Brebeuf*, or even *Lucan* himself. It's thus,

The Noble Art from Cadmus *took its Rise*
Of painting Words, and speaking to the Eyes.
He first in Wondrous Magick Fetters bound
The airy Voice, and stop'd the flying Sound.
The various Figures by his Pencil wrought,
Gave Colour, and a Body to the Thought.

To return to Mr. *Rowe*: He just liv'd to put an end to this Translation of *Lucan*'s *Pharsalia*, and if he had but liv'd a little longer, it's probable he had prefix'd to it another kind of Preface than this, with a thorough Criticism on the whole Work. I shall say nothing further of him in the Quality of a Poet, since this Translation, and his other Works, will sufficiently justifie his Title to it. As to his Person, it was Graceful and well made, his Face regular and of a Manly Beauty. As his Soul was well lodg'd, so its Rational and Animal Faculties excell'd in a high Degree. He had a quick and fruitful Invention, a deep Penetration, and a large Compass of Thought, with a singular Dexterity, and Easiness in making his Thoughts to be understood. He was Master of most Parts of Polite Learning, especially the Classical Authors both *Greek* and *Latin*, understood the *French*,

Digitized by Google

French, *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Languages, and ſpoke the firſt fluently, and the other two tolerably well.

He had likewiſe read moſt of the *Greek* and *Roman* Hiſtories in their Original Languages, and moſt that are writ in *Engliſh*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*. He had a good Taſte in Philoſophy, and having a firm Impreſſion of Religion upon his Mind, he took great delight in Divinity and Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, in both which he made great Advances in the times he retir'd into the Country, which were frequent. He expreſt on all Occaſions his full Perſuaſion of the Truth of Reveal'd Religion, and being a ſincere Member of the Eſtabliſh'd Church himſelf, he pitied, but Condemn'd not, thoſe that diſſented from it. He abhor'd the Principle of Perſecuting Men upon the Account of their Opinions in Religion; and being ſtrict in his own, he took it not upon him to Cenſure thoſe of another Perſwaſion. His Converſation was Pleaſant, Witty, and Learn'd, without the leaſt Tincture of Affectation or Pedantry, and his inimitable Manner of Diverting and Enliveming the Company, made it impoſſible for any one to be out of Humour when he was in it. Envy and Detraction ſeem'd to be entirely Foreign to his Conſtitution: And whatever Provocations he met with

at

Digitized by Google

at any time, he past them over without the least Thought of Resentment or Revenge. As *Homer* had a *Zoilus*, so Mr. *Rowe* had sometimes his: For there were not wanting Malevolent People, and Pretenders to Poetry too, that would now and then Bark at his best Performances; but he was so much conscious of his own Genius, and had so much Good-nature as to forgive them, nor could he ever be Tempted to return them an Answer.

The Love of Learning and Poetry made him not the less fit for Business, and no Body apply'd himself closer to it, when it requir'd his Attendance. The late Duke of *Queensbury*, when he was Secretary of State, made him his Secretary for Publick Affairs; and when that truly Great Man came to know him well, he was never so pleas'd as when Mr. *Rowe* was in his Company. After the Duke's Death, all Avenues were stop'd to his Preferment; and during the rest of that Reign, he past his time with the Muses and his Books, and sometimes the Conversation of his Friends.

Upon the King's Accession to the Throne, his Merit was taken Notice of. The King gave him a *Lucrative* Place in the Customs, and made him *Poet Laureat*; the Prince of *Wales* confer'd on him the Place of *Clerk* of his *Council*; and the Lord

Parker

Parker, Lord Chancellor, made him his *Secretary* for the *Preſentations*, the very Day he receiv'd the *Seals*, and without his asking it. He was much lov'd and cheriſh'd by the latter: And it was no wonder that one of his Endowments was in Favour with that *Noble Perſon*, who, together with a profound Knowledge in the *Law*, worthy of his High Station, has adorn'd his Mind with all the other more Polite Parts of *Learning*. When he had juſt got to be eaſy in his Fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, Death ſwept him away, and in him depriv'd the World of one of the beſt Men, as well as one of the beſt Genius's of the Age. He dy'd like a *Chriſtian* and a *Philoſopher*, in Charity with all Mankind, and with an abſolute Reſignation to the Will of God. He kept up his good Humour to the laſt, and took leave of his Wife and Friends, immediately before his laſt Agony, with the ſame Tranquillity of Mind, and the ſame Indifference for Life, as tho' he had been upon taking but a ſhort Journey. He was twice Married, firſt to a Daughter of the Deceas'd Mr. *Perſons*, one of the Auditors of the Revenue, and afterwards to a Daughter of Mr. *Deveniſh* of a good Family in *Dorſetſhire*: By the firſt he had a Son, and by the Second a Daughter, both yet living.

Digitized by Google

ving: He died the Sixth of *December* 1718, in the 45th Year of his Age, and was Buried the Nineteenth of the same Month in *Westminster Abby*, in the Isle where many of our *English* Poets are Interr'd, over-against *Chaucer*, his Body being attended by a Select Number of his Friends, and the *Dean* and *Choir* Officiating at the Funeral.

Feb. 26. 1719.

THE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE FIRST BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

Digitized by Google

The ARGUMENT.

In the First Book, after a Propoſition of his Subject, a ſhort View of the Ruins occaſion'd by the Civil Wars in Italy, *and a Compliment to* Nero, Lucan *gives the Principal Cauſes of the Civil War, together with the Characters of* Cæſar *and* Pompey: *After that, the Story properly begins with* Cæſar's *paſſing the* Rubicon, *which was the Bound of his Province towards* Rome, *and his March to* Ariminum. *Thither the Tribunes, and* Curio *who had been driv'n out of the City by the oppoſite Party, come to him, and demand his Protection. Then follows his Speech to his Army, and a particular Mention of the ſeveral Parts of* Gaul *from which his Troops were drawn together to his Aſſiſtance. From* Cæſar, *the Poet turns to deſcribe the general Conſternation at* Rome, *and the Flight of great Part of the Senate and People at the News of his March. From hence he takes Occaſion to relate the foregoing Prodigies, which were partly an Occaſion of thoſe pannick Terrors, and likewiſe the Ceremonies that were us'd by the Prieſts for purifying the City, and averting the Anger of the Gods; and then ends this Book with the Inſpiration and Prophecy of a* Roman *Matron, in which ſhe enumerates the principal Events which were to happen in the Courſe of the Civil War.*

Digitized by Google

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

EMathian Plains with Slaughter cover'd o'er,
And Rage unknown to Civil Wars before,
Eſtabliſh'd Violence, and lawleſs Might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the Name of Right;
A Race Renown'd, the World's victorious Lords,
Turn'd on themſelves with their own hoſtile Swords;

Verſe 1. Emathian *Plains.*] This Firſt Period contains a Propoſition of the whole Work, the Civil War; and I would only obſerve once for all, that as the Readers, who compare it with the Original, may ſee that I have tranſpos'd the Order of it in the Tranſlation, and that on purpoſe, I have taken the ſame Liberty in many other Places

Digitized by Google

Piles againſt Piles oppos'd in Impious Fight,
And Eagles againſt Eagles bending Flight;
Of Blood by Friends, by Kindred, Parents, ſpilt,
One common Horror and promiſcuous Guilt,
A ſhatter'd World in wild Diſorder toſt,
Leagues, Laws, and Empire in Confuſion loſt;
Of all the Woes which Civil Diſcords bring,
And *Rome* o'ercome by *Roman* Arms, I ſing.
What blind, deteſted Madneſs could afford
Such horrid Licence to the murd'ring Sword?
Say, *Romans*, whence ſo dire a Fury roſe,
To glut with *Latian* Blood your barb'rous Foes?
Could you in Wars like theſe provoke your Fate?
Wars, where no Triumphs on the Victor wait!
While *Babylon*'s proud Spires yet riſe ſo high,
And rich in *Roman* Spoils invade the Sky;

of this Work; eſpecially where I thought ſuch Tranſpoſition wou'd give an Emphaſis and a Strength to the latter End of the Period. ——— *Emathia* was a Province properly of *Macedonia*, and adjoining to *Theſſalia*, but is moſt commonly uſed by this Author for *Theſſalia*.

Ver. 7. *Piles againſt Piles.*] I have choſen to tranſlate the *Latin* Word *Pilum* thus nearly, or indeed rather to keep it, and make it *Engliſh*; becauſe it was a Weapon, as Eagles were the Enſigns, peculiar to the *Romans*, and made uſe of here by *Lucan* purpoſely to denote the War made amongſt themſelves. This *Pilum* was a ſort of Javelin which they darted at the Enemies; the Deſcription of it may be found in *Polybius*, *Vegetius*, or in our own Dr. *Kennet's Roman Antiquities*.

Ver. 21. *While* Babylon's *proud Spires.*] *Lucan* here means both

While yet no Vengeance is to *Craſſus* paid,
But unatton'd repines the wand'ring Shade!
What Tracts of Land, what Realms unknown before,
What Seas wide-ſtretching to the diſtant Shore,
What Crowns, what Empires might that Blood have gain'd,
With which *Emathia*'s fatal Fields were ſtain'd!
Where *Seres* in their ſilken Woods reſide,
Where ſwift *Araxes* rolls his rapid Tide:
Where-e'er (if ſuch a Nation can be found)
Nile's ſecret Fountain ſpringing cleaves the Ground;
Where Southern Suns with double Ardour riſe,
Flame o'er the Land, and ſcorch the Mid-day Skies;
Where Winter's Hand the *Scythian* Seas conſtrains,
And binds the frozen Floods in Chryſtal Chains;
Where-e'er the ſhady Night and Day-ſpring come,
All had ſubmitted to the Yoak of *Rome*.

both the *Perſian* and *Parthian* Empire, which he very often joins and confounds together, taking very often one Name for both. The Death of *Craſſus*, and his Defeat by the *Parthians*, is a Story too well known to need a Note. See it at large in *Plutarch*.

Ver. 29. *Where* Seres.] In ancient Geographers we find Two Nations of this Name, one in *Æthiopia*, and the other between *India* and *Scythia*; the latter, which are here meant, according to the Learned *Cellarius*, anſwer to the Northern Parts of *China* or *Cathay*.

Ver. 30. *Araxes*.] Of this Name were ſeveral Rivers in *Aſia*; the Chief, and that which is here mention'd, ſeems to be that in *Armenia*; it runs into the *Caſpian* Sea.

Digitized by Google

Oh *Rome*! if Slaughter be thy only Care,
If ſuch thy fond Deſire of impious War;
Turn from thy ſelf, at leaſt, the deſtin'd Wound,
'Till thou art Miſtreſs of the World around,
And none to Coſiquer but thy ſelf be found.
Thy Foes as yet a juſter War afford,
And barb'rous Blood remains to glut thy Sword.
But ſee! her Hands on her own Vitals ſeize,
And no Deſtruction but her own can pleaſe.
Behold her Fields unknowing of the Plow!
Behold her Palaces and Towr's laid low!
See where o'erthrown the maſſy Column lyes,
While Weeds obſcene above the Corniſh riſe.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd Walls remain,
There mould'ring Pillars nodding Roofs ſuſtain.
The Landskip once in various Beauty ſpread,
With yellow Harveſts and the flowry Mead,
Diſplays a wild uncultivated Face,
Which buſhy Brakes and Brambles vile diſgrace:
No human Footſtep prints th' untrodden Green,
No chearful Maid nor Villager is ſeen.
Ev'n in her Cities famous once and great,
Where thouſands crowded in the noiſie Street,
No Sound is heard of human Voices now,
But whiſtling Winds thro' empty Dwellings blow;
While paſſing Strangers wonder, if they ſpy
One ſingle melancholy Face go by.

Nor

Digitized by Google

Nor *Pyrrhus'* Sword, nor *Canna's* fatal Field,
Such universal Desolation yield:
Her impious Sons have her worst Foes surpass'd,
And *Roman* Hands have laid *Hesperia* waste.
But if our Fates severely have decreed
No way but this for *Nero* to succeed;
If only thus our Heroes can be Gods,
And Earth must pay for their divine Abodes;
If Heav'n could not the Thunderer obtain,
Till Gyants Wars made Room for *Jove* to reign,
'Tis just, ye Gods, nor ought we to complain:
Oppress with Death tho' dire *Pharsalia* groan,
Tho' *Latian* Blood the *Punick* Ghosts attone;
Tho' *Pompey's* hapless Sons renew the War,
And *Munda* view the slaughter'd Heaps from far;

Ver. 64. *Nor* Pyrrhus.] *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, a terrible and famous Enemy of the *Romans*. See his Life in *Plutarch*. *Hannibal's* Victory at *Canna* is well known.

Ver. 69. *Hesperia*.] The ancient Name of *Italy*; and likewise of *Spain*.

Ver. 77. *Oppress'd with Death*.] Upon this Occasion *Lucan* enumerates the principal Actions not only in this Civil War between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, but the others between the Sons of *Pompey*, *Octavius Cæsar*, and *Antony*. *Pharsalia* were Fields so call'd from *Pharsalus*, a Town in *Thessaly*, where the famous Battel between *Cæsar* and *Pompey* was fought.

Ver. 8. *Munda*] A Town in *Spain*, where *Pompey's* Sons fought a Battel with *Cæsar* after their Father's Death, and where *Cneius* the Eldest was kill'd. It is suppos'd not to have been above Six Leagues from the present *Malaga*.

Digitized by Google

Tho' meagre Famine in *Perusia* reign,
Tho' *Mutina* with Battles fill the Plain;
Tho' *Leuca*'s Isle, and wide *Ambracia*'s Bay,
Record the Rage of *Actium*'s fatal Day;
Tho' servile Hands are arm'd to Man the Fleet,
And on *Sicilian* Seas the Navies meet;
All Crimes, all Horrours, we with joy regard,
Since thou, O *Cæsar*, art the great Reward.
Vast are the Thanks thy grateful *Rome* should pay
To Wars, which usher in thy sacred Sway.
When, the great Business of the World atchiev'd,
Late by the willing Stars thou art receiv'd,
Thro' all the blissful Seats the News shall roll,
And Heav'n resound with Joy from Pole to Pole.
Whether great *Jove* resign supreme Command,
And trust his Scepter to thy abler Hand;
Or if thou chuse the Empire of the Day,
And make the Sun's unwilling Steeds obey;
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming Team,
While Earth rejoices in thy gentler Beam;

Ver. 81. *Perusia*] A Town in *Umbria* in *Italy*, where *L. Antonius* was besieg'd by *Oct. Cæsar*, and reduc'd by Famine.

Ver. 82. *Mutina*] (the present *Modena*.) *D. Brutus* was there besieg'd by *M. Antony*; but the Siege was rais'd by *Augustus*, and both the Consuls, *Hirtius* and *Pansa*, kill'd.

The two last Actions mention'd, are the famous Battle of *Actium*, between *Anthony* and *Augustus*; and another Sea-Fight, between *Augustus* and *Sextus Pompeius*, near *Sicily*, where the latter had mann'd his Fleet with Slaves.

Where-e'er

Where-e'er thou reign, with one consenting Voice,
The Gods and Nature shall approve thy Choice.
But oh! whatever be thy Godhead great,
Fix not in Regions too remote thy Seat;
Nor deign thou near the frozen Bear to shine,
Nor where the sultry Southern Stars decline;
Less kindly thence thy Influence shall come,
And thy blest Rays obliquely visit Rome.
Press not too much on any part the Sphear:
Hard were the Task thy Weight divine to bear;
Soon wou'd the *Axis* feel th' unusual Load,
And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent Gods.
O'er the mid Orb more equal shalt thou ride,
And with a juster Ballance fix the Skies.
Serene for ever be that azure Space,
No black'ning Clouds the purer Heav'n disgrace,
Nor hide from *Rome* her *Cæsar's* radiant Face.
Then shall Mankind consent in sweet Accord,
And warring Nations sheath the wrathful Sword;
Peace shall the World in friendly Leagues compose,
And *Janus'* dreadful Gates for ever close.
To me thy present Godhead stands confest,
Oh let thy sacred Fury fire my Breast;
So thou vouchsafe to hear, let *Phœbus* dwell
Still uninvok'd in *Cyrrha's* mystick Cell;

Ver. 125. Cyrrha's *Mystick*] Was a Town near *Delphos* and here taken it self for the Residence of the Oracle.

Digitized by Google

By me uncall'd, let ſprightly *Bacchus* reign,
And lead the Dance on *Indian Nyſa's* Plain.
To thee, O *Caſar*, all my Vows belong,
Do thou alone inſpire the *Roman* Song.
And now the mighty Task demands our Care,
The fatal Source of Diſcord to declare;
What Cauſe accurſt produc'd the dire Event,
Why Rage ſo dire the madding Nations rent,
And Peace was driv'n away by one Conſent.
But thus the Malice of our Fate commands,
And nothing great to long Duration ſtands;
Aſpiring *Rome* had ris'n too much in Height,
And ſunk beneath her own unwieldy Weight.
So ſhall one Hour, at laſt, this Globe controul,
Break up the vaſt Machine, diſſolve the Whole,
And Time no more thro' meaſur'd Ages roll.
Then *Chaos* hoar ſhall ſeize his former Right,
And reign with Anarchy and eldeſt Night;
The ſtarry Lamps ſhall combate in the Sky,
And loſt and blended in each other dye;
Quench'd in the Deep the heav'nly Fires ſhall fall,
And Ocean caſt abroad o'er-ſpread the Ball:
The Moon no more her well-known Courſe ſhall run,
But riſe from Weſtern Waves, and meet the Sun;

Ver. 127. *Indian Nyſa's.*] There were many Towns of this Name ſacred to *Bacchus*, eſpecially one in *India* near the River *Cophes*.

Ungovern'd

Digitized by Google

Ungovern'd shall she quit her antient Way,
Her self ambitious to supply the Day:
Confusion wild shall all around be hurl'd,
And Discord and Disorder tear the World.
Thus Pow'r and Greatness to Destruction haste,
Thus Bounds to human Happiness are plac'd,
And *Jove* forbids Prosperity to last.
Yet Fortune, when she meant to wreak her Hate,
From foreign Foes preserv'd the *Roman* State,
Nor suffer'd barb'rous Hands to give the Blow,
That laid the Queen of Earth and Ocean low;
To *Rome* her self for Enemies she sought,
And *Rome* her self her own Destruction wrought;
Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly Heads before,
First fell by fatal Partnership of Pow'r.
What blind Ambition bids your Force combine?
What means this frantick League in which you join?
Mistaken Men! who hope to share the Spoil,
And hold the World within one common Toil!
While Earth the Seas shall in her Bosom bear,
While Earth her self shall hang in ambient Air;
While *Phœbus* shall his constant Task renew;
While thro' the Zodiaque Night shall Day pursue;

Ver. 163. *Three Lordly Heads.*] The first Triumvirate or Combination between *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, and *Crassus* to share the Power of *Rome* between 'em.

No

No Faith, no Truſt, no Friendſhip, ſhall be known
Among the jealous Partners of a Throne;
But he who Reigns, ſhall ſtrive to Reign alone.
Nor ſeek for foreign Tales to make this good,
Were not our Walls firſt built in Brother's Blood?
Nor did the Feud for wide Dominion riſe,
Nor was the World their impious Fury's prize;
Divided Pow'r Contention ſtill affords,
And for a Village ſtrove the petty Lords.
The fierce Triumvirate combin'd in Peace,
Preſerv'd the Bond but for a little Space,
Still with an awkward diſagreeing Grace.
'Twas not a League by Inclination made,
But bare Agreement, ſuch as Friends perſuade.
Deſire of War in either Chief was ſeen,
Tho' interpoſing *Craſſus* ſtood between.
Such in the midſt the parting *Iſthmus* lyes,
While ſwelling Seas on either Side ariſes.
The ſolid Boundaries of Earth reſtrain
The fierce *Ionian* and *Ægean* Main;
But if the Mound gives way, ſtrait roaring loud
In at the Breach the ruſhing Torrents croud,
Raging they meet, the daſhing Waves run high,
And work their foamy Waters to the Sky.

Ver. 177. *Brother's Blood.*] *Remus* kill'd by his Brother *Romulus*, at the Founding of *Rome* by the latter.
Ver. 189. *Iſthmus.*] By *Corinth.*

So

Digitized by Google

So, when unhappy *Crassus* lately lain,
Dy'd with his Blood *Assyrian Carre's* Plain;
Sudden the storming Friends in Arms engage,
The *Parthian* Sword let loose the *Latian* Rage.
Ye fierce *Arsacida!* ye Foes of *Rome*,
Now Triumph, you have more than overcome:
The Vanquish'd felt your Victory from far,
And from that Field receiv'd their Civil War.
The Sword is now the Umpire to decide,
And part what Friendship knew not to divide.
'Twas hard, an Empire of so vast a Size
Could not for two ambitious Minds suffice;
The peopled Earth, and wide extended Main,
Could furnish Room for only one to reign.
When dying *Julia* first forsook the Light,
And *Hymen's* Tapers sunk in endless Night,
The tender Ties of Kindred-love were torn,
Forgotten all, and bury'd in her Urn.

Ver. 201. *Arsacidæ.*] The Kings of *Parthia*, call'd so from *Arsaces*, a great Prince, or perhaps the Founder of that Royal Family.

Ver. 211. *When dying* Julia.] *Julia* was the Daughter of *Julius Cæsar*, and marry'd to *Pompey*. The Manner of her Death is said to have been thus: A Servant of *Domitius* happening to be kill'd in a Tumult at *Rome*, *Pompey*, who was near him, by Accident was dawb'd with the Blood; and thereupon sending his Gown home, his Wife, who was then with Child, saw it, and imagining her Husband to be kill'd, fell into Labour with the Fright, miscarry'd and died of the Illness she had contracted on that Occasion.

Oh!

Digitized by Google

Oh! if her Death had haply been delay'd,
How might the Daughter and the Wife perſuade!
Like the ſam'd *Sabine* Dames ſhe had been ſeen
To ſtay the meeting War, and ſtand between:
On either Hand had woo'd 'em to accord,
Sooth'd her fierce Father, and her furious Lord,
To join in Peace, and ſheath the ruthleſs Sword.
But this the fatal Siſters Doom deny'd;
The Friends were ſever'd, when the Matron dy'd.
The rival Leaders mortal War proclaim,
Rage fires their Souls with Jealouſie of Fame,
And Emulation fans the riſing Flame.
Thee *Pompey* thy paſt Deeds by turns infeſt,
And jealous Glory burns within thy Breaſt;
Thy fam'd Pyratick Lawrel ſeems to fade,
Beneath ſucceſsful *Caſar*'s riſing Shade;
His *Gallick* Wreaths thou view'ſt with anxious Eyes
Above thy Naval Crowns triumphant riſe.

Ver. 217. Sabine *Dames.*] The *Sabine* Virgins, who were taken away by force, and marry'd to *Romulus* and the firſt *Romans*, made Peace between their Husbands and their Fathers.

Ver. 227. *Thee* Pompey.] *Pompey* had triumph'd over ſeveral Nations, eſpecially over the *Cilician* Pirates, whom tho' they had great Fleets, and were Maſters of the Seas, he oblig'd to ſurrender themſelves and their Ships within Forty Days.

Ver. 231. *His* Gallick *Wreaths.*] *Caſar* had ſubdu'd *Gaul*.

Thee

Digitized by Google

Thee *Cæsar* thy long Labours past incite,
Thy Use of War, and Custom of the Fight;
While bold Ambition prompts thee in the Race,
And bids thy Courage scorn a second Place.
Superior Pow'r, fierce Faction's dearest Care,
One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.
Justly to name the better Cause were hard,
While greatest Names for either Side declar'd:
Victorious *Cæsar* by the Gods was crown'd,
The vanquish'd Party was by *Cato* own'd.
Nor came the Rivals equal to the Field;
One to increasing Years began to yield,
Old Age came creeping in the peaceful Gown,
And civil Functions weigh'd the Soldier down;
Disus'd to Arms, he turn'd him to the Laws,
And pleas'd himself with popular Applause;
With Gifts, and lib'ral Bounty sought for Fame,
And lov'd to hear the Vulgar shout his Name;
In his own Theatre rejoic'd to sit,
Amidst the noisie Praises of the Pit.
Careless of future Ills that might betide,
No Aid he sought to prop his failing Side,
But on his former Fortune much rely'd.
Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his Place;
But stood the Shadow of what once he was.

So

Digitized by Google

So in the Field with *Ceres'* Bounty spread,
Uprears some antient Oak his rev'rend Head;
Chaplets and sacred Gifts his Boughs adorn,
And Spoils of War by mighty Heroes worn.
But the first Vigour of his Root now gone,
He stands Dependant on his Weight alone;
All bare his naked Branches are display'd,
And with his leafless Trunk he forms a Shade:
Yet tho' the Winds his Ruin daily threat,
As ev'ry Blast wou'd heave him from his Seat;
Tho' thousand fairer Trees the Field supplies,
That rich in youthful Verdure round him rise;
Fix'd in his antient State he yields to none,
And wears the Honours of the Grove alone.
But *Cæsar's* Greatness, and his Strength, was more
Than past Renown and antiquated Pow'r;
'Twas not the Fame of what he once had been,
Or Tales in old Records and Annals seen;
But 'twas a Valour, restless, unconfin'd,
Which no Success could sate, nor Limits bind;
'Twas Shame, a Soldier's Shame untaught to yield,
That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought Field;
Fierce in his Hopes he was, nor knew to stay,
Where Vengeance or Ambition led the Way;
Still prodigal of War whene'er withstood,
Nor spar'd to stain the guilty Sword with Blood;

Urging

Digitized by Google

Urging Advantage he improv'd all Odds,
And made the most of Fortune and the Gods;
Pleas'd to o'return whate'er wish held his Prize,
And saw the Ruin with rejoicing Eyes.
Such while Earth trembles, and Heav'n thunders loud,
Darts the swift Lightning from the rending Cloud;
Fierce thro' the Day it breaks, and in its flight
The dreadful Blast confounds the Gazer's Sight;
Resistless in its Course delights to rave,
And cleaves the Temples of its Master Jove:
Alike where-e'er it passes or returns,
With equal Rage the fell Destroyer burns;
Then with a Whirl full in its Strength retires,
And recollects the Force of all its scatter'd Fires.
Motives like these the leading Chiefs inspir'd;
But other Thoughts the meaner Vulgar fir'd.
Those fatal Seeds luxurious Vices sow,
Which ever lay a mighty People low.
To *Rome* the vanquish'd Earth her Tribute paid,
And deadly Treasures to her View display'd:
Then Truth and simple Manners left the Place,
While Riot rear'd her lewd dishonest Face;
Virtue to full Prosperity gave way,
And fled from Rapine, and the Lust of Prey.
On ev'ry Side proud Palaces arise,
And lavish Gold each common Use supplies.

Their

Their Fathers frugal Tables ſtand abhorr'd,
And *Aſia* now, and *Africk* are explor'd,
For high-pric'd Dainties, and the Citron Board.
In ſilken Robes the minion Men appear,
Which Maids and youthful Brides ſhou'd bluſh to wear.
That Age by honeſt Poverty adorn'd,
Which brought the manly *Romans* forth, is ſcorn'd;
Where-ever ought Pernicious does abound,
For Luxury all Lands are ranſack'd round,
And dear-bought Deaths the ſinking State confound.
The *Curii's* and *Camilli's* little Field,
To vaſt extended Territories yield;
And foreign Tenants reap the Harveſt now,
Where once the great Dictator held the Plow.
Rome, ever fond of War, was tir'd with Eaſe;
Ev'n Liberty had loſt the Pow'r to pleaſe:
Hence Rage and Wrath their ready Minds invade,
And Want could ev'ry Wickedneſs perſuade:
Hence impious Pow'r was firſt eſteem'd a Good,
Worth being ſought with Arms, and bought with Blood:

Ver. 312. *Citron Board.*] This is not here taken for the Lemon-tree, but for a Tree ſomething reſembling the Wild-Cypreſs, and growing chiefly in *Africk*. It is very famous among the *Roman* Authors, and was uſed by their great People for Beds and Tables at Entertainments. The Spots and Criſpneſs of the Wood were its great Excellence. Hence they were call'd *Menſæ Tygrinæ & Pantherinæ.*

Ver. 320. *The* Curii's *and* Camilli's.] Old frugal *Romans*, who thought Seven Acres an Eſtate large enough for any honeſt Man.

With

Digitized by Google

With Glory, Tyrants did their Country awe,
And Violence preſcrib'd the Rule to Law.
Hence plyant ſervile Voices were conſtrain'd,
And Force in popular Aſſemblies reign'd;
Conſuls and Tribunes, with oppoſing Might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the Right:
Hence ſhameful Magiſtrates were made for Gold,
And a baſe People by themſelves were ſold:
Hence Slaughter in the venal Field returns,
And *Rome* her yearly Competitions mourns:
Hence Debt unthrifty, careleſs to repay,
And Uſury ſtill watching for its Day:
Hence Perjuries in ev'ry wrangling Court;
And War, the needy Bankrupt's laſt Reſort.

Now *Cæſar*, marching ſwift with winged Haſte,
The Summits of the frozen *Alps* had paſt;
With vaſt Events and Enterpriſes fraught,
And future Wars revolving in his Thought.
Now near the Banks of *Rubicon* he ſtood;
When lo! as he ſurvey'd the narrow Flood,

Ver. 338. *The Venal Field.*] The *Campus Martius*, or Field of *Mars*, where the yearly Magiſtrates were choſen.

Ver. 348. *The Banks of* Rubicon.] This River divided the *Ciſalpine Gaul* from *Italy*, and was the utmoſt Bounds of *Cæſar*'s Province that way. It is ſaid, that on the Banks towards *Italy* a Pillar was placed by Decree of the Senate, with an Inſcription importing, that whatever General Officer

Digitized by Google

Amidſt the dusky Horrors of the Night,
A wondrous Viſion ſtood conſeſt to Sight.
Her awful Head *Rome*'s rev'rend Image rear'd,
Trembling and ſad the Matron Form appear'd;
A tow'ry Crown her hoary Temples bound,
And her torn Treſſes rudely hung around:
Her naked Arms uplifted e'er ſhe ſpoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful Silence broke.
Preſumptuous Men! oh whither do you run?
Oh whither bear you theſe my Enſigns on?
If Friends to Right, if Citizens of *Rome*,
Here to your utmoſt Barrier are you come.
She ſaid; and ſunk within the cloſing Shade:
Aſtoniſhment and Dread the Chief invade;
Stiff roſe his ſtarting Hair, he ſtood diſmay'd,
And on the Bank his ſlackning Steps were ſtay'd.
Oh thou (at length he cry'd) whoſe Hand controuls
The forky Fire, and rattling Thunder rolls;
Who from thy Capitol's exalted Height,
Doſt o'er the wide-ſpread City caſt thy Sight!
Ye *Phrygian* Gods who guard the *Julian* Line!
Ye Myſteries of *Romulus* divine!

ficer or Soldier ſhould preſume to paſs over this River arm'd, (it muſt be underſtood from *Gaul*) ſhould be deem'd a Rebel, and an Enemy to his Country.

Ver. 370. *Ye* Phrygian *Gods.*] *Caſar* pretended to be deſcended from *Iulus* or *Aſcanius*, the Son of *Æneas*; and the

Digitized by Google

Thou *Jove!* to whom from young *Ascanius* came
Thy *Alban* Temple, and thy *Latial* Name:
And thou Immortal Sacred Vestal Flame!
But chief, oh! chiefly, thou majestick *Rome!*
My first, my great Divinity, to whom
Thy still successful *Cæsar* ain I come;
Nor do thou fear the Sword's destructive Rage,
With thee my Arms no impious War shall wage.
On him thy Hate, on him thy Curse bestow,
Who would persuade thee *Cæsar* is thy Foe;
And since to thee I consecrate my Toil,
Oh favour thou my Cause, and on thy Soldier smile.
He said; and strait, impatient of Delay,
Across the swelling Flood, pursu'd his Way.
So when on sultry *Libya*'s desart Sand
The Lion spies the Hunter hard at hand,
Couch'd on the Earth the doubtful Salvage lyes,
And waits awhile till all his Fury rise;
His lashing Tail provokes his swelling Sides,
And high upon his Neck, his Mane with Horror rides:

the Gods he invokes here are the Houshold-Gods of *Æneas*, which he brought from *Troy*. *Jupiter* had a Temple built on the Mountain of *Alba* to him by *Ascanius*, by the Name of *Jupiter Latialis*; and the holy Fire, sacred to *Vesta*, was first preserv'd there by Virgins, 'till it was translated from *Alba* to *Rome* by *Numa*.

That *Romulus* was worshipp'd as a God, under the Name of *Quirinus*, is very well known.

Then

Then if at length the flying Dart infeſt,
Or the broad Spear invade his ample Breaſt,
Scorning the Wound he yawns a dreadful Roar,
And flies like Lightning on the hoſtile Moor.
While with hot Skies the fervent Summer glows,
The *Rubicon* an humble River flows;
Thro' lowly Vales he cuts his winding Way,
And rolls his ruddy Waters to the Sea.
His Bank on either Side a Limit ſtands,
Between the *Gallic* and *Auſonian* Lands.
But ſtronger now the wintry Torrent grows,
The wetting Winds had thaw'd the *Alpine* Snows,
And *Cynthia* riſing with a blunted Beam
In the third Circle, drove her wat'ry Team,
A Signal ſure to raiſe the ſwelling Stream.
For this, to ſtem the rapid Water's Courſe,
Firſt plung'd amidſt the Flood the bolder Horſe;
With Strength oppos'd againſt the Stream they lead,
While to the ſmoother Ford, the Foot with eaſe ſucceed.
The Leader now had paſs'd the Torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair *Italy*'s forbidden Shore:
Then rearing on the Hoſtile Bank his Head,
Here farewel Peace, and injur'd Laws, (he ſaid.)
Since Faith is broke, and Leagues are ſet aſide,
Henceforth thou Goddeſs *Fortune* art my Guide;
Let Fate and War the great Event decide.

He

He ſpoke; and on the dreadful Task intent,
Speedy to near *Ariminum* he bent;
To him the *Balearic* Sling is ſlow,
And the Shaft loiters from the *Parthian* Bow.
With eager Marches ſwift he reach'd the Town,
As the Shades fled, the ſinking Stars were gone,
And *Lucifer* the laſt was left alone.
At length the Morn, the dreadful Morn aroſe,
Whoſe Beams the firſt tumultuous Rage diſcloſe:
Whether the ſtormy South prolong'd the Night,
Or the good Gods abhorr'd the impious Sight,
The Clouds awhile with-held the mournful Light.
To the mid *Forum* on the Soldier paſs'd,
There halted, and his Victor Enſigns plac'd:
With dire Alarms from Band to Band around,
The Fife, hoarſe Horn, and rattling Trumpets ſound.
The ſtarting Citizens uprear their Heads;
The luſtier Youth at once forſake their Beds;
Haſty they ſnatch the Weapons, which among
Their Houſhold-Gods in Peace had reſted long;
Old Bucklers of the cov'ring Hides bereft,
The mould'ring Frames disjoin'd and barely left;

Ver. 419. *Ariminum.*] A City near the *Rubicon*. It is now call'd *Rimini*, and lyes not far from *Ancona* in the Pope's Territories.

Ver. 420. *Balearic.*] The Inhabitants of the *Baleares*, at preſent *Majorca* and *Minorca*, were famous for their Slings.

Swords

Digitized by Google

Swords with foul Ruſt indented deep they take,
And uſeleſs Spears with Points inverted ſhake.
Soon as their Creſts the *Roman* Eagles rear'd,
And *Caſar* high above the reſt appear'd;
Each trembling Heart with ſecret Horror ſhook,
And ſilent thus within themſelves they ſpoke.

Oh hapleſs City! oh ill-fated Walls!
Rear'd for a Curſe ſo near the neighb'ring *Gauls*!
By us Deſtruction ever takes its Way,
We firſt become each bold Invader's Prey!
Oh that by Fate we rather had been plac'd
Upon the Confines of the utmoſt Eaſt!
The frozen North much better might we know,
Mountains of Ice, and everlaſting Snow.
Better with wand'ring *Scythians* chooſe to roam,
Than fix in fruitful *Italy* our Home,
And guard theſe dreadful Paſſages to *Rome*.
Thro' theſe the *Cimbrians* laid *Heſperia* waſte;
Thro' theſe the ſwarthy *Carthaginian* paſs'd;
Whenever Fortune threats the *Latian* States,
War, Death, and Ruin enter at theſe Gates.

In ſecret Murmurs thus they fought Relief,
While no bold Voice proclaim'd aloud their Grief.

Ver. 457. *Cimbrians.*] A barbarous People about the Northern Parts of *Germany* (now *Denmark*) who about 652 Years after the Building of *Rome* over-ran and ravaged *Italy*, and were at length vanquiſhed by *C. Marius*.

O'er

Digitized by Google

O'er all, one deep, one horrid Silence reigns;
As when the Rigour of the Winter's Chains,
All Nature, Heav'n, and Earth at once constrains;
The tuneful feather'd Kind forget their Lays,
And shiv'ring tremble on the naked Sprays;
Ev'n the rude Seas compos'd forget to roar,
And freezing Billows stiffen on the Shoar.
The colder Shades of Night forsook the Sky,
When, lo! *Bellona* lifts her Torch on high:
And if the Chief, by Doubt or Shame detain'd,
Awhile from Battel and from Blood abstain'd;
Fortune and Fate, impatient of Delay,
Force ev'ry soft relenting Thought away.
A lucky Chance a fair Pretextice supplies,
And Justice in his Favour seems to rise.
New Accidents new Stings to Rage suggest,
And fiercer Fires inflame the Warrior's Breast.
The Senate threat'ning high, and haughty grown,
Had driv'n the wrangling Tribunes from the Town;

Ver. 480. *The Senate threatning.*] *Cæsar* had on this Occasion very favourable Appearances of Reason and Equity on his Side: He proffer'd to lay down his Command, if *Pompey* would do the same; but the Violence of the Consuls and *Pompey*'s Party was so great against him, that they would hear of no Proposals for an Accommodation, tho' never so reasonable: and forced the Tribunes who appear'd for him to fly out of the City disguis'd like Slaves, for the immediate Safety of their Lives; so that when these came for Protection to *Cæsar*'s Camp, it seem'd as if he had

Digitized by Google

In Scorn of Law, had chas'd 'em thro' the Gate,
And urg'd 'em with the factious *Gracchi*'s Fate.
With theſe, as for Redreſs their Courſe they ſped
To *Caſar*'s Camp, the buſie *Curio* fled;
Curio, a Speaker, turbulent and bold,
Of venal Eloquence, that ſerv'd for Gold,
And Principles that might be bought and ſold.
A Tribune once himſelf, in loud Debate,
He ſtrove for Publick Freedom and the State;
Eſſay'd to make the warring Nobles bow,
And bring the Potent Party-Leaders low.
To *Caſar* thus, while thouſand Cares infeſt,
Revolving round, the Warrior's anxious Breaſt,
His Speech the ready Orator addreſt.
While yet my Voice was uſeful to my Friend;
While 'twas allow'd me, *Caſar* to defend,
While yet the pleading Bar was left me free,
While I could draw uncertain *Rome* to thee;

march'd towards *Rome* for no other Reaſon than the Preſervation of the Privileges of ſo ſacred a Magiſtracy as the Tribunes were, and the Support of the Laws of his Country

Ver. 485. *Curio.*] *Curio* formerly had been a bitter Enemy of *Caſar*, but was afterwards bought off by him, and died in his Quarrel in *Africk*. The *Gracchi*, whoſe Fate the Senate now threaten'd him with, were two factious Leaders, who were kill'd in popular Tumults. See their Lives in *Plutarch*.

In

Digitized by Google

In vain their Force the moody Fathers join'd,
In vain to rob thee of thy Pow'r combin'd;
I lengthen'd out the Date of thy Command,
And fix'd thy conqu'ring Sword within thy Hand.
But ſince the vanquiſh'd Laws in War are dumb,
To thee, behold, an Exil'd Band we come;
For thee, with Joy our Baniſhment we take,
For thee, our Houſhold Hearths and Gods forſake;
Nor hope to ſee our native City more,
Till Victory and Thou the Loſs reſtore.
Th'unready Faction, yet confus'd with Fear,
Defenceleſs, weak, and unreſolv'd appear;
Haſte then thy tow'ring Eagles on their Way:
When fair Occaſion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.
If twice five Years the ſtubborn *Gaul* with-held,
And ſet thee hard in many a well-fought Field;
A nobler Labour now before thee lyes,
The Hazard leſs, yet greater far the Prize:
A Province that, and Portion of the whole;
This the vaſt Head that does Mankind controul.
Succeſs ſhall ſure attend thee, boldly go,
And win the World at one ſucceſsful Blow.
No Triumph now attends thee at the Gate;
No Temples for thy ſacred Lawrel wait:
But blaſting Envy hangs upon thy Name,
Denies thee Right, and robs thee of thy Fame;

Imputes as Crimes, the Nations overcome,
And makes it Treason to have fought for *Rome*;
Ev'n he who took thy *Julia's* plighted Hand,
Waits to deprive thee of thy just Command.
Since *Pompey* then, and those upon his Side,
Forbid thee, the World's Empire to divide;
Assume that Sway which best Mankind may bear,
And rule Alone what they disdain to Share.

He said; his Words the list'ning Chief engage,
And fire his Breast, already prone to Rage.
Not Peals of loud Applause with greater Force,
At *Grecian Elis*, rouze the fiery Horse,
When eager for the Course each Nerve he strains,
Hangs on the Bit, and tugs the stubborn Reins,
At ev'ry Shout erects his quiv'ring Ears,
And his broad Breast upon the Barrier bears.
Sudden he bids the Troops draw out, and straight
The thronging Legions round their Ensigns wait:
Then thus, the Croud composing with a Look,
And with his Hand commanding Silence, spoke.

Fellows in Arms, who chose with me to bear
The Toils and Dangers of a tedious War,
And conquer to this tenth revolving Year;
See what Reward the grateful Senate yield,
For the lost Blood which stains yon Northern Field;
For Wounds, for Winter Camps, for *Alpine* Snows,
And all the Deaths the Brave can undergo.

See!

Digitized by Google

See! the tumultuous City is alarm'd,
As if another *Hannibal* were arm'd:
The lusty Youth are cull'd to fill the Bands,
And each tall Grove falls by the Shipwright's Hands;
Fleets are equipp'd, the Field with Armies spread,
And All demand devoted *Cæsar*'s Head.
If thus, while Fortune yields us her Applause,
While the Gods call us on and own our Cause,
If thus returning Conquerors they treat,
How had they us'd us flying from Defeat;
If fickle Chance of War had prov'd unkind,
And the fierce *Gauls* pursu'd us from behind?
But let their boasted Heroe leave his Home,
Let him, dissolv'd with lazy Leisure, come,
With ev'ry noisie talking Tongue in *Rome*:
Let loud *Marcellus* Troops of Gown-men head,
And their great *Cato* peaceful Burghers lead.
Shall his base Followers, a venal Train,
For Ages, bid their Idol *Pompey* Reign?
Shall his Ambition still be thought no Crime,
His Breach of Laws, and Triumph e'er the Time?
Still shall he gather Honours and Command,
And grasp all Rule in his rapacious Hand?

Ver. 570. *Shall his base.*] *Pompey* had for a long while almost monopoliz'd and engross'd all Power in *Rome*. By the Laws, no Man could pretend to a Triumph 'till he was Thirty Years old, and *Pompey* had triumph'd over *Hiarbas* and the *Numidians* at Twenty Four.

Digitized by Google

What need I name the violated Laws,
And Famine made the Servant of his Cauſe?
Who knows not, how the trembling Judge beheld
The peaceful Court with armed Legions fill'd?
When the bold Soldier, Juſtice to defie,
In the mid *Forum* rear'd his Enſigns high:
When glitt'ring Swords the pale Aſſembly ſcar'd,
When all for Death and Slaughter ſtood prepar'd,
And *Pompey*'s Arms were guilty *Milo*'s Guard?
And now, diſdaining Peace and needful Eaſe,
Nothing but Rule and Government can pleaſe.
Aſpiring ſtill, as ever, to be Great,
He robs his Age of Reſt to vex the State:
On War intent, to that he bends his Cares,
And for the Field for Battel now prepares.

Ver. 577. *And Famine made.*] *Cicero* in his Epiſtles to *Atticus*, and *Plutarch* in the Life of *Pompey*, inform us, that by a Law the whole Power of importing Corn was intruſted with *Pompey* for Five Years; and *Plutarch* particularly mentions it as a malicious Charge of *Clodius*, *That the Law was not made becauſe of the Dearth or Scarcity of Corn; but the Dearth or Scarcity of Corn was made, that they might make a Law to inveſt* Pompey *with ſo great a Power as that neceſſarily would be.*

Ver. 578. *Who knows not, how the trembling Judge.*] *Milo* was accuſed of the Death of *Clodius*, and defended by that famous Oration of *Cicero*'s *pro Milone*. *Pompey* was then ſole Conſul, and to prevent the Tumults that were threaten'd by the Friends of *Clodius*, drew a ſtrong Guard into the *Forum*; but *Cæſar* inſinuates here, that it was to overawe the Judges and Witneſſes in favour of *Milo*.

He

Digitized by Google

He copies from his Maſter *Sylla* well,
And wou'd the dire Example far excel.
Hircanian Tygers Fierceneſs thus retain,
Whom in the Woods their horrid Mothers train,
To chace the Herds, and ſurfeit on the Slain.
Such, *Pompey*, ſtill has been thy greedy Thirſt,
In early Love of impious Slaughter nurſt;
Since firſt thy Infant Cruelty eſſay'd
To lick the curſt Dictator's reeking Blade.
None ever give the ſalvage Nature o'er,
Whoſe Jaws have once been drench'd in Floods of Gore.
But whither wou'd a Pow'r ſo wide extend?
Where will thy long Ambition find an End?
Remember him who taught thee to be Great;
Let him who choſe to quit the Sovereign Seat,
Let thy own *Sylla* warn thee to Retreat.
Perhaps, for that too boldly I withſtand,
Nor yield my conqu'ring Eagles on Command;
Since the *Cilician* Pirate ſtrikes his Sail,
Since o'er the *Pontick* King thy Arms prevail;
Since the poor Prince, a weary Life o'er-paſt,
By Thee and Poiſon is ſubdu'd at laſt;

Ver. 591. *His Maſter* Sylla.] *Pompey* was a kind of Diſciple of *Sylla*, and like him eſpouſed the *Patrician* Party; and about a dozen Verſes lower *Caſar* adviſes him to imitate his Example, in the Reſignation of his Power.

Ver. 611. *Since the poor Prince.*] *Mithridates*, after about Forty Years War with the *Romans*, being ſhut up in a Caſtle

Perhaps, one lateſt Province yet remains,
And vanquiſh'd *Cæſar* muſt receive thy Chains.
But tho' my Labours loſe their juſt Reward,
Yet let the Senate theſe my Friends regard;
Whate'er my Lot, my brave victorious Bands
Deſerve to Triumph, whoſoe'er Commands.
Where ſhall my weary Veteran reſt? Oh where
Shall Virtue worn with Years and Arms repair?
What Town is for his late Repoſe aſſign'd?
Where are the promis'd Lands he hop'd to find,
Fields for his Plow, a Country Village Seat,
Some little comfortable ſafe Retreat;
Where failing Age at length from Toil may ceaſe,
And waſte the poor Remains of Life in Peace?
But March! Your long victorious Enſigns rear,
Let Valour in its own juſt Cauſe appear.
When for Redreſs intreating Armies call,
They who deny juſt Things, permit 'em All.
The righteous Gods ſhall ſurely own the Cauſe,
Which ſeeks not Spoil, nor Empire, but the Laws.
Proud Lords and Tyrants to depoſe we come,
And ſave from Slavery ſubmiſſive *Rome*.

fle by his Son *Pharnaces*, would have poiſon'd himſelf; but had taken ſo many Antidotes formerly, that it was ſaid the Poiſon cou'd not take place, ſo that he was forced to have Recourſe to his Sword to make an End of himſelf.

Ver. 614. *And vanquiſh'd* Cæſar.] This is a ſtrong Irony, a Figure which the Satyrical Genius of this Author makes frequent uſe of.

He

Digitized by Google

He ſaid; a doubtful ſullen murm'ring Sound
Ran thro' the unreſolving Vulgar round;
The Seeds of Piety their Rage reſtrain'd,
And ſomewhat of their Country's Love remain'd;
Theſe the rude Paſſions of their Souls withſtood,
Elate with Conqueſt, and inur'd to Blood:
But ſoon the momentary Virtue fail'd,
And War and Dread of *Ceſar*'s Frown prevail'd.
Strait *Lelius* from amidſt the reſt ſtood forth,
An old Centurion of diſtinguiſh'd Worth;
The oaken Wreath his hardy Temples wore,
Mark of a Citizen preſerv'd he bore.
If againſt thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,
Thou greateſt Leader of the *Roman* Name:
If Truth for injur'd Honour may be bold,
What lingring Patience does thy Arms with-hold?
Can'ſt thou diſtruſt our Faith ſo often try'd,
In thy long Wars not ſhrinking from thy Side?
While in my Veins this vital Torrent flows,
This heaving Breath within my Boſom blows,

Ver. 643. *Strait* Lelius.] This Officer ſeems to have been of that Degree which the *Romans* call'd *Primipilus*, *Primipilarius*, or *Primus Centurio*, which anſwers to our Lieutenant-Colonel, or it may be to a Colonel, ſince he was the ſupreme Officer in the Legion, except the Tribune. The *Vitis*, or Rod made of a Vine-tree, which he bore, was a Badge not only of his, but of every other Centurion's Office.

The Oaken Crown was an honorary Reward given to him who had ſav'd the Life of a Citizen.

Digitized by Google

While yet these Arms sufficient Vigour yield
To dart the Javelin, and to lift the Shield,
While these remain, my Gen'ral, wo't thou own
The vile Dominion of the lazy Gown?
Wo't thou the lordly Senate chuse to bear,
Rather than conquer in a Civil War?
With thee the *Scythian* Wilds we'll wander o'er,
With thee the burning *Libyan* Sands explore,
And tread the *Syrt*'s Inhospitable Shore.
Behold! this Hand, to nobler Labours train'd,
For thee the servile Oar has not disdain'd,
For thee the swelling Seas was taught to plow,
Thro' the *Rhine*'s whirling Stream to force thy Prow,
That all the vanquish'd World to thee might bow.
Each Faculty, each Pow'r thy Will obey,
And Inclination ever leads the way.
No Friend, no Fellow-Citizen I know,
Whom *Cæsar*'s Trumpet once proclaims a Foe.
By the long Labours of thy Sword, I swear,
By all thy Fame acquir'd in ten Years War,
By thy past Triumphs, and by those to come,
(No matter where the Vanquish'd be, nor whom)
Bid me to strike my dearest Brother dead,
To bring my aged Father's hoary Head,
Or stab the pregnant Partner of my Bed;
Tho' Nature plead, and stop my trembling Hand,
I swear to execute thy dread Command.

Dost

Digitized by Google

Doſt thou delight to ſpoil the wealthy Gods,
And ſcatter Flames thro' all their proud Abodes?
See thro' thy Camp our ready Torches burn,
Moneta ſoon her ſinking Fane ſhall mourn.
Wo't thou yon haughty factious Senate brave,
And awe the *Tuſcan* River's yellow Wave?
On *Tiber*'s Bank thy Enſigns ſhall be plac'd,
And thy bold Soldier lay *Heſperia* waſte.
Do'ſt thou devote ſome Hoſtile City's Walls?
Beneath our thund'ring Rams the Ruin falls;
She falls, ev'n tho' thy wrathful Sentence doom
The World's Imperial Miſtreſs, mighty *Rome.*
He ſaid; the ready Legions vow to join
Their Chief belov'd, in ev'ry bold Deſign;
All lift their well-approving Hands on high,
And rend with Peals of loud Applauſe the Sky.
Such is the Sound, when *Thracian Boreas* ſpreads
His weighty Wing o'er *Oſſa*'s piney Heads:
At once the noiſie Groves are all inclin'd,
And bending, roar beneath the ſweeping Wind;
At once their rattling Branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy Clamour thro' the Air.

Ver. 685. Moneta *ſoon.*] There was a Temple in *Rome* dedicated to *Juno* under the Name of *Moneta*, or the Monitor, a Voice having been heard out of one of her Temples, directing the *Romans* how they ſhould pacify the Anger of the Gods after an Earthquake.

Digitized by Google

Cæsar with Joy the ready Bands beheld,
Urg'd on by Fate, and eager for the Field;
Swift Orders straight the scatter'd Warriors call
From ev'ry Part of wide-extended *Gaul*;
And least his Fortune languish by Delay,
To *Rome* the moving Ensigns speed their Way.
Some, at the bidding of the Chief, forsake
Their fix'd Encampment near the *Leman* Lake:
Some from *Vogesus'* lofty Rocks withdraw,
Plac'd on those Heights the *Lingones* to Awe;
The *Lingones* still frequent in Alarms,
And rich in many-colour'd painted Arms.
Others from *Isara*'s low Torrent came,
Who winding keeps thro' many a Mead his Name;
But seeks the Sea with Waters not his own,
Lost and confounded in the nobler *Rhone*.
Their Garrison the *Ruthen* City send,
Whose Youth's long Locks in yellow Rings depend.
No more the *Varus* and the *Atax* feel
The lordly Burthen of the *Latian* Keel.

Ver. 711. Leman *Lake.*] The Lake of *Geneva*.

Ver. 712. *Vogesus.*] A Mountain in *Lorrain*, from whence the *Mosa* or *Maese* takes its Original.

Ver. 713. *Lingones.*] A People of the *Belgick Gaul*, the *Pais de Langres* in *Champagne*.

Ver. 716. *Isara.*] *L'Isere* in *France*: It falls into the *Rhone*.

Ver. 720. Ruthen *City.*] A Town in the *Pais de Rouvergne*.

Ver. 722. Varus *and* Atax.] The Rivers *Var* in *Provence*, and *Aude* in *Languedoc*.

Ver.

Digitized by Google

Alcides' Fane the Troops commanded leave,
Where winding Rocks the peaceful Flood receive;
Nor *Corus* there, nor *Zephyrus* refort,
Nor roll rude Surges in the *Sacred Port*;
Circius' loud Blaſt alone is heard to roar,
And vex the Safety of *Monaechus'* Shore.
The Legions move from *Gallia's* fartheſt Side,
Waſh'd by the ruſhleſs Ocean's various Tide;
Now o'er the Land flows in the pouring Main,
Now rears the Land its riſing Head again,
And Seas and Earth alternate Rule maintain.
If driv'n by Winds from the far diſtant Pole,
This way and that, the Floods revolving roll;
Or if compell'd by *Cynthia's* ſilver Beam,
Obedient *Tethys* heaves the ſwelling Stream;
Or if by Heat attracted to the Sky,
Old Ocean lifts his heapy Waves on high,
And briny Deeps the waſting Sun ſupply;

Ver. 724. Alcides' *Fane.*] *Monaco.*

Ver. 728. *Circius.*] This Wind is generally reckon'd a National one, and aſcrib'd by the Ancients to *Gallia Narbonenſis.* Some call it a Southern, tho' in a Scheme of Winds in the Learned *Cellarius* it is placed rather as a Nore-weſt or Nore-nore-weſt. According to the ſame Author, *Corus* is Weſt-nore-weſt. At the ſame time his Maps lay down the Port of *Monaechus* as opening to the South-weſt, and according to that Situation cannot be expos'd to any Northerly Wind.

What

Digitized by Google

What Cause for the wond'rous Motion guide,
And press the Ebb, or raise the flowing Tide;
Be that your Task, ye Sages, to explore,
Who search the secret Springs of Nature's Pow'r:
To me, for so the wiser Gods ordain,
Untrac'd the Mystery shall still remain.
From fair *Nemossus* moves a warlike Band,
From *Atur*'s Banks, and the *Tarbellian* Strand,
Where winding round the Coast pursues its way,
And folds the Sea within a gentle Bay.
The *Santones* are now with Joy releast
From Hostile Inmates, and their *Roman* Guest.
Now the *Bituriges* forget their Fears,
And *Suessons* nimble with unwieldy Spears;
Exult the *Leuci*, and the *Remi* now,
Expert in Javelins, and the bending Bow.
The *Belgæ* taught on cover'd Wains to ride,
The *Sequani* the wheeling Horse to guide;

Ver. 748. *From fair* Nemossus.] *Nemossus*, the Metropolis of the *Averni*, in the Eastern Part of *Gallia Aquitanica*.

Ver. 749. *From* Atur's *Banks.*] *Atur*, at present *Dour* or *Ador*, ran thro' the Country of the *Tarbelli*, at the Foot of the *Pyrenean* Mountains, into the Gulph of *Bayonne*.

Ver. 752. *The* Santones.] People of *Xantoign*.

Ver. 754. *Bituriges.*] People near *Bourdeaux*.

Ver. 755. *Suessons.*] People of *Soissons*.

Ver. 756. Leuci *and* Remi.] The former near *Toul*, the latter near *Rheims*.

Ver. 759. *Sequani.*] Inhabitants of *Burgundy*.

The

The bold *Averni*, who from *Rhine* come,
And boast an ancient Brotherhood with *Rome*;
The *Nervii* oft rebelling, oft subdu'd,
Whose Hands in *Cotta*'s Slaughter were embrew'd;
Vangiones, like loose *Sarmatians* dreft,
Who with rough Hides their brawny Thighs invest;
Batavians fierce, whom brazen Trumps delight,
And with hoarse Rattlings animate to Fight;
The Nations where the *Cinga*'s Waters flow,
And *Pyrenæan* Mountains stand in Snow;
Those where slow *Arar* meets the rapid *Rhone*,
And with his stronger Stream is hurry'd down;
Those o'er the Mountains lofty Summit spread,
Where high *Gebenna* lifts her hoary Head;

Ver. 760. *Averni.*] It should be *Arverni*, People of *Auvergne*.

Ver. 762. *Nervii.*] A very barbarous and fierce People, who inhabited whereabouts *Tournay* now stands. They surpriz'd *Tetustius Sabinus* and *Cotta* in their Winter-Quarters, and cut 'em off, with Five Cohorts under their Command, at the time that *Cæsar* was in *Britain*.

Ver. 764. *Vangiones.*] A People of *Germany* about *Worms*.

Ver. 768. *Cinga.*] A River rising out of the *Pyrenees*.

Ver. 770. *Arar.*] The River *Saone*.

Ver. 773. *Gebenna.*] This is by some taken for the City of *Geneva*, but falsly. *Cellarius* places it more truly between the *Arverni* and the *Helvii*; perhaps the *Sevennes*.

In this Place, in all the modern Editions of *Lucan*, are five more Verses; but, as the Learned *Grotius* observes, they are wanting in most of the ancient Manuscripts, and from thence he conjectures they are spurious.

Digitized by Google

With these the *Treviri*, and *Ligurian* horn,
Whose Brow no more long flowing Locks adorn;
Tho' Chief amongst the *Gauls* he wont to deck,
With Ringlets comely spread, his graceful Neck:
And you where *Hesus* horrid Altar stands,
Where dire *Teutates* human Blood demands;
Where *Taranis* by Wretches is obey'd,
And vies in Slaughter with the *Scythian* Maid:
All see with Joy the War's departing Rage
Seek distant Lands, and other Foes engage.
You too, ye Bards! whom sacred Raptures fire,
To Chaunt your Heroes to your Country's Lyre;

spurious. I have omitted 'em in the Translation, especially since I think this dry Recapitulation of so many Places is not the most useful nor entertaining Part of *Lucan*, if it be at all of him.

Ver. 774. *Trevir.*] People near *Triers*. *Ligurians.*] Those near *Genoa*.

Ver. 778. *And you where Hesus.*] These three ancient Gods of the *Gauls* were thought, *Hesus* to be the same with *Mars*, *Teutates* with *Mercury*, and *Taranis* with *Jupiter*. The Poet very justly puts a Mark of Horrour upon 'em, since they were all Three worshipp'd with Human Sacrifices, as the *Diana Taurica* was.

Ver. 784. *You too, ye Bards.*] These were the ancient Poets among the *Gauls*: And the Commentators upon this Place observe, that the Word in the old *Gaulish* Language signifies a Singer. Of the *Druids*, their Religion, their Worshipping under Trees, *&c.* so much has been said by so many others, that an explanatory Note would not be very necessary here.

Who

Who consecrate, in your immortal Strain,
Brave Patriot Souls in righteous Battel slain;
Securely now the tuneful Task renew,
And noblest Themes in deathless Songs pursue.
The *Druids* now, while Arms are heard no more,
Old Mysteries and barbarous Rites restore:
A Tribe who singular Religion love,
And haunt the lonely Covents of the Grove.
To these, and these of all Mankind alone,
The Gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown.
If dying Mortals Dooms they sing aright,
No Ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful Night:
No parting Souls to grisly *Pluto* go,
Nor seek the dreary silent Shades below:
But forth they fly Immortal in their Kind,
And other Bodies in new Worlds they find.
Thus Life for ever runs its endless Race,
And like a Line, Death but divides the Space,
A Stop which can but for a Moment last,
A Point between the Future and the Past.
Thrice happy they beneath their Northern Skies,
Who that worst Fear, the fear of Death, despise;
Hence they no Cares for this frail Being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed Steel;
Provoke approaching Fate, and bravely scorn
To spare that Life which must so soon return.

You

You too, tow'rds *Rome* advance, ye warlike Band,
That wont the ſhaggy *Cauci* to withſtand;
Whom once a better Order did aſſign,
To guard the Paſſes of the *German Rhine*;
Now from the fenceleſs Banks you march away,
And leave the World the fierce Barbarians Prey.

While thus the num'rous Troops, from ev'ry Part
Aſſembling, raiſe their daring Leader's Heart;
O'er *Italy* he takes his warlike Way,
The neighb'ring Towns his Summons ſtraight obey,
And on their Walls his Enſigns high diſplay.
Mean-while the buſie Meſſenger of Ill,
Officious Fame, ſupplies new Terror ſtill:
A thouſand Slaughters, and ten thouſand Fears,
She whiſpers in the trembling Vulgars Ears.
Now comes a frighted Meſſenger, to tell
Of Ruins which the Country round befel;
The Foe to fair *Mevania*'s Walls is paſt,
And lays *Clitumnus*' fruitful Paſtures waſte;
Where *Nar*'s white Waves with *Tiber* mingling fall,
Range the rough *German* and the rapid *Gaul*.

Ver. 813. *The ſhaggy* Cauci,] *Chauci*, or *Caiici*, for they are written theſe three Ways, were a People of *Germany* near the *Rhine*.

Ver. 829. *Mevania*.] This was a City in that Part of *Umbria* neareſt to *Rome*: The River *Clitumnus* ran by it, and its Paſtures were famous for their Fruitfulneſs.

Ver. 831. *Where* Nar's *white Waves*.] *Virgil* gives the Reaſon

Digitized by Google

But when himſelf, when *Caſar* they would paint,
The ſtronger Image makes Deſcription faint;
No Tongue can ſpeak with what amazing Dread
Wild Thought preſents him at his Army's Head;
Unlike the Man familiar to their Eyes,
Horrid he ſeems, and of Gigantick Size:
Unnumber'd Eagles riſe amidſt his Train,
And Millions ſeem to hide the crowded Plain.
Around him all the various Nations join,
Between the ſhowy *Alps* and diſtant *Rhine*.
He draws the fierce Barbarians from their Home,
With Rage ſurpaſſing theirs he ſeems to come,
And urge them on to ſpoil devoted *Rome*.
Thus Fear does half the Work of lying Fame,
And Cowards thus their own Misfortunes frame;
By their own feigning Fancies are betray'd,
And groan beneath thoſe Ills themſelves have made.
Nor theſe Alarms the Croud alone inſeſt,
But ran alike thro' ev'ry beating Breaſt;
With equal Dread the grave Patricians ſhook,
Their Seats abandon'd, and the Court forſook.
The ſcatt'ring Fathers quit the publick Care,
And bid the Conſuls for the War prepare.

Reaſon for this Epithet, when he calls it

Sulphureis Nar albus Aquis.
Nar with ſulphureous Waters white.

Reſolv'd

Resolv'd on Flight, yet still unknowing where
To fly from Danger, or for Aid repair.
Hasty and headlong diff'ring Paths they tread,
As blind Impulse and wild Distraction lead;
The Croud, a hurrying, heedless Train, succeed,
Who that the lamentable Sight beheld,
The wretched Fugitives that hid the Field,
Wou'd not have thought the Flames, with rapid haste
Destroying wide, had laid their City waste;
Or groaning Earth had shook beneath their Feet,
While threatning Fabricks nodded o'er the Street.
By such unthinking Rashness were they led,
Such was the Madness which their Fears had bred,
As if, of ev'ry other Hope bereft,
To fly from *Rome* were all the Safety left.
So when the stormy South is heard to roar,
And rolls huge Billows from the *Libyan* Shore;
When rending Sails fit with the driving Blast,
And with a Crash down comes the lofty Mast;
Some Coward Master leaps from off the Deck,
And hasty to Despair prevents the Wreck;
And tho' the Bark unbroken hold her Way,
His trembling Crew all plunge into the Sea.
From Doubtful thus they run to Certain Harms,
And flying from the City rush to Arms.
Then Sons forsook their Sires un-nerv'd and old,
Nor weeping Wives their Husbands could with-hold;

Each

Digitized by Google

Each left his Guardian *Lares* unador'd,
Nor with one parting Pray'r their Aid implor'd:
None ſtop'd, or fighting turn'd for one laſt View,
Or bid the City of his Birth Adieu.
The headlong Croud regardleſs urge their Way,
Tho' ev'n their Gods and Country ask their Stay,
And pleading Nature beg 'em to delay.
What means, ye Gods! this changing in your Dooms?
Freely you grant, but quickly you reſume.
Vain is the ſhort-liv'd Sov'reignty you lend;
The Pile you raiſe you deign not to defend.
See where, forſaken by her native Bands,
All deſolate the once great City ſtands!
She whom her ſwarming Citizens made proud,
Where once the vanquiſh'd Nations wont to croud,
Within the Circuit of whoſe ample Space
Mankind might meet at once, and find a Place;
A wide defenceleſs Deſart now ſhe lies,
And yields her ſelf the Victor's eaſie Prize.
The Camp intrench'd ſecureſt Slumbers yields,
Tho' Hoſtile Arms beſet the neighb'ring Fields;

Ver. 883. *Guardian* Lares.] The *Lares* were the Domeſtick or Family-Gods, placed on or near the Hearth. They were held to be the Children of *Mercury* and the Nymph *Lara*. The Reverence the *Romans* had for 'em was very great, and the Hearth for their ſakes was held ſacred. There were two Sorts of theſe Gods, the *Domeſtici* and *Compitales*; the former had the Care of Families, and the latter of High-ways.

Rude

Digitized by Google

Rude Banks of Earth the hasty Soldier rears,
And in the turfy Wall forgets his Fears:
While, *Rome*, thy Sons all tremble from afar,
And scatter at the very Name of War;
Nor on thy Tow'rs depend, nor Rampart's Height,
Nor trust their Safety with thee for a Night.
Yet one Excuse absolv'd the pannick Dread;
The Vulgar justly fear'd when *Pompey* fled.
And least sweet Hope might mitigate their Woes,
And Expectation better Times disclose,
On ev'ry Breast presaging Terror sate,
And threaten'd plain some yet more dismal Fate.
The Gods declare their Menaces around,
Earth, Air, and Seas in Prodigies abound;
Then Stars, unknown before, appear'd to burn;
And foreign Flames about the Pole to turn;
Unusual Fires by Night were seen to fly,
And dart obliquely through the gloomy Sky.
Then horrid Comets shook their fatal Hair,
And bad proud Royalty for Change prepare:
Now dart swift Lightnings thro' the Azure clear,
And Meteors now in various Forms appear:
Some like the Javelin shoot extended long,
While some like spreading Lamps in Heav'n are hung.

Ver. 905. *The turfy Wall.*] The Fortifications of the *Roman* Camps consisted only of a Ditch, a Bank rais'd behind that, of the Earth dug out of it, and pallisado'd.

And

Digitized by Google

And tho' no gathering Clouds the Day controul,
Thro' Skies ſerene portentous Thunders roll;
Fierce blaſting Bolts from Northern Regions come,
And aim their Vengeance at Imperial *Rome*.
The Stars that twinkled in the lonely Night,
Now lift their bolder Head in Day's broad Light.
The Moon, in all her Brother's Beams array'd,
Was blotted by the Earth's approaching Shade:
The Sun himſelf, in his Meridian Race,
In ſable Darkneſs veil'd his brighter Face;
The trembling World beheld his fading Ray,
And mourn'd deſpairing for the Loſs of Day.
Such was he ſeen, when backward to the Eaſt
He fled, abhorring dire *Thyeſtes'* Feaſt.
Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
While *Mulciber* let looſe his fiery Store;
Nor roſe the Flames, but with a downward Tide
Tow'rds *Italy* their burning Torrent guide.
Charybdis' Dogs howl doleful o'er the Flood,
And all her whirling Waves run red with Blood;
The Veſtal Fire upon the Altar dy'd,
And o'er the Sacrifice the Flames divide;
The parting Points with double Streams aſcend,
To ſhew the *Latian* Feſtivals muſt end:

Ver. 950. *The parting Points.*] Theſe *Feriæ Latinæ*, or Latin Feſtivals, were perform'd by Night to *Jupiter* at *Alba*. As I ſhall be always very ready to acknowledge any

Such from the *Theban* Brethren's Pile arose,
Signal of impious and immortal Foes.
With Op'nings vaſt the gaping Earth gave way,
And in her inmoſt Womb receiv'd the Day.
The ſwelling Seas o'er lofty Mountains flow,
And nodding *Alps* ſhook off their ancient Snow:
Then wept the Demi-Gods of mortal Birth,
And ſweating *Lares* trembled on the Hearth.
In Temples then, recording Stories tell,
Untouch'd the ſacred Gifts and Garlands fell.
Then Birds obſcene with inauſpicious Flight,
And Screamings dire, prophan'd the hallow'd Light.
The ſalvage Kind forſook the deſart Wood,
And in the Streets diſcloſ'd their horrid Brood.
Then ſpeaking Beaſts with human Sounds were heard,
And monſtrous Births the teeming Mothers ſcar'd.
Among the Crowd, religious Fears diſperſe
The Saws of *Sibylls*, and foreboding Verſe.
Bellona's Prieſts, a barb'rous frantick Train,
Whoſe mangled Arms a thouſand Wounds diſtain,
Toſs their wild Locks, and with a diſmal Yell,
The wrathful Gods, and coming Woes, foretel.

any Miſtake, ſo I believe in this Place I ought rather to have tranſlated theſe Verſes thus;

The parting Points with double Streams aſcend,
And Alba's Latian *Rites portentous end.*

But I was led into the Error by not conſidering enough the true Meaning of the *Latin* Expreſſion, *Confectas Latinas*.

Lamenting

Digitized by Google

Lamenting Ghosts amidst their Ashes mourn,
And Groanings eccho from the Marble Urn.
The rattling Clank of Arms is heard around,
And Voices loud in lonely Woods resound.
Grim Spectres ev'ry where affright the Eye,
Approaching glare, and pass with Horror by.
A Fury fierce about the City walks,
Hell-born, and horrible of Size, she stalks:
A flaming Pine she brandishes in Air,
And hissing loud up rise her snaky Hair:
Where-e'er her Round accurst the Monster takes,
The pale Inhabitant his House forsakes.
Such to *Lycurgus* was the Fantome seen;
Such the dire Visions of the *Theban* Queen;
Such, at his cruel Stepmother's Command,
Before *Alcides*, did *Megara* stand:
With Dread, 'till then unknown, the Heroe shook,
Tho' he had dar'd on Hell's grim King to look.
Amid the deepest Silence of the Night,
Shrill-sounding Clarions animate the Fight;
The Shouts of meeting Armies seem to rise,
And the loud Battel shakes the gloomy Skies.

Ver. 986. *Such to* Lycurgus.] *Lycurgus* King of *Thrace*, and *Agave* Queen of *Thebes*, were both pursu'd by Furies, for their Contempt of *Bacchus*.

Ver. 988. *Such, at his cruel Step-mother.*] *Hercules* at his Descent into Hell saw *Pluto* first, and the Furies afterwards.

Dead *Sylla* in the *Marsian* Field ascends,
And Mischiefs mighty as his own portends.
Near *Anio*'s Stream old *Marius* rears his Head;
The Hinds beheld his grisly Form, and fled.
The State thus threaten'd, by old Custom taught,
For Counsel to the *Tuscan* Prophets sought:
Of these the Chief for Learning fam'd, and Age,
Arruns by Name, a venerable Sage,
At *Luna* liv'd; none better could declare
What bodes the Lightning's journey thro' the Sky;
Presaging Wars and Fires well he knew,
And Omens read aright, from ev'ry Wing that flew.
First he commands to burn the monstrous Breed,
Sprung from misjoin'd Species, and discordant Seed;
Forbidden and accursed Births, which come
Where Nature's Laws design'd a barren Womb.
Next, the remaining trembling Victims he calls,
To pass with solemn Rites about their Walls,
In holy March to visit all around,
And with Lustrations purge the guilty Ground.

Ver. 1001. *The* Tuscan *Prophets.*] The *Romans* receiv'd their Augurs and Aruspices, with the Arts of Divining by the Flight of Birds and by Sacrifices, from *Etruria*, or *Tuscany*; and upon any remarkable Occasion, such as this might well be suppos'd, they sent for Soothsayers from that Country, as not depending, in the last and greatest Emergencies, upon their own.

The

The Sovereign Priests the long Procession lead,
Inferior Orders in the Train succeed,
Array'd all duly in the *Gabine* Weed.
There the chaste Head of *Vesta's* Choir appears,
A sacred Fillet binds her rev'rend Hairs;
To Her, in sole Preheminence, is due,
Phrygian Minerva's awful Shrine to view.
Next *the Fifteen* in Order pass along,
Who guard the fatal *Sibylls* secret Song;
To *Almon's* Stream *Cybele's* Form they bear,
And wash the Goddess each returning Year.
The *Titian* Brotherhood, the *Augurs* Band,
Observing Flights on the Left lucky Hand;

Ver. 1018. *The Gabine Weed.*] This was not so much the Habit itself as the Manner of wearing it, tuck'd up and short. I don't remember it as used by the Priests in any other ancient Author. It was proper only to the Consuls or Generals upon some extraordinary Occasions, as the denouncing War, burning the Spoils of the Enemy, devoting themselves to Death for the Safety of their Army, or the like.

Ver. 1019. *Vesta's Choir.*] The Business of these Maids was chiefly to attend upon and preserve a holy Fire. By *Vesta* some meant the Element or Principle of Fire, others that of Earth; and *Polydore Virgil* that natural Heat inclos'd in the Earth, by which all things are produced. They had the Custody likewise of the *Palladium*, or Image of *Pallas*, brought from *Troy* by *Æneas*.

Ver. 1023. *The Fifteen.*] These Religious Men were first Two, then Ten, and by *Sylla* encreas'd to Fifteen.

Ver. 1025. Almon's *Stream.*] A little River that falls into the *Tyber*.

Ver. 1027.] *The* Tityan *Brotherhood.*] There were several of these Sodalities in *Rome*. These particularly were

Digitized by Google

The *Sev'n* ordain'd *Jove*'s holy Feaſt to deck;
The *Salii* blithe, with Bucklers on the Neck;
All marching in their Order juſt appear:
And laſt the generous *Flamens* cloſe the Rear.
While theſe, thro' Ways uncouth, and tireſome Ground,
Patient perform their long laborious Round,
Arruns collects the Marks of Heav'n's dread Flame,
In Earth he hides 'em with religious Hand,
Murmurs a Pray'r, then gives the Place a Name,
And bids the fix'd *Bidental* hallow'd ſtand.
Next from the Herd a choſen Male is ſought,
And ſoon before the ready Altar brought.

inſtituted to ſuperviſe the Solemnities in Memory of *Tatius* the *Sabine* King.

Ver. 1029. *The Seven.*] Theſe were called likewiſe *Epulones*, as well as *Septemviri*. At their firſt Creation they were but Three, but ſoon encreas'd to Seven. 'Tis thought they were at laſt encreas'd to Ten, tho' they ſtill kept their Name of *Septemviri*. They had their Name *Epulones* from a Cuſtom among the *Romans* in Times of publick Danger, of making a ſumptuous Feaſt in their Temples, to which they did, as it were, invite the Gods themſelves; for their Statues were brought on rich Beds and Pillows, and placed at the honourable Part of the Table as the principal Gueſts. Theſe Solemnities were call'd *Lectiſternia*.

Ver. 1030. *The* Salii.] Theſe were Prieſts of *Mars*, who made a ſort of dancing Proceſſions along the Streets with the ſacred *Ancylia* or Bucklers about their Necks.

Ver. 1032. *The generous* Flamens.] Of theſe there were Three principal, appropriated to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Quirinus*, who were always choſen out of the Nobility.

Ver. 1038. *The Fix'd* Bidental.] What Perſon, Thing, or Place ſoever had been ſtruck by Lightning, the *Romans* look'd

Digitized by Google

And now the Seer the Sacrifice began,
The pouring Wine upon the Victim ran;
The mingled Meal upon his Brow was plac'd;
The crooked Knife the destin'd Line had trac'd;
When with reluctant Rage th' impatient Beast
The Rites unpleasing to the God confest.
At length compell'd his stubborn Head to bow,
Vanquish'd he yields him to the fatal Blow;
The gushing Veins no chearful Crimson pour,
But stain with pois'nous Black the sacred Floor.
The paler Prophet stood with Horror struck;
Then with a hasty Hand the Entrails took,
And sought the angry Gods again; but there
Prognosticks worse, and sadder Signs appear;
The pallid Guts with Spots were marbled o'er,
With thin cold Serum stain'd, and livid Gore;
The Liver wet with putrid Streams he spy'd,
And Veins that threaten'd on the Hostile Side;

look'd upon as peculiarly sacred to the Gods. Whatever it was, it was immediately encompass'd in by a Wall, Palisadoes, or at least by a Rope; sometimes it was cover'd up in the Earth, and accounted Holy. It was call'd *Bidental* from *Bidens*, a Sheep about two Years old, with two Teeth longer than the rest, that was always sacrificed on these Occasions.

Ver. 1058. *The Hostile Side.*] In divining by the Entrails, especially the Liver, the Priests were wont to divide 'em into two Parts, one to prognosticate for themselves, and the other for their Enemies. And of all bad Omens nothing had a worse Signification than a Duplicate,

Part of the heaving Lungs is no where found,
And thinner Films the sever'd Entrails bound;
No usual Motion stirs the panting Heart;
The chinky Vessels ooze on ev'ry Part;
The Cawl, where wrapt the close Intestines lye,
Betrays its dark Recesses to the Eye.
One Prodigy superior threaten'd still,
The never-failing Harbinger of Ill:
Lo! by the fibrous Liver's rising Head,
A second Rival Prominence is spread;
All sunk and poor the friendly Part appears,
And a pale, sickly, withering Visage wears;
While high and full the adverse Vessels ride,
And drive, impetuous, on their purple Tide.
Amaz'd, the Sage foresaw th' impending Fates;
Ye Gods! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate
What Woes on this devoted People wait.
Nor dost thou, *Jove*, in these our Rites partake,
Nor smile propitious on the Pray'r we make;
The dreadful *Stygian* Gods this Victim claim,
And to our Sacrifice the Furies came.
The Ills we fear command us to be dumb;
Yet somewhat worse than what we fear shall come.

eate, or any superfluous Part. All the Conditions and Appearances indeed of this Sacrifice were of the worst kind that could be.

But

But may the Gods be gracious from on high,
Some better prosperous Event supply,
Fibres may err, and Augury may lie;
Arts may be false, by which our Sires divin'd,
And *Tages* taught 'em, to abuse Mankind.
Thus darkly he the Prophecy expreſt,
And Riddling sung the Double-dealing Priest.
But *Figulus* exclaims (to Science bred,
And in the Gods mysterious Secrets read;
Whom nor *Ægyptian Memphis'* Sons excell'd,
Nor with more Skill the rolling Orbs beheld:
Well could he judge the Labours of the Sphere,
And calculate the just revolving Year.)
The Stars (he cries) are in Confusion hurl'd,
And wand'ring Error quite misguides the World.
Or if the Laws of Nature yet remain,
Some swift Destruction now the Fates ordain.
Shall Earth's wide op'ning Jaws for Ruin call,
And sinking Cities to the Center fall?
Shall raging Drought infect the sick'ry Sky?
Shall faithless Earth the promis'd Crop deny?

Ver. 1086. *And* Tages.] This was a miraculous Prophet, who rose out of the Ground in *Etruria* or *Tuscany*, and first taught the Rites of Divination.

Ver. 1089. *But* Figulus.] *Cicero* and *Aulus Gellius* make mention of *Nigidius Figulus*, a *Pythagorean* Philosopher, who was likewise eminent for his Skill in Astrology.

Digitized by Google

Shall pois'nous Vapours o'er the Waters brood,
And taint the limpid Spring and silver Flood?
Ye Gods! What Ruin does your Wrath prepare?
Comes it from Heav'n, from Earth, from Seas, or Air?
The Lives of many to a Period haste,
And Thousands shall together breathe their last.
If *Saturn*'s sullen Beams were lifted high,
And baleful reign'd Ascendant o'er the Sky,
Then moist *Aquarius* Deluges might rain,
And Earth once more lie sunk beneath the Main:
Or did thy glowing Beams, O *Phœbus*, shine
Malignant in the *Lion*'s scorching Sign,
Wide o'er the World consuming Fires might roll,
And Heav'n be seen to flame from Pole to Pole:
Thro' peaceful Orbits these unangry glide.
But, God of Battels! what dost thou provide!
Who in the threat'ning *Scorpion* dost preside?
With potent Wrath around thy Influence streams,
And the whole Monster kindles at thy Beams;
While *Jupiter*'s more gentle Rays decline,
And *Mercury* with *Venus* faintly shine;
The wand'ring Lights are darken'd all and gone,
And *Mars* now lords it o'er the Heav'ns alone.
Orion's starry Faulchion blazing wide,
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful Side.
War comes; and Salvage Slaughter must abound,
The Sword of Violence shall Right confound:

The

Digitized by Google

The blackeſt Crimes fair Virtue's Name ſhall wear,
And impious Fury rage for many a Year.
Yet ask not thou an end of Arms, O *Rome*,
Thy Peace muſt with a Lordly Maſter come.
Protract Deſtruction, and defer thy Chain,
The Sword alone prevents the Tyrant's Reign,
And Civil Wars thy Liberty maintain.
The heartleſs Vulgar to the Sage give heed,
New riſing Fears his Words foreboding breed.
When lo! more dreadful Wonders ſtrike their Eyes,
Forth thro' the Streets a *Roman* Matron flies,
Mad as the *Thracian* Dames that bound along,
And chant *Lyæus* in their frantick Song:
Enthuſiaſtick Heavings ſwell'd her Breaſt,
And thus her Voice the *Delphick* God confeſt.
Where doſt thou ſnatch me, *Pæan!* wherefore bear
Thro' cloudy Heights and Tracts of pathleſs Air?
I ſee *Pangæan* Mountains white with Snow,
Æmus and wide *Philippi*'s Fields below.

Ver. 1147. *I ſee* Pangæan.] *Pangæus* was a Mountain in *Thrace*, and as is plain from a Paſſage in *Dion Caſſius*, at the Foot of it ſtood *Philippi*, the City near which the Battle between *Antony* and *Octavius* on one Side, and *Brutus* and *Caſſius* on the other, was fought. *Æmus* or *Hæmus* was likewiſe a Mountain in *Thrace* to the North of *Pangæus*.

It is pretty ſtrange that ſo many great Names of Antiquity, as *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Petronius*, and *Lucan* ſhould be guilty of ſuch a Blunder in Geography, as to con-

Digitized by Google

Say, *Phœbus*, wherefore does this Fury rise?
What mean these Spears and Shields before my Eyes?
I see the *Roman* Battels croud the Plain!
I see the War, but seek the Foe in vain.
Again I fly, I seek the rising Day,
Where *Nile*'s *Ægyptian* Waters take their way:
I see, I know upon the guilty Shore,
The Hero's headless Trunk besmear'd with Gore.
The *Syrts* and *Libyan* Sands beneath me lye,
Thither *Emathia*'s scatter'd Relicks fly.
Now o'er the cloudy *Alps* I stretch my Flight,
And soar above *Pyrene*'s airy Height:

found the Field of Battle between *J. Cæsar* and *Pompey* with that between *Oct. Cæsar* and *Brutus*, when it was very plain one was in the Middle of *Thessaly* and the other in *Thrace*, a great part of *Macedonia* lying between. *Sulpitius* indeed, one of the Commentators upon *Lucan*, says, there was a Town call'd *Philippi*, in whose Neighbourhood the Battle between *Cæsar* and *Pompey* was fought; but upon what Authority I know not: But supposing that, it is undeniable that these two Battles were fought in two different Countries. I must own, it seems to me to be the Fault originally of *Virgil* (upon what Occasion so correct a Writer could commit so great an Error is not easy to Imagine) and that the rest took it very easily from him, without making any further Enquiry.

Ver. 1152. *I see the War, but seek the Foe in vain.*] Because they were all *Romans*; or their Subjects and Confederates; and should have been all on the same Side.

To

Digitized by Google

To *Rome*, my native *Rome*, I turn again,
And see the Senate reeking with the Slain.
Again the moving Chiefs their Arms prepare;
Again, I follow thro' the World the War.
Oh give me, *Phœbus*! give me to explore,
Some Region new, some undiscover'd Shore;
I saw *Philippi's* fatal Fields before.

She said: the weary Rage began to cease,
And left the fainting Prophetess in Peace.

THE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE SECOND BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

Digitized by Google

The ARGUMENT.

Amidſt the general Conſternation that fore-ran the Civil War, the Poet introduces an old Man giving an Account of the Miſeries that attended on that of Marius *and* Sylla; *and comparing their preſent Circumſtances to thoſe in which the Commonwealth was when that former War broke out.* Brutus *conſults with* Cato, *whether it were the Duty of a private Man to concern himſelf in the publick Troubles; to which* Cato *replies in the Affirmative: Then follows his receiving* Marcia *again from the Tomb of* Hortenſius. *While* Pompey *goes to* Capua, Cæſar *makes himſelf Maſter of the greateſt part of* Italy, *and among the reſt of* Corfinium, *where* Domitius, *the Governor for* Pompey, *is ſeiz'd by his Garriſon, and deliver'd to* Cæſar, *who pardons and diſmiſſes him.*

Pompey *in an Oration to his Army makes a Tryal of their Diſpoſition to a general Battel, but not finding it to anſwer his Expectation, he ſends his Son to ſollicit the Aſſiſtance of his Friends and Allies; then marches himſelf to* Brundufium, *where he is like to be ſhut up by* Cæſar, *and eſcapes at length with much Difficulty.*

Digitized by Google

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK II.

NOW manifeſt the Wrath Divine appear'd,
And Nature thro' the World the War declar'd;
Teeming with Monſters, ſacred Law ſhe broke,
And dire Events in all her Works beſpoke.
Thou *Jove*, who do'ſt in Heav'n ſupreamly reign,
Why does thy Providence theſe Signs ordain,
And give us Preſcience to increaſe our Pain?
Doubly we bear thy dread inflicting Doom,
And feel our Miſeries before they come.

Whether

Whether the great creating Parent Soul;
When first from Chaos rude he form'd the Whole,
Dispos'd Futurity with certain Hand,
And bad the neceſſary Cauſes ſtand;
Made one Decree for ever to remain,
And bound himſelf in Fate's eternal Chain;
Or whether fickle Fortune leads the Dance,
Nothing is fix'd, but all Things come by Chance;
Whate'er thou ſhalt ordain, thou ruling Pow'r,
Unknown and ſudden be the dreadful Hour:
Let Mortals to their future Fate be blind,
And Hope relieve the miſerable Mind.

While thus the wretched Citizens behold
What certain Ills the faithful Gods foretold;
Juſtice ſuſpends her Courſe in mournful *Rome*,
And all the noiſie Courts at once are dumb:

Ver. 10. *Whether the great.*] That is, whether, according to the *Stoicks*, all Things were by Neceſſity, or, according to the *Epicureans*, by Chance.

Ver. 19. *Unknown.*] This Prayer of the Poet's, That we may not foreknow our Misfortunes before they happen, is a very natural Conſequence from the Diſtractions under which the *Romans* labour'd, by reaſon of the Prodigies related in the laſt Book; which they look'd upon as ſo many certain Denunciations of ſome terrible Affliction that was ſuddenly to fall upon 'em from the Gods.

Ver. 24. *Juſtice ſuſpends.*] This terrible kind of Vacation in the Courts of Juſtice was never obſerv'd at *Rome* but in the greateſt publick Calamities.

No

Digitized by Google

No Honours ſhine in the diſtinguiſh'd Weed,
Nor Rods the purple Magiſtrate precede:
A diſmal ſilent Sorrow ſpreads around,
No Groan is heard, nor one complaining Sound.
So when ſome gen'rous Youth reſigns his Breath,
And parting ſinks in the laſt Pangs of Death;
With ghaſtly Eyes, and many a lift-up Hand,
Around his Bed the ſtill Attendants ſtand;
No Tongue as yet preſumes his Fate to tell,
Nor ſpeaks aloud the ſolemn laſt Farewel;
As yet the Mother by her Darling lies,
Nor breaks lamenting into frantick Cries;
And tho' he ſtiffens in her fond Embrace,
His Eyes are ſet, and livid pale his Face;
Horror a while prevents the ſwelling Tear,
Nor is her Paſſion Grief, as yet, but Fear;

Ver. 35. *The ſolemn laſt Farewel.*] A Valediction to the Dead, was a Ceremony perform'd to all Perſons at their Funerals. So *Æneas* takes his Leave of *Pallas* in *Virgil.*

Salve mihi maxime Palla.

But this Expreſſion of *Lucan*, in this Place, refers more immediately to what the *Romans* call'd *Conclamatio*; which was a repeated and loud Outcry of thoſe that waited for that purpoſe round the Bed of the dying Perſon, probably to try if they could retain the departing Soul a little longer; and when that was in vain, and the Bodies found to be quite dead, they were ſaid to be *Corpora Conclamata*, or paſt Call.

In

In one fix'd Posture motionless she keeps,
And wonders at her Woe before she weeps.
The Matrons sad their rich Attire lay by,
And to the Temples madly crowding fly:
Some on the Shrines their gushing Sorrows pour,
Some dash their Breasts against the marble Floor;
Some on the sacred Thresholds rend their Hair,
And howling seek the Gods with horrid Pray'r.
Nor *Jove* receiv'd the wailing Suppliants all,
In various Fanes on various Pow'rs they call.
No Altar then, no God was left alone,
Unvex'd by some impatient Parent's Moan.
Of these, one Wretch her Grief, above the rest,
With Visage torn, and mangled Arms confest.
Ye Mothers! beat (she cry'd) your Bosoms now,
Now tear the curling Honours from your Brow;
The present Hour ev'n all your Tears demands,
While doubtful Fortune yet suspended stands.
When one shall conquer, then for Joy prepare,
The Victor Chief, at least, shall end the War.
Thus from renew'd Complaints they seek Relief,
And only find fresh Causes out for Grief.
The Men too, as to diff'rent Camps they go,
Join their sad Voices to the publick Woe;
Impatient to the Gods they raise their Cry,
And thus expostulate with Those on high.

Oh

Oh hapleſs Times! oh that we had been Born,
When *Carthage* made our vanquiſh'd Country mourn!
Well had we then been number'd with the Slain
On *Trebia*'s Banks, or *Cannæ*'s fatal Plain.
Nor ask we Peace, ye Pow'rs, nor ſoft Repoſe;
Give us new Wars, and Multitudes of Foes;
Let ev'ry potent City arm for Fight,
And all the Neighbour Nations round unite:
From *Median* Suſe let the *Parthians* come,
And *Maſſagetes* beyond their *Iſter* roam:
Let *Elbe* and *Rhine*'s unconquer'd Springs ſend forth
The yellow *Suevi* from the farthest North:
Let the conſpiring World in Arms engage,
And ſave us only from Domeſtick Rage.
Here let the Hoſtile *Dacian* Inroads make,
And there his Way the *Gete* Invader take.

Ver. 71. *Trebia.*] A River in *Italy* that falls into the *Po* near *Placentia*, where *Ti. Sempronius* was routed by *Hannibal* with a very great Slaughter.

Ver. 77. Maſſagetes *beyond their* Iſter.] The *Maſſagetæ* were properly thoſe *Aſiatick Scythians* (or *Tartars*) who were ſituate beyond the *Caſpian* Sea, near the Head of the River *Oxus*, and of Conſequence very far from the *Iſter* or *Danube*; but theſe Geographical Liberties are often taken by our Author; and here he ſeems to take 'em for the *European* and *Aſiatick Scythians* in general.

Ver. 79. *Suevi.*] A People of *Germany* about the Dutchy of *Mecklenburg* and *Pomerania*.

Ver. 82. *Gete.*] *European Tartars.*

Let

Let *Cæsar* in *Iberia* tame the Foe;
Let *Pompey* break the deadly Eastern Bow,
And *Rome* no Hand unarm'd for Battel know.
But if *Hesperia* stand condemn'd by Fate,
And Ruin on our Name and Nation wait;
Now dart thy Thunder, dread Almighty Sire,
Let all thy flaming Heav'ns descend in Fire;
On Chiefs and Parties hurl thy Bolts alike,
And, e'er their Crimes have made 'em Guilty, strike.
Is it a Cause so worthy of our Care,
That Pow'r may fall to this, or that Man's Share?
Do we for this the Gods and Conscience brave,
That one may Rule, and make the rest a Slave?
When thus, ev'n Liberty we scarce should buy,
But think a Civil War a Price too high.
Thus groan they at approaching dire Events,
And thus expiring Piety laments.
Mean-while the hoary Sire his Years deplores,
And Age that former Miseries restores:
He hates his weary Life prolong'd for Woe,
Worse Days to see, more impious Rage to know.
Then fetching old Examples from afar,
'Twas thus (he cries) Fate usher'd in the War:

Ver. 84. *Iberia.*] *Spain.*

Ver. 101. *Mean-while some hoary Sire.*] The Poet here, to express the Calamities attending on a Civil War, introduces some one particular old Man, recapitulating the Miseries of that between *Marius* and *Sylla*.

When

Digitized by Google

When *Cimbrians* fierce, and *Libya*'s ſwarthy Lord,
Had fall'n before Triumphant *Marius*' Sword:
Yet to *Minturnæ*'s Marſh the Victor fled,
And hid in oozy Flags his exil'd Head.
The faithleſs Soil the hunted Chief reliev'd,
And ſedgy Waters Fortune's Pledge receiv'd.
Deep in a Dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
Where Gyves and rankling Fetters eat their way,
And noiſome Vapours on his Vitals prey.
Ordain'd at Eaſe to die in wretched *Rome*,
He ſuffer'd then, for Wickedneſs to come.
In vain his Foes had arm'd the *Cimbrian*'s Hand,
Death will not always wait upon Command;
About to ſtrike, the Slave with Horror ſhook,
The uſeleſs Steel his loos'ning Gripe forſook;

Ver. 107. Libya's *ſwarthy Lord.*] *Jugurtha.*

Ver. 109. Minturnæ's *Marſh.*] *Minturnæ* was a City of *Latium*, now in Ruins, near the River *Garillan*, in or near the Territory of *Trajetta*. Hither, when *Marius* was driven out of *Rome* by *Sylla*, and declar'd a publick Enemy by the Senate, he fled and hid himſelf among ſome Reeds and Sedges; but being found out, and committed to the publick Goal, he was condemn'd to die. But the Slave who was order'd to execute him (a *Cimbrian*, according to *Lucan*) being affrighted at ſomewhat terrible that he ſaw in him, and fancying he heard a Voice ſaying, *Dar'ſt thou kill* Caius Marius? drop'd his Sword, ran out of the Priſon, and told the People the whole Story: Who being mov'd partly by this, and partly by Compaſſion for a Man who had once ſav'd *Italy*, diſmiſs'd him. See all the Particulars here mention'd by *Lucan*, more at large in *Plutarch*'s Life of *Marius*.

Thick

Digitized by Google

Thick flashing Flames a Light unusual gave,
And sudden shone around the gloomy Cave;
Dreadful the Gods of Guilt before him stood,
And *Marius* terrible in future Blood;
When thus a Voice began: Rash Man forbear,
Nor touch that Head which Fate resolves to spare;
Thousands are doom'd beneath his Arm to bleed,
And countless Deaths before his own decreed;
Thy Wrath and Purpose to destroy is vain:
Would'st thou avenge thee for thy Nation slain?
Preserve this Man; and in some coming Day
The *Cimbrian* Slaughter well he shall repay.
No pitying God, no Pow'r to Mortals good,
Could save a salvage Wretch who joy'd in Blood:
But Fate reserv'd him to perform its Doom,
And be the Minister of Wrath to *Rome*.
By swelling Seas too favourably toss'd,
Safely he reach'd *Numidia*'s Hostile Coast;
There, driv'n from Man, to Wilds he took his way,
And on the Earth, where once he conquer'd, lay;
There in the lone unpeopled desart Field,
Proud *Carthage* in her Ruins he beheld;
Amidst her Ashes pleas'd he sate him down,
And joy'd in the Destruction of the Town.

Ver. 146. *Driv'n from Man,*] By *Sextilius*, then Prætor of *Africk*.

The

The Genius of the Place, with mutual Hate,
Rear'd its sad Head, and smil'd at *Marius'* Fate;
Each with Delight survey'd their fallen Foe,
And each forgave the Gods, that laid the other low.
There with new Fury was his Soul possest,
And *Libyan* Rage collected in his Breast.
Soon as returning Fortune own'd his Cause,
Troops of revolting Bond-men forth he draws;
Cut-throats and Slaves resort to his Command,
And Arms were giv'n to ev'ry baser Hand.
None worthily the Leader's Standard bore,
Unstain'd with Blood or blackest Crimes before:
Villains of Fame, to fill his Bands, were sought,
And to his Camp Increase of Crimes they brought.
Who can relate the Horrors of that Day,
When first these Walls became the Victor's Prey?
With what a Stride devouring Slaughter past,
And swept promiscuous Orders in her haste?
O'er Noble and Plebeian rag'd the Sword,
Nor Pity or Remorse one Pause afford.
The sliding Streets with Blood were clotted o'er,
And sacred Temples flood in Pools of Gore.
The ruthless Steel, impatient of Delay,
Forbad the Sire to linger out his Day:
It struck the bending Father to the Earth,
And crop'd the wailing Infant at his Birth.

(Can

(Can Innocents the Rage of Parties know,
And they who ne'er offended find a Foe!)
Age is no Plea, and Childhood no Defence,
To kill is all the Murderer's Pretence.
Rage ſtays not to enquire who ought to die,
Numbers muſt fall, no matter which, or why;
Each in his Hand a grieſly Viſage bears,
And as the Trophy of his Virtue wears.
Who wants a Prize, ſtrait ruſhes thro' the Streets,
And undiſtinguiſh'd mows the firſt he meets;
The trembling Crowd with Fear officious ſtrive,
And thoſe who kiſs the Tyrant's Hand ſurvive.
Oh could you fall ſo low, degenerate Race!
And purchaſe Safety at a Price ſo baſe!
What tho' the Sword was Maſter of your Doom,
Tho' *Marius* could have giv'n you Years to come,
Can *Romans* live by Infamy ſo mean?
But ſoon your changing Fortune ſhifts the Scene;
Short is your Date; you only live to mourn,
Your Hopes deceiv'd; and *Sylla*'s ſwift return.
The Vulgar falls, and none laments his Fate,
Sorrow has hardly leiſure for the Great.
What Tears could *Babius*', haſty Death deplore!
A Thouſand Hands his mangled Carcaſs tore;

Ver. 183. *Who kiſs the Tyrant's Hand.*] *Marius* had given it as a Signal to his Soldiers, that they ſhould kill all whom he did not reſalute, and offer his Hand to kiſs.

His

Digitized by Google

His ſcatter'd Intrails round the Streets were toſt,
And in a Moment all the Man was loſt.
Who wept, *Antonius'* Murder to behold,
Whoſe moving Tongue the Miſchief oft foretold?
Spite of his Age and Eloquence he bled;
The barb'rous Soldier ſnatch'd his hoary Head;
Dropping he bore it to his joyful Lord,
And while he feaſted plac'd it on the Board.
The *Craſſi* both by *Fimbria*'s Hand were ſlain,
And bleeding Magiſtrates the Pulpit ſtain.
Then did the Doom of that neglecting Hand,
Thy Fate, O holy *Scævola*, command;
In vain for Succour to the Gods he flies,
The Prieſt before the *Veſtal* Altar dies:
A feeble Stream pour'd forth th' exhauſted Sire,
And ſpar'd to quench the everliving Fire.

Ver. 198. Antonius' *Murder.*] *M. Antonius* was a Man of Conſular Dignity, and an excellent Orator. The Soldiers who were ſent to kill him, were ſo mov'd by his Eloquence, that they were inclin'd to ſpare him: At laſt he was murder'd by *Annius* the Tribune, who brought his Head to *Marius* while he was at Table. After he had handled it for ſome time with much Scorn and Inſolence, he commanded it to be fix'd upon the *Roſtrum*, or publick Pulpit.

Ver. 204. *The* Craſſi.] Father and Son kill'd together.

Ver. 207. *Scævola.*] He was the *Pontifex Maximus*, or Chief-Prieſt.

Digitized by Google

The Seventh returning *Faſces* now appear,
And bring ſtern *Marius'* lateſt deſtin'd Year:
Thus the long Toils of changing Life o'erpaſt,
Hoary and full of Days he breath'd his laſt.
While Fortune frown'd, her fierceſt Wrath he bore,
And while ſhe ſmil'd enjoy'd her ampleſt Pow'r:
All various Turns of Good and Bad he knew,
And prov'd the moſt that Chance or Fate cou'd do.
What heaps of Slain the *Colline* Gate did yield!
What Bodies ſtrow'd the *Sacriportan* Field,
When Empire was ordain'd to change her Seat,
To leave her *Rome*, and make *Praneſte* great!
When the proud *Samnites* Troops the State defy'd,
In Terms beyond their *Caudine* Treaty's Pride.

Ver. 212. *Faſces.*] They were Rods carried before the Magiſtrates as Enſigns of their Authority.

Ver. 220. Colline *Gate.*] *Porta Collina*, call'd likewiſe *Porta Salina*, was one of the Gates of *Rome*. At *Sacriportus*, not far from *Praneſte*, *Sylla* overthrew the younger *Marius*, who fled to *Praneſte*, and was there beſieged by *Lucius Ofella*, *Sylla*'s Lieutenant. And when *Lamponius* and *Teleſinus*, two Leaders of the *Samnites*, came to raiſe the Siege, they were likewiſe beaten by *Sylla*, about ten Furlongs from the *Porta Collina*. In theſe two Battles he is ſaid to have kill'd Seventy Thouſand Men.

Ver. 225. Caudine *Treaty.*] The *Furcæ Caudinæ* were a Paſs with Woods on each Side near the Town of *Caudium*, in the Territories of the ancient *Samnites*: where, when thoſe People had the *Roman* Conſuls and their Army at a very great Diſadvantage, they obliged 'em to ſubmit to very hard Conditions; one Article being, That every

Nor *Sylla* with less Cruelty returns,
With equal Rage the fierce Avenger burns:
What Blood the feeble City yet retain'd,
With too severe a healing Hand he drain'd:
Too deeply was the searching Steel employ'd,
What Maladies had hurt the Leach destroy'd.
The Guilty only were of Life bereft:
Alas! then Guilty only then were left.
Dissembled Hate and Rancour rang'd at Will,
All as they pleas'd took Liberty to kill;
And while Revenge no longer fear'd the Laws,
Each private Murder was the publick Cause.
The Leader had destroy; and at the Word,
The Master fell beneath the Servant's Sword.
Brothers on Brothers were for Gifts bestow'd,
And Sons contended for their Fathers' Blood.
For Refuge some to Caves and Forests fled;
Some to the lonely Mansions of the Dead;
Some, to prevent the cruel Victor, die;
These strangled hang from fatal Beams on high;
While Those, from Tops of lofty Turrets thrown,
Came headlong on the dashing Pavement down.

ry Soldier should pass unarm'd under a kind of Gallows. Hence the Expression *Pax Candina*, for an ignominious Peace.

Marius had promised the *Samnites*, who were of his Side, to translate the Seat of the Empire from *Rome* to them.

Digitized by Google

Some for their Funerals the Wood prepare,
And build the sacred Pile with hasty Care;
Then bleeding to the kindling Flames they press,
And *Roman* Rites, while yet they may, possess.
Pale Heads of *Marian* Chiefs are born on high,
And heap'd together in the *Forum* lie;
There join the meeting Slaughters of the Times,
There each performing Villain's Hands are known.
No Sight like this the *Thracian* Stables knew,
Antæus' Libyan Spoils to these were few:
Nor *Greece* beheld so many Suitors fall,
To grace the *Pisan* Tyrant's horrid Hall.
At length, when putrid Gore, with foul Disgrace,
Hid the distinguish'd Features of the Face,
By Night the miserable Parents came,
And bore their Sons to some forbidden Flame.
Well I remember in that woeful Reign,
How I my Brother sought amongst the Slain;
Hopeful by Stealth his poor Remains to burn,
And close his Ashes in a peaceful Urn;

Ver. 256. *No Sight like this.*] *Diomedes*, King of *Thrace*, fed his Horses with Human Flesh. Of *Antæus* see hereafter in the Fourth Book. *Oenomaus*, King of *Elis*, reign'd at *Pisa*; his Daughter *Hippodamia* was very beautiful; he propos'd to her Suitors, that whoever could vanquish him in a Chariot-Race should marry her; but those that were beaten should be put to Death. This last Misfortune happen'd to several; at last her Father breaking his Neck by the Treachery of his Charioteer, she was won by *Pelops*.

His

Digitized by Google

His Viſage in my trembling Hand I bore,
And turn'd pacifick *Sylla*'s Trophies o'er;
Full many a mangled Trunk I try'd, to ſee
Which Carcaſs with the Head wou'd beſt agree.
Why ſhou'd my Grief to *Catulus* return,
And tell the Victim offer'd at his Urn;
When ſtruck with Horror, the relenting Shade
Beheld his Wrongs too cruelly repay'd?
I ſaw where *Marius*' hapleſs Brother ſtood,
With Limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with Blood;
A Thouſand gaping Wounds increas'd his Pain,
While weary Life a Paſſage fought in vain;
That Mercy ſtill his ruthleſs Foes deny,
And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die.
This from the Wriſt the ſuppliant Hands divides,
That hews his Arms from off his naked Sides;
One crops his breathing Noſtrils, one his Ears,
While from the Roots his Tongue another tears;
Panting awhile upon the Earth it lies,
And with mute Motion trembles e're it dies.

Ver. 269. *Pacifick* Sylla.] A ſtrong Irony.

Ver. 272. *To* Catulus.] *Quintus Luſtatius Catulus*, hearing *C. Marius* had reſolv'd to put him to Death, kill'd himſelf. In Revenge of this, his Brother *Catulus* obtain'd of *Sylla*, that *Marius*, the Brother of *C. Marius*, might be deliver'd into his Hands, who ſacrificed him, in the barbarous manner here deſcrib'd, at his Brother's Tomb.

Laſt, from the Sacred Caverns where they lay,
The bleeding Orbs of Sight are rent away.
Can late Poſterity believe, whene'er
This Tale of *Marius* and his Foes they hear,
They could inflict ſo much, or he cou'd bear?
Such is the broken Carcaſs ſeen to lie,
Cruſh'd by ſome tumbling Turret from on high;
Such to the Shore the ſhipwrackt Coarſe is born,
By rending Rocks and greedy Monſters torn.
Miſtaken Rage! thus mangling to diſgrace,
And blot the Lines of *Marius'* hated Face!
What Joy can *Sylla* take? Unleſs he know
And mark the Features of his dying Foe?
Fortune beheld, from her *Praneſtine* Fane,
Her helpleſs Worſhippers around her ſlain;
One Hour of Fate was common to 'em all,
And like one Man ſhe ſaw a People fall.
Then dy'd the luſty Youth in manly Bloom,
Heſperia's Flow'r, and Hope for Times to come;
Their Blood, *Rome*'s only Strength, diſtains the Fold,
Ordain'd th' aſſembling Centuries to hold.

Ver. 301. *Fortune beheld.*] The Goddeſs *Fortune* had a famous Temple at *Praneſte*. After the Town was taken by *Lucr. Offella*, and many of all Ranks ſlain; *Sylla* commanded 5000, who had laid down their Arms, to be kill'd in cold Blood.

Ver. 307. *Diſtains the Fold:*] The *Septa* or *Ovilia* of *Rome* were certain Incloſures in or near the *Campus Martius*.

Digitized by Google

Numbers have oft been known, on Sea and Land,
To ſink of Old by Death's deſtructive Hand;
Battels with Multitudes have ſtrown the Plain,
And many periſh on the ſtormy Main:
Earthquakes deſtroy, malignant Vapours blaſt,
And Plagues and Famines lay whole Nations waſte:
But Juſtice, ſure, was never ſeen, 'till now,
To maſſacre her Thouſands at a Blow.
Satiety of Death the Victors prove,
And ſlowly thro' th' incumb'ring Ruin move:
So many fall, there ſcarce is Room for more,
The Dying nod on thoſe who fell before;
Crouding in Heaps their Murderers they aid,
And, by the Dead, the Living are o'erlaid.
Mean while the ſtern Dictator, from on high,
Behold's the Slaughter with a fearleſs Eye;
Nor ſighs, to think his dread Commands ordain
So many Thouſand Wretches to be ſlain.
Amidſt the *Tiber's* Waves the Load is thrown,
The Torrent rowls the guilty Burthen down;
Till riſing Mounds obſtruct his wat'ry Way,
And Careaſſes the gliding Veſſels ſtay.

tius, where the People us'd to be poll'd, and give their Votes in Elections of Magiſtrates, according to the *Centuriæ* or Companies of which their Tribes were compos'd. In this Place *Sylla* commanded four whole Legions to be cut to Pieces at once.

Digitized by Google

But soon another Stream to aid him rose,
Swift o'er the Fields a Crimson Deluge flows:
The *Tuscan* River swells above his Shores,
And floating Bodies to the Land restores:
Struggling at length he drives his rushing Flood,
And dyes the *Tyrrhene* Ocean round with Blood.
Could Deeds like these the glorious Stile demand
Of Prosperous, and Saviour of the Land?
Could this Renown, cou'd these Atchievements build
A Tomb for *Sylla* in the *Martian* Field?
Again, behold the circling Woes return,
Again the Curse of Civil Wars we mourn;
Battels, and Blood, and Vengeance shall succeed,
And *Rome* once more by *Roman* Hands shall bleed.
Or if, for hourly thus our Fears presage,
With Wrath more fierce the present Chiefs shall rage,
Mankind shall some unheard-of Plagues deplore,
And groan for Miseries unknown before.
Marius an End of Exile only sought;
Sylla to crush a hated Faction fought;
A larger Recompence these Leaders claim,
And higher is their vast Ambition's Aim:
Cou'd these be satisfy'd with *Sylla*'s Pow'r;
Nor, all he had Possessing, ask for more;

Ver. 338. *Of Prosperous.*] These were Titles *Sylla* gave himself: He call'd his Son likewise *Faustus*, and his Daughter *Fausta*.

Neither

Digitized by Google

Neither had Force and impious Arms employ'd,
Or fought for that which guiltleſs Each enjoy'd.
Thus wept lamenting Age o'er hapleſs *Rome*,
Rememb'ring Evils paſt, and dreading thoſe to come.
But *Brutus*' Temper fail'd not with the reſt,
Nor with the common Weakneſs was oppreſt;
Safe and in Peace he kept his manly Breaſt.
'Twas when the ſolemn Dead of Night came on,
When bright *Caliſto* with her ſhining Son,
Now half their Circle round the Pole had run;
When *Brutus*, on the buſie Times intent,
To virtuous *Cato*'s humble Dwelling went:
Waking he found him, careful for the State,
Grieving and Fearing for his Country's Fate;
For *Rome*, and wretched *Rome*, alone he fear'd;
Secure within himſelf, and for the worſt prepar'd.
To him thus *Brutus* ſpoke. O Thou, to whom
Forſaken Virtue flies, as to her Home,
Driv'n out, and by an impious Age oppreſt,
She finds no room on Earth but *Cato*'s Breaſt:
There, in her one good Man, ſhe reigns ſecure,
Fearleſs of Vice, or Fortune's hoſtile Pow'r.
Then teach my Soul, to Doubt and Error prone,
Teach me a Reſolution like thy own.

Ver. 363. *Bright* Caliſto.] The greater Bear.

Digitized by Google

Let partial Favour, Hopes or Int'reſt guide,
By various Motives, all the World beſide,
To *Pompey*'s or ambitious *Caſar*'s Side;
Thou *Cato* art my Leader. Whether Peace
And calm Repoſe amidſt theſe Storms ſhall pleaſe:
Or whether War thy Ardor ſhall ingage,
To gratifie the Madneſs of this Age,
Herd with the factious Chiefs, and urge the Peoples Rage.
The Ruffian, Bankrupt, looſe Adulterer,
All who the Pow'r of Laws and Juſtice fear,
From Guilt learn ſpecious Reaſons for the War.
By ſtarving Want and Wickedneſs prepar'd,
Wiſely they arm for Safety and Reward.
But oh! What Cauſe, what Reaſon canſt thou find?
Art thou to Arms for Love of Arms inclin'd?
Haſt thou the Manners of this Age withſtood,
And for ſo many Years been ſingly Good,
To be repay'd with Civil Wars and Blood?
Let thoſe to Vice inur'd for Arms prepare,
In thee 'twill be Impiety to dare;
Preſerve at leaſt, ye Gods, theſe Hands from War.
Nor do thou meanly with the Rabble join,
Nor grace their Cauſe with ſuch an Arm as thine.
To thee, the Fortune of the fatal Field
Inclining, unauſpicious Fame ſhall yield;
Each to thy Sword ſhall preſs, and wiſh to be
Imputed as thy Crime, and charg'd on Thee.

Happy

Happy thou wert, if with Retirement blest,
Which Noise and Faction never should molest,
Nor break the sacred Quiet of thy Breast;
Where Harmony and Order ne'er should cease,
But ev'ry Day should take its Turn in Peace.
So, in eternal steddy Motion, roll
The radiant Spheres around the starry Pole:
Fierce Lightnings, Meteors, and the Winter's Storm,
Earth and the Face of lower Heav'n deform,
Whilst all by Nature's Laws is calm above;
No Tempest rages in the Court of *Jove*.
Light Particles, and idle Atoms fly,
Toss'd by the Winds, and scatter'd round the Sky;
While the more solid Parts the Force resist,
And fix'd and stable on the Center rest.
Cæsar shall hear with Joy, that thou art join'd
With fighting Factions, to disturb Mankind;
Tho' sworn his Foe, he shall applaud thy Choice,
And think his wicked War approv'd by *Cato*'s Voice.
See! how to swell their mighty Leader's State,
The Consuls and the servile Senate wait:
Ev'n *Cato*'s self to *Pompey*'s Yoak must bow,
And all Mankind are Slaves but *Cæsar* now.
If War, however, be at last our Doom,
If we must Arm for Liberty and *Rome*:
While undecided yet their Fate depends,
Cæsar and *Pompey* are alike my Friends;

Which

Which Party I shall chuse is yet to know;
That let the War decide; who conquers is my Foe.
Thus spoke the Youth. When *Cato* thus expresst
The sacred Counsels of his inmost Breast.
'*Brutus*! with thee, I own the Crime is great;
With thee, this impious Civil War I hate;
But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate.
Answer your selves, ye Gods, and set me free;
If I am guilty, 'tis by your Decree.
If yon fair Lamps above shou'd lose their Light,
And leave the wretched World in endless Night;
If *Chaos* shou'd in Heav'n and Earth prevail,
And universal Nature's Frame shou'd fail:
What *Stoick* wou'd not the Misfortune share,
And think that Desolation worth his Care?
Princes and Nations whom wide Seas divide,
Where other Stars far distant Heav'ns do guide,
Have brought their Ensigns to the *Roman* side.
Forbid it Gods! when barb'rous *Scythians* come
From their cold North, to peep declining *Rome*,
That I should see her Fall, and sit secure at Home.
As some unhappy Sire by Death undone,
Robb'd of his Age's Joy, his only Son,
Attends the Funeral with pious Care,
To pay his last Paternal Office there;
Takes a sad Pleasure in the Croud to go,
And be himself Part of the pompous Woe;

Then

Then waits till ev'ry Ceremony paſt,
His own fond Hand may fight the Pile at laſt.
So fix'd, ſo faithfull to thy Cauſe, O *Rome*,
With ſuch a Conſtancy and Love I come,
Reſolv'd for thee and Liberty to mourn,
And never! never from your Sides be torn;
Reſolv'd to follow ſtill your common Fate,
And on your very Names, and laſt Remains to wait.
Thus let it be, ſince thus the Gods ordain;
Since Hecatombs of *Romans* muſt be ſlain,
Aſſiſt the Sacrifice with ev'ry Hand,
And give 'em all the Slaughter they demand.
O! were the Gods contented with my Fall,
If *Cato*'s Life cou'd anſwer for you all,
Like the devoted *Decius* wou'd I go,
To force from either Side the mortal Blow,
And for my Country's ſake, with to be thought her Foe.
To me, ye *Romans*, all your Rage confine,
To me, ye Nations from the barb'rous *Rhine*,
Let all the Wounds this War ſhall make be mine.
Open my vital Streams, and let 'em run,
Oh let the purple Sacrifice atone
For all the Ills offending *Rome* has done.
If Slavery be all the Faction's End,
If Chains the Prize for which the Fool's contend,

To

To me convert the War, let me be slain;
Me, only me, who fondly strive, in vain,
Their useless Laws and Freedom to maintain:
So may the Tyrant safely mount his Throne,
And rule his Slaves in Peace, when I am gone.
How-e'er, since free as yet from his Command,
For *Pompey* and the Commonwealth we stand,
Nor he, if Fortune shou'd attend his Arms,
Is Proof against Ambition's fatal Charms;
But urg'd with Greatness, and desire of Sway,
May dare to make the vanquish'd World his Prey.
Then, least the Hopes of Empire swell his Pride,
Let him remember I was on his Side;
Nor think he conquer'd for himself alone,
To make the Harvest of the War his own,
Where half the Toil was ours. So spoke the Sage.
His Words the list'ning eager Youth engage
Too much to love of Arms, and heat of Civil Rage.
Now 'gan the Sun to lift his dawning Light,
Before him fled the colder Shades of Night;
When lo! the sounding Doors are heard to turn,
Chaste *Marcia* comes from dead *Hortensius*' Urn.
Once to a better Husband's happier Bed,
With Bridal Rites, a Virgin was she led:
When ev'ry Debt of *Love* and Duty paid,
And thrice a Parent by *Lucina* made;

The

The teeming Matron, at her Lord's Command,
To glad *Hortenſius* gave her plighted Hand;
With a fair Stock his barren Houſe to grace,
And mingle by the Mother's Side the Race.
At length this Husband in his Aſhes laid,
And ev'ry Rite of Due Religion paid,
Forth from his Monument the mournful Dame,
With beaten Breaſts, and Locks diſhevel'd, came;
Then with a pale dejected rueful Look,
Thus pleaſing, to her former Lord ſhe ſpoke.
While Nature yet with Vigour fed my Veins,
And made me equal to a Mother's Pains,
To thee Obedient, I thy Houſe forſook,
And to my Arms another Husband took:
My Pow'rs at length with genial Labours worn,
Weary to thee, and waſted I return.
At length a barren Wedlock let me prove,
Give me the Name, without the Joys of Love;
No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
That *Cato's Wife* may live upon my Tomb.
So ſhall my Truth to lateſt Times be read,
And none ſhall ask if guiltily I fled,
Or thy Command eſtrang'd me from thy Bed.

Ver. 520. *Thus pleaſing.*] As her melancholy Condition and Habit was moſt agreeable to that Time of publick Calamity. See this Story in *Plutarch*.

Nor

Nor ask I now thy Happiness to share,
I seek thy Days of Toil, thy Nights of Care:
Give me, with thee, to meet my Country's Foe,
Thy weary Marches and thy Camps to know;
Nor let Posterity with Shame record,
Cornelia follow'd, *Martia* left her Lord.
She said. The Heroe's manly Heart was mov'd,
And the chaft Matron's virtuous Suit approv'd.
And tho' the Times far diff'ring Thoughts demand,
Tho' War dissents from *Hymen*'s Holy Band;
In plain unsolemn wise his Faith he plights,
And calls the Gods to view the lonely Rites.
No Garlands gay the chearful Portal crown'd,
Nor woolly Fillets wove the Posts around;
No Genial Bed, with rich Embroidery grac'd,
On Iv'ry Steps in lofty State was plac'd;

Ver. 539. *Cornelia.*] This Lady was the Daughter of *Lucius Scipio*, descended from and ally'd to the *Cornelii* and *Metelli*, and Widow of *Pub. Crassus*, who with his Father *M. Crassus* was kill'd by the *Parthians*. *Pompey* marry'd her soon after the Death of *Cæsar*'s Daughter *Julia*.

Ver. 546. *No Garlands.*] The Poet here enumerates most of the Ceremonies usually observ'd at the *Roman* Marriages, by saying what was wanting at this of *Cato* and *Martia*; so in the Eighth Book he gives an Account of the Magnificence of the *Roman* Funerals, by deploring the Misery and Wretchedness of *Pompey*'s.

No

No Hymeneal Torch preceding ſhone,
No Matron put the tow'ry Frontlet on,
Nor bad her Feet the ſacred Threſhold ſhun.
No yellow Veil was looſely thrown, to hide
The riſing Bluſhes of the trembling Bride;
No glitt'ring Zone her flowing Garments bound,
Nor ſparkling Gems her Neck encompaſs'd round;
No ſilken Scarf, nor decent winding Lawn,
Was o'er her naked Arms and Shoulders drawn:
But, as ſhe was, in Funeral Attire,
With all the Sadneſs Sorrow could inſpire,
With Eyes dejected, with a joyleſs Face,
She met her Husband's, like a Son's Embrace.
No *Sabine* Mirth provokes the Bridegroom's Ears,
Nor ſprightly Wit the glad Aſſembly chears.

Ver. 551. *No Matron put the tow'ry Frontlet on.*] This Paſſage is diverſly interpreted. I have taken that which I thought moſt probable: The Bride was always crown'd with Flowers, and admoniſh'd not to touch the Threſhold by the *Pronuba* or Matron that attended her, in Honour of *Veſta* the Goddeſs of Chaſtity, to whom the Threſhold was ſacred. The Crown mention'd here ſeems to be like that given to the Goddeſs *Cybele*; and ſo it is interpreted by *Sulpitius* upon this Place. Perhaps it was worn in Honour of that Goddeſs.

Ver. 557. *Decent winding Lawn.*] The Word *Supparum* here likewiſe has various Significations given to it. *Supparum* is commonly a Shift, and ſometimes a ſort of Veil or Scarf; in which latter Senſe, as it plainly meant here an upper Garment, I have taken it.

Ver. 563. *No* Sabine *Mirth.*] It was an old Cuſtom taken from the *Sabines* to repeat ſmutty Verſes (the *Verſus Feſcennini*)

No Friends, nor ev'n their Children grace the Feaſt,
Brutus attends, their only Nuptial Gueſt:
He ſtands a Witneſs of the ſilent Rite,
And ſees the melancholy Pair unite.
Nor he, the Chief his ſacred Viſage chear'd,
Nor ſmooth'd his matted Locks, or horrid Beard;
Nor daigns his Heart one Thought of Joy to know,
But met his *Martia* with the ſame ſtern Brow.
(For when he ſaw the fatal Factions arm,
The coming War, and *Rome*'s impending Harm;
Regardleſs quite of ev'ry other Care,
Unſhorn he left his looſe neglected Hair;
Rude hung the hoary Honours of his Head,
And a foul Growth his mournful Cheeks o'erſpread.
No Stings of private Hate his Peace infeſt,
Nor partial Favour grew upon his Breaſt;
But ſafe from Prejudice, he kept his Mind
Free, and at Leiſure to lament Mankind.)
Nor could his former Love's returning Fire,
The warmth of one Connubial Wiſh inſpire,
But ſtrongly he withſtood the juſt Deſire.
Theſe were the ſtricter Manners of the Man,
And this the ſtubborn Courſe in which they ran;
The golden Mean unchanging to purſue,
Conſtant to keep the purpos'd End in view;

Feſcennini) and Jeſts of the ſame ſort at Weddings. This was the Province of the younger People.

Religiouſly

Digitized by Google

Religiously to follow Nature's Laws,
And die with Pleasure in his Country's Cause,
To think he was not for himself design'd,
But born to be of Use to all Mankind.
To him 'twas Feasting, Hunger to repress;
And home-spun Garments were his costly Dress:
No Marble Pillars rear'd his Roof on high,
'Twas warm, and kept him from the Winter Sky:
He sought no End of Marriage, but Increase,
Nor wish'd a Pleasure, but his Country's Peace:
That took up all the tend'rest Parts of Life,
His Country was his Children and his Wife.
From Justice' righteous Lore he never swerv'd,
But rigidly his Honesty preserv'd.
On universal Good his Thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what Gain, or Self-affection meant;
And while his Benefits the Publick share,
Cato was always last in *Cato*'s Care.

Mean time, the trembling Troops, by *Pompey* led,
Hasty to *Phrygian Capua* were fled.
Resolving here to fix the moving War,
He calls his scatter'd Legions from afar;
Here he decrees the daring Foe to wait,
And prove at once the great Event of Fate;
Where *Appenine*'s delightful Shades arise,
And lift *Hesperia* lofty to the Skies.

Between

Between the higher and inferior Sea,
The long extended Mountain takes his way;
Pisa and *Ancon* bound his sloping Sides,
Wash'd by the *Tyrrhene* and *Dalmatick* Tides;
Rich in the Treasure of his wat'ry Stores,
A thousand living Springs and Streams he pours,
And seeks the diff'rent Seas by diff'rent Shores.
From his Left falls *Crustumium*'s rapid Flood,
And swift *Metaurus* red with *Punick* Blood;
There gentle *Sapis* with *Isaurus* joins,
And *Sena* there the *Senones* confines;
Rough *Aufidus* the meeting Ocean braves,
And lashes on the hazy *Adria*'s Waves;
Hence vast *Eridanus* with matchless Force,
Prince of the Streams, directs his Regal Course;
Proud with the Spoils of Fields and Woods he flows,
And drains *Hesperia*'s Rivers as he goes.
His sacred Banks, in ancient Tales renown'd,
First by the spreading Poplar's Shade were crown'd;
When the Sun's fiery Steeds forsook their way,
And downward drew to Earth the burning Day:
When ev'ry Flood and ample Lake was dry,
The *Po* alone his Channel could supply:
Hither rash *Phaeton* was headlong driv'n,
And in these Waters quench'd the Flames of Heav'n.
Nor wealthy *Nile* a fuller Stream conveys,
Tho' wide he spreads o'er *Ægypt*'s flatter Plains;

Nor

Nor *Ister* rolls a larger Torrent down.
Sought he the Sea with Waters all his own?
But meeting Floods to him their Homage pay.
And heave the blended River on his way.
These from the Left; while from the Right, there come
The *Rutuba* and *Tybur* dear to *Rome*;
Thence slides *Vultumus* swift descending Flood,
And *Sarnus* hid beneath his misty Cloud;
Thence *Lyris*, whom the *Vesbis* Fountains aid,
Winds to the Sea thro' close *Marica*'s Shade;
Thence *Siler* thro' *Salernian* Pastures fails,
And shallow *Matra* creeps by *Luna*'s Walls.
Bord'ring on *Gaul* the lofty *Ligurian* Ridges rise,
And the low *Alps* from cloudy Heights despise;
Thence his long Back the fruitful Mountain bears,
Beneath the *Umbrian* and the *Sabine* Plows;
The Race Primæval, Natives all of Old,
His woody Rocks within their Circuit hold;
Far as *Hesperides* utmost Limits pass,
The hilly Father runs his mighty Mass;
Where *Juno* rears her high *Lacinian* Fane,
And *Scylla*'s raging Dogs molest the Main.
Once, farther yet ('tis said) his way he took,
'Till thro' his Side the Seas conspiring broke;
And still we see on fair *Sicilia*'s Sands
Where, Part of *Appenine*, *Pelorus* stands.

But

But *Cæsar* for Destruction eager burns,
Free Passages and bloodless Ways he scorns;
In fierce conflicting Fields his Arms delight,
He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his Might,
Resistless thro' the widening Breach to go,
To burst the Gate, to lay the Bulwark low,
To burn the Villages, to waste the Plains,
And massacre the poor laborious Swains.
Abhorring Law, he chuses to offend,
And blushes to be thought his Country's Friend.
The *Latian* Cities now, with busie Care,
As various they incliu'd, for Arms prepare.
Tho' doom'd before the War's first Rage to yield,
Trenches they dig, and ruin'd Walls rebuild;
Huge Stones and Darts their lofty Tow'rs supply,
And guarded Bulwarks menace from on high.
To *Pompey's* Part the prouer People lean,
Tho' *Cæsar's* stronger Terrors stand between.
So when the Blasts of sounding *Auster* blow,
The Waves obedient to his Empire flow;
And tho' the stormy God fierce *Eurus* frees,
And sends him rushing cross the swelling Seas;
Spight of his Force, the Billows yet retain
Their former Course, and that way roll the Main;
The lighter Clouds with *Eurus* driving sweep,
While *Auster* still commands the watry Deep.

Still

Digitized by Google

Still Fear too sure o'er vulgar Minds prevails,
And Faith before successful Fortune fails.
Etruria vainly trusts in *Libo*'s Aid,
And *Umbria* by *Thermus* is betray'd;
Sylla, unmindful of his Father's Fame,
Fled at the dreadful Sound of *Cæsar*'s Name.
Soon as the Horse near *Auximon* appear,
Retreating *Varus* owns his abject Fear,
And with a Coward's Haste neglects his Rear;
On Flight alone intent, without delay,
Thro' Rocks and devious Woods he wings his way.
Th' *Esculean* Fortress *Lentulus* forsakes,
A swift Pursuit the speedy Victor makes;
All Arts of Threats and Promises apply'd,
He wins the faithless Cohorts to his Side.

Ver. 697. Libo's *Aid.*] At the Fame of *Cæsar*'s Approach the Governours thro' *Italy* all fled, not daring to withstand him, or maintain any Forts against him: Many of those are here named. *Scribonius Libo* leaves his Charge in *Hetruria*, and *Thermus* forsakes *Umbria*; *Faustus Sylla*, the Son of the Dictator *Sylla*, wanting his Father's Spirit and Fortune in Civil War, fled at the very Name of *Cæsar*.

Ver. 701. *Near* Auximon,] Now *Osimo* in the *Marca d' Ancona*. *Atius Varus*, when he perceiv'd the Citizens of *Auximon* favour'd *Cæsar*, withdrew his Garrison and fled.

Ver. 706. *Th'* Esculean *Fortress.*] *Lentulus Spinther*, with ten Cohorts, kept the Town of *Asculum*, now *Ascoli*, in the *Marca d' Ancona*: Hearing of *Cæsar*'s advancing, he fled away, thinking to have drawn his Troops along with him, but was deserted by most of his Soldiers.

The

Digitized by Google

The Leader with his Enſigns fled alone,
To *Cæſar* fell the Soldier, and the Town.
Thou *Scipio* too do'ſt for Retreat prepare,
Thou leav'ſt *Luceria*, truſted to thy Care;
Tho' Troops well try'd attend on thy Command,
(The *Roman* Pow'r can boaſt no braver Band:)
By wily Arts of old from *Cæſar* rent,
Againſt the hardy *Parthians* were they ſent;
But their firſt Chief the Legion now obeys,
And *Pompey* thus the *Gallic* Loſs repays;
Aid to his Foe too freely he affords,
And lends his hoſtile Father *Roman* Swords.
But in *Corfinium* bold *Domitius* lies,
And from his Walls th' advancing Pow'r deſies;

Ver. 712. *Thou* Scipio.] *L. Scipio*, Father-in-Law to *Pompey*, fled from *Luceria*, tho' he had two ſtrong Legions.

Marcellus, to weaken *Cæſar*, counſell'd the Senate to make a Decree that *Cæſar* ſhould deliver one Legion, and *Pompey* another, to *Bibulus*, whom they pretended to ſend to the *Parthian* War. *Cæſar*, according to the Senate's Decree, deliver'd to him one Legion for himſelf, and another which he had borrow'd of *Pompey* for a preſent Supply, after the great Loſs he had receiv'd under his Prætors *Tetturius* and *Cotta*. Theſe Legions were now both in *Scipio*'s Camp.

Ver. 722. *But in* Corfinium.] A City now call'd *Popola* in the *Abruzzo*. In this Place lay *L. Domitius* with twenty Cohorts. He had with him thoſe Soldiers of *Pompey* who had enclos'd the *Forum*, when *Milo* was arraign'd for the Death of *Clodius*. He ſent a Detachment to break down a Bridge three Miles from the Town; but they were beaten back by *Cæſar*'s advanc'd Guard.

Secure

Digitized by Google

Secure of Heart, for all Events prepar'd,
He heads the Troops once bloody *Milo's* Guard.
Soon as he sees the cloudy Dust arise,
And glitt'ring Arms reflect the sunny Skies:
Away, Companions of my Arms! he cry'd,
And haste to guard the River's sedgy side:
Break down the Bridge. And thou that dwell'st below,
Thou watry God, let all thy Fountains go;
And rushing bid thy foamy Torrent flow;
Swell to the utmost Brink thy rapid Stream,
Beat down the Planks, and ev'ry floating Beam;
Upon thy Banks the lingring War delay,
Here let the headlong Chief be caught to stay;
'Tis Victory to stop the Victor's way.
He ceas'd; and shooting swiftly cross the Plain,
Drew down the Soldier to the Flood in vain.
For *Cæsar* early from the neighb'ring Field,
The Purpose to obstruct his March beheld;
Kindling to Wrath, Oh baseff Fear! (he cries)
To whom nor Tow'rs, nor sheltring Walls suffice.
Are these your coward Stratagems of War?
Hope you with Brooks my conqu'ring Arms to bar?
Tho' *Nile* and *Ister* should my way controul,
Tho' swelling *Ganges* should to guard you roll,
What Streams, What Floods soe'er athwart me fall,
Who past the *Rubicon* shall pass 'em all.

Haſte to the Paſſage then, my Friends. He ſaid;
Swift as a Storm the nimble Horſe obey'd;
Acroſs the Stream their deadly Darts they throw,
And from their Station drive the yielding Foe:
The Victors at their eaſe the Ford explore,
And paſs the undefended River o'er.
The Vanquiſh'd to *Corfinium*'s Strength retreat,
Where warlike Engines round the Ramparts threat.
Cloſe to the Wall the creeping *Vinea* lies,
And mighty Tow'rs in dread Approaches riſe.
But ſee the Stain of War! the Soldier's Shame!
And vile Diſhonour of the *Latian* Name!
The faithleſs Garriſon betray the Town,
And Captive drag their valiant Leader down.
The noble *Roman*, fearleſs, tho' in Bands,
Before his haughty Fellow-Subject ſtands,
With Looks erect, and with a daring Brow,
Death he provokes, and courts the fatal Blow:
But *Cæſar*'s Arts his inmoſt Thoughts deſcry,
His fear of Pardon, and deſire to Die.

Ver. 758. *The creeping* Vinea.] The *Vinea* was an Engine made uſe of by the *Romans* in Sieges. It was compos'd of Wicker-Hurdles laid for a Roof on the Top of Poſts, which the Soldiers, who went under it for Shelter, bore up with their Hands. Some will have them to have been contriv'd with a double Roof, the uppermoſt of Hurdles, and the next of Planks. In the Third Book, at the Siege of *Maſſilia*, *Lucan* mentions the Miners making their Approaches to the Walls under Covert of theſe Engines.

From

Digitized by Google

From me thy forfeit Life (he ſaid) receive,
And tho' repining, by my Bounty live;
That all, by thy Example taught, may know,
How *Caeſar*'s Mercy treats a vanquiſh'd Foe:
Still arm againſt me, keep thy Hatred ſtill,
And if thou conquer'ſt, uſe thy Conqueſt, kill.
Returns of Love, or Favour, ſeek I none;
Nor give thy Life to bargain for my own.
So ſaying, on the inſtant he commands
To looſe the galling Fetters from his Hands.
Oh Fortune! better were it, he had dy'd,
And ſpar'd the *Roman* Shame, and *Caeſar*'s Pride.
What greater Grief can on a *Roman* ſeize,
Than to be forc'd to live on Terms like theſe!
To be forgiven, fighting for the Laws;
And need a Pardon in his Country's Cauſe!
Struggling with Rage, undaunted he repreſt
The ſwelling Paſſions in his heaving Breaſt;
Thus murm'ring to himſelf: Why goeſt thou to *Rome*,
Baſe as thou art, and ſeek thy lazy Home?
To War, to Battel, to Deſtruction fly,
And haſte, as it becomes thee well, to die;
Provoke the worſt Effects of deadly Strife,
And rid thee of this *Caeſar*'s Gift, this Life.
Meanwhile, unknowing of the captiv'd Chief,
Pompey prepares to march to his Relief.

He means the scatt'ring Forces to unite,
And with Increase of Strength expect the Fight.
Resolving with the following Sun to move,
First he decrees the Soldier's Heart to prove:
Then into Words like these, rever'd he broke,
The silent Legions list'ning while he spoke.

Ye brave Avengers of your Country's Wrong,
You who to *Rome* and Liberty belong;
Whose Breasts our Father's Virtue truly warms,
Whose Hands the Senate's sacred Order arms,
With chearful Ardor meet the coming Fight,
And pray the Gods to smile upon the Right.
Behold the mournful View *Hesperia* yields,
Her flaming Villages and wasted Fields!
See where the *Gauls* a dreadful Deluge flow,
And scorn the Boundaries of *Alpine* Snow.
Already *Cæsar's* Sword is stain'd in Blood;
Be that, ye Gods, to us an Omen Good;
That Glory still be his peculiar Care,
Let him begin, while we sustain the War.
Yet call it not a War in which we go;
We seek a Malefactor, not a Foe:
Rome's awful injur'd Majesty demands
The Punishment of Tyrants at our Hands.
If this be War, then War was wag'd of Old,
By curst *Cethegus*, *Catiline* the bold,

By

By ev'ry Villain's Hand who dare conspire
In Murder, Robbery, or Midnight Fire.
Oh wretched Rage! Thee, *Cæsar*, Fate design'd,
To rank amongst the Patrons of Mankind;
With brave *Camillus* to enroll thy Fame,
And mix thee with the great *Marcelli's* Name:
While to the *Cinna's* thy fierce Soul inclines,
And with the Slaughter-loving *Marii* joins.
Since then thy Crimes, like theirs, for Justice call,
Beneath our Axe's Vengeance shalt thou fall:
Thee Rebel *Carbo's* Sentence, thee the Fate
Of *Lepidus* and bold *Sertorius* wait.
Believe me yet, (if yet I am believ'd)
My Heart is at the Task unpleasing griev'd:
I mourn to think that *Pompey's* Hand was chose,
His *Julia's* hostile Father to oppose,
And mark thee down amongst the *Romans* Foes.
Oh that return'd in Safety from the East,
This Province Victor *Crassus* had possest;

Ver. 818. *To the* Cinna's.] *Cinna* join'd with and brought *Marius* back to *Rome*.

Ver. 822. *Rebel* Carbo.] *Cn. Papirius Carbo* was a Collegue and Confederate of *C. Marius*. He was put to Death in *Sicily* by *Pompey*.

Lepidus attempting to set aside what had been done by *Sulla's* Authority, was overthrown by his Collegue *Catulus* in the *Campus Martius*, fled into *Sardinia*, and died there.

See the Life of *Sertorius* in *Plutarch*: He can hardly be said to have been conquer'd by *Pompey*.

Digitized by Google

New Honours to his Name thou might'ſt afford,
And die like *Spartacus* beneath his Sword;
Like him have fall'n a Victim to the Laws;
The ſame th' Avenger, and the ſame the Cauſe.
But ſince the Gods do otherwiſe decree,
And give thee, as my lateſt Palm, to me;
Again my Veins confeſs the fervent Juice,
Nor has my Hand forgot the Javelin's uſe.
And thou ſhalt learn, that thoſe who humbly know
To Peace and juſt Authority to bow,
Can, when their Country's Cauſe demands their Care,
Reſume their Ardor, and return to War.
But let him think my former Vigour fled;
Diſtruſt not, you, your General's hoary Head;
The Marks of Age and long declining Years,
Which I your Leader, his whole Army wears:
Age ſtill is fit to Counſel, or Command,
But falters in an unperforming Hand.
Whate'er ſuperior Pow'r a People free
Could to their Fellow-Citizen decree,
All lawful Glories, have my Fortunes known,
And reach'd all heights of Greatneſs but a Crown;

Ver. 842. *Like* Spartacus.] He was a *Thracian* Slave, a Gladiator, who fled with Seventy of his Companions from the Games given by *Lentulus* at *Capua*. He gather'd other Slaves to his Party, and arming them, made up an Army of 70000 Men. With theſe he overcame ſeveral Prætors and Conſuls, and was at laſt vanquiſh'd by *M. Craſſus*.

Who

Who to be more, than *Pompey* was, desires,
To kingly Rule, and Tyranny aspires.
Amidst my Ranks, a venerable Band,
The Conscript Fathers and the Consuls stand.
And shall the Senate and the vanquish'd State
Upon victorious *Cæsar's* Triumph wait?
Forbid it Gods in Honour of Mankind!
Fortune is not so shameless, nor so blind.
What Fame atchiev'd, what unexampled Praise,
To these high Hopes the daring Hero raise?
Is it his Age of War, for Trophies calls
His two whole Years spent on the Rebel *Gauls*?
Is it the hostile *Rhine* forsook with haste?
Is it the shoaly Channel which he past;
That Ocean huge he talks of? Does he boast
His Flight on *Britain's* new discover'd Coast?
Perhaps abandon'd *Rome* new Pride supplies,
He views the naked Town with joyful Eyes;
While from his Rage an armed People flies.
But know, vain Man, no *Roman* fled from thee;
They left their Walls, 'tis true; but 'twas to follow me.
Me, who e're twice the Moon her Orb renew'd,
The Pyrates formidable Fleet subdu'd:
Soon as the Sea my shining Ensigns bore,
Vanquish'd they fled, and sought the safer Shore;
Humbly content their forfeit Lives to save,
And take the narrow Lot my Bounty gave.

Digitized by Google

By me the mighty *Mithridates* chac'd,
Thro' all the Windings of his *Pontus* pass'd.
He who the Fate of *Rome* delay'd so long,
While in Suspence uncertain Empire hung;
He who to *Sylla*'s Fortune scorn'd to yield,
To my prevailing Arms resign'd the Field:
Driv'n out at length, and press'd where-e'er he fled,
He sought a Grave to hide his vanquish'd Head.
O'er the wide World may various Trophies rise,
Beneath the vast Extent of distant Skies;
Me the Cold Bear, the Northern Climates know,
And *Phasis*' Waters thro' my Conquests flow;
My Deeds in *Egypt* and *Syene* live,
Where high Meridian Suns no Shadow give.
Hesperian Batis my Commands obeys,
Who rolls remote to seek the Western Seas.
By me the Captive *Arabs* Hands were bound,
And *Colchians* for their ravish'd Fleece renown'd;
O'er *Asia* wide my conqu'ring Ensigns spread,
Armenia me, and lofty *Taurus* dread;
To me submit *Cilicia*'s warlike Pow'rs,
And proud *Sophene* veils her wealthy Tow'rs:

Ver. 903. *Meridian Suns no Shadow.*] That is, when the Sun is in *Cancer*, under which Sign *Syene* lyes.

Ver. 904. *Hesperian Batis.*] *Spain* was more properly call'd *Hesperia* than *Italy*, as being the Westermost Province of *Europe*: But the Name was at times given to both. *Batis* was a River in *Spain*; it runs by *Corduba* and *Sevil*.

Ver. 911. *Sophene.*] A City in *Armenia*.

The

Digitized by Google

The *Jews* I tam'd, who with Religion bow
To some mysterious Name, which none beside 'em know.
Is there a Land, to sum up all at last,
Thro' which my Arms with Conquest have not past?
The World, by me, the World is overcome,
And *Cæsar* finds no Enemy but *Rome*.
He said. The Crowd in dull Suspension hung,
Nor with applauding Acclamations rung;
No chearful Ardor waves the lifted Head,
Nor military Cries the Fight demand.
The Chief perceiv'd the Soldier's Fire to fail,
And *Cæsar*'s Fame forestalling to prevail;
His Eagles he withdraws with timely Care,
Nor trusts *Rome*'s Fates to such uncertain War.
As when with Fury stung and jealous Rage,
Two mighty Bulls for Sov'raignty engage;
The vanquish'd far to Banishment removes,
To lonely Fields and unfrequented Groves;
There, for a while, with conscious Shame he burns,
And tries on ev'ry Tree his angry Horns:
But when his former Vigour stands confest,
And larger Muscles shake his ample Breast,
With better Chance he seeks the Fight again,
And drives his Rival bellowing o'er the Plain;
Then summon'd the Subject Herd he leads,
And reigns the Master of the fruitful Meads.

Unequal thus to *Cæsar*, *Pompey* yields
The fair Dominion of *Hesperia*'s Fields:
Swift thro' *Apulia* march his flying Pow'rs,
And seek the Safety of *Brundusium*'s Tow'rs.
This City a *Dictæan* People hold,
Here plac'd by tall *Athenian* Barks of Old;
When with false Omens from the *Cretan* Shore,
Their sable Sails victorious *Theseus* bore.
Here *Italy* a narrow Length extends,
And in a scanty Slip projected ends.
A crooked Mole around the Waves she winds,
And in her Folds the *Adriatick* binds.
Nor yet the bending Sheires cou'd form a Bay,
Did not a Barrier Isle the Winds delay,
And break the Seas tempestuous in their way.
Huge Mounds of Rocks are plac'd by Nature's Hand,
To guard around the hospitable Strand;
To turn the Storm, repulse the rushing Tide,
And bid the anch'ring Bark securely ride.
Hence *Nereus* wide the liquid Main displays,
And spreads to various Ports his wat'ry Ways;

Ver. 942. *Dictæan.*] *Cretan* from *Dicte*, a City in that Island. *Lucan* tells us here upon what Occasion the Colony was planted here. *Brundusium* is now call'd *Brindisi*.

Ver. 944. *With false Omens.*] The Sails of *Theseus* ought to have been white, according to his Success: Being black, his Father fearing his Son was dead, threw himself into the Sea: But this is a very known Story.

Whether

Whether the Pilot for *Corcyra* ſtand,
Or for *Illyrian Epidamnus'* Strand.
Hither when all the *Adriatick* roars,
And thund'ring Billows vex the double Shores;
When ſable Clouds around the Welkin ſpread,
And frowning Storms involve *Ceraunia's* Head;
When white with Froth *Calabrian Saſon* lies,
Hither the Tempeſt-beaten Veſſel flies.
Now *Pompey*, on *Heſperia's* utmoſt Coaſt,
Sadly ſurvey'd how all behind was loſt;
Nor to *Iberia* cou'd he force his Way;
Long interpoſing *Alps* his Paſſage ſtay.
At length amongſt the Pledges of his Bed,
He choſe his Eldeſt-born; and thus he ſaid.
Haſte thee, my Son! to ev'ry diſtant Land,
And bid the Nations rouſe at my Command;
Where fam'd *Euphrates* flows, or where the *Nile*
With muddy Waves improves the fat'ning Soil;
Where-e'er diffus'd by Victory and Fame,
Thy Father's Arms have born the *Roman* Name.
Bid the *Cilician* quit the Shore again,
And ſtretch the ſwelling Canvaſs on the Main:

Ver. 959. *Corcyra.*] Now *Corfu.*

Ver. 960. *Epidamnus.*] Afterwards call'd *Dyrrachium*, and now *Durazzo*, on the Coaſt of *Albania* in the Gulf of *Venice.*

Ver. 965. *Saſon.*] The ancient Geographers differ about the Situation of this Iſle. Some (among whom is *Lucan*) place it among the *Italian*, others among the *Grecian* Iſles. Of the latter Opinion is *Cellarius*. *Ceraunia* were Mountains in *Epirus.*

Digitized by Google

Bid *Ptolemy* with my *Tigranes* come,
And bold *Pharnaces* lend his Aid to Rome.
Thro' each *Armenia* spread the loud Alarm,
And bid the cold *Riphæan* Mountains arm.
Pontus and *Scythia*'s wand'ring Tribes explore,
The *Euxine* and *Mœotis*' icy Shore;
Where heavy-loaden Wains slow Journeys take,
And print with groaning Wheels the frozen Lake.
But wherefore should my Words delay thy Hate?
Scatter my Wars around thro' all the East.
Summon the vanquish'd World to share my Fate,
And let my Triumphs on my Ensigns wait.
But you whose Names the *Roman* Annals bear,
You who distinguish the revolving Year;
Ye Consuls! to *Epirus* strait repair,
With the first Northern Winds that wing the Air;

Ver. 981. *Bid* Ptolemy.] These Princes, *Ptolemy*, *Tigranes*, and *Pharnaces* the Son of *Mithridates*, were beholden to *Pompey* for their Kingdoms of *Ægypt*, *Armenia*, and *Bosphorus*.

Ver. 986. *The* Euxine *and* Mœotis.] The *Euxine* is now call'd the *Black Sea*, it discharges itself by the *Hellespont* into the *Propontis*, or Sea of *Marmora*; as the *Palus Mœotis* does into the *Euxine*.

Ver. 994. *You who distinguish.*] Among the *Romans* there were annual Records kept of what happen'd most remarkable to the Publick every Year: These Books were called *Fasti*; and as the Consuls were chosen on the Calends (or First Day) of *January*, their Names were prefix'd to the Account of the ensuing Year.

From

Digitized by Google

From thence the Pow'rs of Greece united rife,
While yet the wint'ry Year the War delays.
So ſpoke the Chief: his Bidding All obey;
Their Ships forſake the Port without Delay,
And ſpeed their Paſſage o'er the yielding Way.
But *Cæſar*, never patient long in Peace,
Nor truſting in his Fortune's preſent Ease,
Chiefly purſues his flying Son behind,
While yet his Fate contain'd to be kind.
Such Towns, ſuch Fortreſſes, ſuch hoſtile Fence,
Swept in the Torrent of one rapid Courſe;
Such Trains of long Succeſs attending ſtill,
And *Rome* her ſelf abandon'd to his Will;
Rome, the contending Party's nobleſt Prize,
To ev'ry Wiſh but *Cæſar*'s might ſuffice.
But he with Empire fir'd and vaſt Deſires,
To All, and nothing leſs than All, aſpires;
He reckons not the paſt, while ought remain'd
Great to be done, or Mighty to be gain'd.
Tho' *Italy* obey his wide Command,
Tho' *Pompey* linger on the fartheſt Strand,
He grieves to think they tread one common Land;
His Heart diſdains to brook a Rival Pow'r,
Ev'n on that utmoſt Margin of the Shore;
Nor wou'd he leave, or Earth, or Ocean free;
The Foe he drives from Land, he bars from Sea.

With

Digitized by Google

With Moles the op'ning Flood he wou'd restrain,
Wou'd block the Port, and intercept the Main;
But deep devouring Seas his Toil deride,
The plunging Quarries sink beneath the Tide,
And yielding Sands the rocky Fragments hide.
Thus, if huge *Gaurus* headlong shou'd be thrown,
In fathomless *Avernus* deep to drown;
Or if from fair *Sicilia*'s distant Strand,
Eryx uprooted by some Gyant Hand,
If pond'rous with his Rocks, the Mountain vast,
Amidst the wide *Ægeum* shou'd be cast;
The rolling Waves o'er either Mass wou'd flow,
And each be lost within the Depths below.
When no firm Basis for his Work he found,
But still it fail'd in Ocean's faithless Ground,
Huge Trees and Barks in massy Chains he bound.
For Planks and Beams he ravages the Wood,
And the tough Boom extends across the Flood.
Such was the Road by haughty *Xerxes* made,
When o'er the *Hellespont* his Bridge he laid.
Vast was the Task, and daring the Design,
Europe and *Asia*'s distant Shores to join,
And make the World's divided Parts combine.

Ver. 1028. *Gaurus.*] Now called *Monte Barbaro* in the Kingdom of *Naples*. *Avernus* is a Lake now call'd *Averno* in the same Country.

Proud

Digitized by Google

Proudly he paſs'd the Flood tumultuous o'er,
Fearleſs of Waves that beat, and Winds that roar:
Then ſpread his Sails, and bid the Land obey,
And thro' mid *Athos* ſaid his Fleet a way.
Like him bold *Cæſar* yoak'd the ſwelling Tide,
Like him the boiſt'rous Elements defy'd;
This floating Bank the ſtrait'ning Entrance bound,
And riſing Turrets ſtembled on the Mound.
But anxious Cares revolve in *Pompey*'s Breaſt,
The new ſurrounding Shores his Thoughts moleſt;
Secret he meditates the Means, to free
And ſpread the War wide-ranging o'er the Sea.
Oft driving on the Work with well-fill'd Sails,
The Cordage ſtretching with the freſh'ning Gales,
Ships with a thund'ring Shock the Mole divide,
And thro' the wat'ry Breach ſecurely glide.
Huge Engines aft by Night their Vengeance pour,
And dreadful ſhoot from far a fiery Show'r;
Thro' the black Shade the darting Flame deſcends,
And kindling o'er the wooden Wall extends.
At length arriv'd with the revolving Night,
The choſen Hour appointed for his Flight:
He bids his Friends prevent the Seaman's Roar,
And ſtill the deaf'ning Clamours on the Shore;

Ver. 1049. *Thro' mid* Athos.] *Xerxes* cut a Channel between the Mountain *Athos* and the Continent of *Macedonia* for his Fleet to paſs through.

No

No Trumpets may the Watch by Hours resound,
Nor sounding Signals call aboard the Crew.
The heav'nly Maid her Course had almost run,
And *Libra* waited on the Rising Sun;
When hush'd in Silence deep they leave the Land:
No loud-mouth'd Voices call with hoarse Command,
To heave the flooky Anchors from the Sand.
Lowly the careful Master's Order's past,
To brace the Yards, and rear the lofty Mast;
Silent they spread the Sails, and Cables haul,
Nor to their Mates for Aid tumultuous call.
The Chief himself to Fortune breath'd a Pray'r,
At length to take him to her kinder Care;
That swiftly he might pass the liquid Deep,
And lose the Land which she forbad to keep.
Hardly the Boon his niggard Fate allow'd,
Unwillingly the murm'ring Seas were plow'd;
The foamy Furrows roar'd beneath his Prow,
And sounding to the Shore alarm'd the Foe.
Strait thro' the Town their swift Pursuit they speed,
(For wide her Gates the faithless City spread)
Along the winding Port they took their Way,
But griev'd to find the Fleet had gain'd the Sea.

Ver. 1072. *The heav'nly Maid.*] The Time both of the Day and the Year is here described to be in the Morning before Sun-rise, about the Beginning of *September*: tho' the Historians here mention *Pompey's* sailing to have been in the Dark before Day.

Cæsar

Cæsar with Rage the lessning Sails descries,
And thinks the Conquest mean, tho' *Pompey* flies.
A narrow Pass the horned Male divides,
Narrow as that where *Euripus'* strong Tides
Beat on *Euboean Chalcis'* rocky Sides:
Here two tall Ships become the Victor's Prey;
Just in the Strait they stuck; the Fees belay;
The crooked Grappling's steely Hold they cast,
Then drag 'em to the hostile Shore with haste.
Here Civil Slaughter first the Sea prophanes,
And purple *Nereus* blush'd in guilty Stains.
The rest pursue their Course before the Wind,
These of the Rear-most only left behind.
So when the *Pagasæan Argo* bore
The *Grecian* Heroes, to the *Colchian* Shore;
Earth her *Cyaneæ* Islands floating sent,
The bold Advent'rers Passage to prevent;

Ver. 1096. *Euripus.*] The Channel between the Island of *Eubœa*, now *Negropont*, and *Greece*. It was very narrow near the City of *Chalcis*, (*Negropont*.

Ver. 1106. *The* Pagasæan Argo.] The Enterprize of *Jason* and the *Argonauts* for the Golden-Fleece is well known: They set out from *Pagasus*, a Port of *Thessaly*. When they came near the *Cyaneæ Insulæ*, or *Symplegades*, now call'd the *Pavonares*, two Islands at the Entrance into the *Euxine* Sea, which were then believ'd to move, they were like to be crush'd between 'em; but as the Ship escap'd, and the malicious Islands were disappointed, it is said they grew sullen, and never mov'd since.

But

But the fam'd Bark a Fragment only loſt,
While ſwiftly o'er the dangerous Gulf ſhe croſt:
Thund'ring the Mountains met and ſhook the Main,
But move no more, ſince that Attempt was vain.
Now thro' Night's Shade the early Dawning broke,
And changing Skies the coming Sun beſpoke;
As yet the Morn was dreſt in duſky White,
Nor purpled o'er the Eaſt with ruddy Light;
At length the *Pleiads* fading Beams gave way,
And dull *Boötes* languiſh'd into Day;
Each larger Star withdrew his fainting Head,
And *Lucifer* from ſtronger *Phœbus* fled;
When *Pompey*, from *Heſperia*'s hoſtile Shore
Eſcaping, for the Azure *Oſſa* bore.
O Hero, happy once, once ſtil'd the Great!
What Turns prevail in thy uncertain Fate!
How art thou chang'd ſince Sov'reign of the Main,
Thy Navies cover'd o'er the liquid Plain!
When the fierce Pyrates fled before thy Prow,
Where-ever Waves could waft, or Winds could blow!
But Fortune is grown weary of Thee now.
With Thee, thy Sons, and tender Wife, prepare
The Toils of War and Baniſhment to bear;
And holy Houſhold-Gods thy Sorrows ſhare.
And yet a mighty Exile ſhalt thou go,
While Nations follow to partake thy Woe.

Far

Digitized by Google

Far lies the Land in which thou art decreed,
Unjuſtly, by a Villain's Hand to bleed.
Nor think the Gods a Death ſo diſtant doom,
To rob thy Aſhes of an Urn in *Rome*;
But Fortune fav'rably remov'd the Crime,
And forc'd the Guilt on *Egypt*'s curſed Clime;
The pitying Pow'rs to *Italy* were good,
And ſav'd her from the Stain of *Pompey*'s Blood.

THE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE THIRD BOOK OF LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

Digitized by Google

The ARGUMENT.

The Third Book begins with the Relation of Pompey's *Dream in his Voyage from* Italy. Cæsar, *who had driven him from thence, after sending* Curio *to provide Corn in* Sicily, *returns to* Rome: *There disdaining the single Opposition of* L. Metellus, *then Tribune of the People, he breaks open the Temple of* Saturn, *and seises on the publick Treasure. Then follows an Account of the several different Nations that took part with* Pompey. *From* Rome Cæsar *passes into* Gaul, *where the* Massilians, *who were reliable to* Pompey, *send an Embassy to propose a Neutrality; this* Cæsar *refuses, and besieges the Town. But meeting with more Difficulties than he expected; he leaves* C. Trebonius *his Lieutenant before* Massilia, *and marches himself into* Spain, *appointing at the same time* D. Brutus *Admiral of a Navy which he had built and fitted out with great Expedition. The* Massilians *likewise send out their Fleet, but are engag'd and beaten at Sea by* Brutus.

Digitized by Google

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK III.

THRO' the mid Ocean now the Navy sails,
Their yielding Canvass stretch'd by Southern Gales.
Each to the vast *Ionian* turns his Eye,
Where Seas and Skies the Prospect wide supply:
But *Pompey* backward ever bent his Look,
Nor to the last his Native Coast forsook.
His wat'ry Eyes the less'ning Objects mourn,
And parting Shores that never shall return;
Still the lov'd Land attentive they pursue,
'Till the tall Hills are veil'd in cloudy Blue,
'Till all is lost in Air, and vanish'd from his View.

At

At length the weary Chieftain sunk to Rest,
And creeping Slumbers soothʼd his anxious Breast:
When, lo! in that short Moment of Repose,
His *Julia*'s Shade a dreadful Vision rose;
Thro' gaping Earth her ghastly Head she rearʼd,
And by the Light of livid Flames appearʼd.
Thy impious Arms (she cryʼd) my Peace infest,
And drive me from the Mansions of the Blest:
No more *Elysium*'s happy Fields I know,
Dragg'd to the guilty *Stygian* Shades below:
I saw the Fury's horrid Hands prepare
New Rage, new Flames to kindle up thy War.
The Sire no longer trusts his single Boat,
But Navies on the joyless River float.
Capacious Hell complains for want of Room,
And seeks new Plagues for Multitudes to come.
Her nimble Hands each fatal Sister plies,
The Sisters lately to the Task suffice.
When thou wert mine, what Laurels crown'd thy Head!
Now thou hast chang'd thy Fortune with thy Bed.
In an ill Hour thy second Choice was made,
To Slaughter thou, like *Orpheus*, art betray'd.
Death is the Dow'r *Cornelia*'s Love affords,
Ruin still waits upon her potent Lords.

Ver. 24. *The Sire.*] *Charon.*
Ver. 29. *The Sisters.*] The Destinies.

While

While yet my Ashes glow'd, she took my Place,
And came a Harlot to thy loose Embrace.
But let her Partner of thy Warfare go,
Let her by Land and Sea thy Labours know;
In all thy broken Sleeps I will be near,
In all thy Dreams sad *Julia* shall appear.
Your Loves shall find no Moment for Delight,
The Day shall all be *Cæsar's*, mine the Night.
Not the dull Stream, where long Oblivions roll,
Shall blot thee out, my Husband, from my Soul.
The Pow'rs beneath my Constancy approve,
And bid me follow wherefoe'er you rove.
Amidst the joining Battels will I stand,
And still remind thee of thy plighted Hand.
Nor think, those sacred Ties no more remain;
The Sword of War divides the Knot in vain,
That very War shall make thee mine again.
The Phantom spoke, and gliding from the Place,
Deluded her astonish'd *Lord's* Embrace.
But he, tho' Gods forewarn him of his Fate,
And Furies with Destruction threatning wait,
With new Resolves his constant Bosom warms,
And fire of Ruin, rushes on to Arms.
What mean these Tenors of the Night? he cries;
Why dance these Visions vain before our Eyes?
Or endless Apathy succeeds to Death,
And Sense is lost with our expiring Breath;

Digitized by Google

Or if the Soul some future Life shall know,
To better Worlds Immortal shall she go:
Whate'er Event the doubtful Question clears,
Death must be still unworthy of our Fears.
Now headlong to the West the Sun was fled,
And half in Seas obscur'd his beamy Head;
Such seems the Moon, while, growing yet, she shines,
Or waining from her fuller Orb declines:
When hospitable Shores appear at hand,
Where fair *Dyrrachium* spreads her friendly Strand.
The Seamen furl the Canvass, strike the Mast,
Then dip their nimble Oars, and landward haste.
Thus while they fled, and less'ning by degrees
The Navy seem'd to hide beneath the Seas;
Cæsar, tho' left the Master of the Field,
With Eyes unpleas'd the Foes Escape beheld:
With fierce Impatience Victory he scorns,
And viewing *Pompey*'s Flight, his Safety mourns.
To vanquish seems unworthy of his Care,
Unless the Blow decides the ling'ring War.
No Bounds his headlong vast Ambition knows,
Nor joys in ought, tho' Fortune all bestows.
At length his Thoughts from Arms and Vengeance cease,
And for awhile revolve the Arts of Peace;
Careful to purchase popular Applause,
And gain the lazy Vulgar to his Cause.

He

Digitized by Google

He knew the conſtant Practice of the Great,
That thoſe who court the Vulgar, bid 'em eat.
When pinch'd with Want all Rev'rence they v[illegible]
For hungry Multitudes obey no Law:
Thus therefore Factions make their Parties good,
And buy Authority and Pow'r with Food.
The Murmurs of the many to prevent,
Curio to fruitful *Sicily* is ſent.
Of old the ſwelling Sea's impetuous Tide
Tore the fair Iſland from *Heſperia*'s Side:
Still foamy Wars the jealous Waves maintain,
For fear the neighb'ring Lands ſhou'd join again.
Sardinia too renown'd for yellow Fields,
With *Sicily* her bounteous Tribute yields;
No Lands a Glebe of richer Tillage boaſt,
Nor waft more Plenty to the *Roman* Coaſt:
Not *Libya* more abounds in wealthy Grain,
Nor with a fuller Harveſt ſpreads the Plain;
Tho' Northern Winds their cloudy Treaſures bear,
To temper well the Soil and ſult'ry Air,
And fatt'ning Rains increaſe the proſp'rous Year.
This done, to *Rome* his way the Leader took:
His Train the rougher ſhews of War forſook;
No Force, no Fears their Hands unarmed bear,
But Looks of Peace and Gentleneſs they wear.
Oh! had he now his Country's Friend return'd,
Had none but barb'rous Foes his Conqueſt mourn'd;

Digitized by Google

What ſwarming Crouds had iſſu'd at the Gate,
On the glad Triumph's length'ning Train to wait!
How might his Wars in various Glories ſhine,
The Ocean vanquiſh'd, and in Bonds the *Rhine*!
How wou'd his lofty Chariot roll along,
Thro' loud Applauſes of the joyful Throng!
How might he view from high his Captive Thralls,
The beauteous *Britons*, and the noble *Gauls*!
But oh! what fatal Honours has he won!
How is his Fame by Victory undone!
No cheerful Citizens the Victor meet,
But hush'd with awful Dread his Paſſage greet.
He too the Horrors of the Croud approv'd,
Joy'd in their Fears, and wiſh'd not to be lov'd.
Now ſteepy *Anxur* paſt, and the moiſt Way,
Which o'er the faithleſs *Pomtine* Marſhes lay;
Thro' *Scythian Diana*'s *Aricinian* Grove,
Cæſar approach'd the Fane of *Alban Jove*.

Ver. 130. *Anxur*,] Now called *Terracina*, a City ſixty Miles Weſt of *Rome*, in the Way between that City and *Naples*.

Ver. 131. Pomtine *Marſhes*.] Theſe are in the Pope's Territories, along the Coaſt of the *Tuſcan* Sea from *Neptuno* to the Weſt of *Terracina*.

Ver. 132. *Thro'* Scythian Diana's Aricinian.] *Aricia* was a City of *Latium*, now a Town and Caſtle in the *Campagna di Roma* on the *Appian* Way. In a Grove near this Place was worſhipp'd an Image of *Diana*, ſaid to be brought thither by *Oreſtes* from *Taurica*.

Thither

Thither with yearly Rites the Consuls come,
And thence the Chief survey'd his Native *Rome*
Wond'ring awhile he view'd her from afar,
Long from his Eyes with-held by distant War.
Fled they from thee, Thou Seat of Gods! (he cry'd)
E're yet the Fortune of the Fight was try'd?
If thou art left, what Prize can Earth afford,
Worth the Contention of the Warrior's Sword?
Well for thy Safety now the Gods provide,
Since *Parthian* Inroads spare thy naked Side:
Since yet no *Scythians* and *Pannonians* join,
Nor warlike *Daci* with the *Getæ* combine;
No Foreign Armies are against thee led,
While thou art curst with such a Coward Head.
A gentler Fate the heav'nly Pow'rs bestow,
A Civil War, and *Cæsar* for thy Foe.
He said; and strait the frighted City fought:
The City with Confusion wild was fraught,
And lab'ring shook with ev'ry dreadful Thought.
They think he comes to ravage, sack, and burn;
Religion, Gods, and Temples to o'erturn.
Their Fears suggest him willing to pursue
Whatever Ills unbounded Pow'r can do.
Their Hearts by one low Passion only move,
Nor dare shew Hate, nor can dissemble Love.
The lurking Fathers, a dishearten'd Band,
Drawn from their Houses forth, by proud Command,

Digitized by Google

In *Palatine Apollo*'s Temple meet,
And ſadly view the Conſuls empty Seat;
No Rods, no Chairs Curule adorn the Place,
Nor purple Magiſtrates th' Aſſembly grace.
Ceſar is all things in himſelf alone,
The ſilent Court is but a Looker on;
With humble Votes obedient they agree,
To what their mighty Subject ſhall Decree:
Whether as King, or God, he will be fear'd,
If Royal Thrones, or Altars, ſhall be rear'd.
Ready for Death, or Baniſhment, they ſtand,
And wait their Doom from his diſpoſing Hand.
But he, by ſecret Shame's Reproaches ſtaid,
Bluſh'd to Command, what *Rome* wou'd have Obey'd.
Yet Liberty thus ſlighted and betray'd,
One laſt Effort with Indignation made:
One Man ſhe choſe to try th' unequal Fight,
And prove the Pow'r of Juſtice againſt Might.

Ver. 161. *In* Palatine Apollo's *Temple.*] Several Hiſtorians tell us, that *Ceſar* coming to *Rome* after *Pompey* had left *Italy*, call'd the Senate together in the Temple of *Apollo* on the *Palatine* Hill. In a Speech to 'em there, he excus'd the War he had undertaken, as a Thing he was compell'd to for his own Defence againſt the Injuries and Envy of a few; and at the ſame time deſir'd they wou'd ſend Meſſengers to *Pompey* and the Conſuls to propoſe a Treaty for accommodating the preſent Differences. *Lucan* in this, as in many other Places, puts *Ceſar*'s Actions in an invidious Light; and the Senate, according to him, make but a very mean Figure upon this Occaſion.

While

Digitized by Google

While with rude Uproar armed Hands eſſay
To make old *Saturn*'s treas'ring Fane their Prey;
The bold *Metellus*, careleſs of his Fate,
Ruſh'd thro', and ſtood to guard the Holy Gate.
So daring is the ſordid Love of Gold!
So fearleſs Death and Dangers can behold!
Without a Blow defenceleſs fell the Laws;
While Wealth, the baſeſt, moſt inglorious Cauſe,
Againſt oppreſſing Tyranny makes head,
Finds Hands to fight, and Eloquence to plead.
The buſtling Tribune, ſtruggling in the Croud,
Thus warns the Victor of the Wrong aloud.

Thro' me, thou Robber! force thy horrid way,
My ſacred Blood ſhall ſtain thy impious Prey.
But there are Gods, to urge thy guilty Fate;
Sure Vengeance on thy Sacrilege ſhall wait.
Remember, by the Tribunes Curſe purſu'd,
Craſſus, too late, the Violation ru'd.
Pierce then my Breaſt, nor ſhall the Crime diſpleaſe,
This Croud is us'd to Spectacles like theſe.

Ver. 180. *Old* Saturn's *treas'ring Fane.*] The Temple of *Saturn* was the Place where the publick Treaſure was kept.

Ver. 181. *The bold* Metellus.] He was then the Tribune of the People, an Office accounted ſo ſacred, that the Cauſe of *M. Craſſus*'s great Overthrow and Death in *Parthia*, was look'd upon as the Effect of his being curs'd by *Atreius* the Tribune as he left *Rome*.

Digitized by Google

In a forſaken City are we left,
Of Virtue with her nobleſt Sons bereft.
Why ſeek'ſt thou Ours? Is there not foreign Gold?
Towns to be ſack'd, and People to be ſold?
With thoſe reward the Ruffian Soldier's Toil;
Nor pay him with thy ruin'd Country's Spoil.
Haſt thou not War? Let War thy Wants provide.
He ſpoke. The Victor high in Wrath, reply'd.
Sooth not thy Soul with hopes of Death ſo vain,
No Blood of thine my conqu'ring Sword ſhall ſtain.
Thy Titles and thy popular Command,
Can never make thee worthy *Caſar*'s Hand.
Art thou thy Country's ſole Defender! Thou!
Can Liberty and *Rome* be fall'n ſo low!
Nor Time, nor Chance breed ſuch Confuſions yet,
Nor are the Mean ſo rais'd, nor ſunk the Great;
But Laws themſelves would rather chuſe to be
Suppreſs'd by *Caſar*, than preſerv'd by thee.
He ſaid. The ſtubborn Tribune kept his Place,
While Anger redden'd on the Warrior's Face;
His wrathful Hand deſcending graſp'd his Blade,
And half forgot the peaceful Part he play'd.
When *Cotta* to prevent the kindling Fire,
Thus ſooth'd the raſh *Metellus* to retire.
Where Kings prevail, all Liberty is loſt,
And none but he who Reigns can Freedom boaſt;

Some

Some Shadow of the Bliſs thou ſhalt retain,
Chuſing to do what Sov'reign Pow'rs ordain:
Vanquiſh'd and long accuſtom'd to ſubmit,
With Patience underneath our Loads we ſit;
Our Chains alone our ſlaviſh Fears excuſe,
While we bear Ill, we know not to refuſe.
Far hence the fatal Treaſures let him bear,
The Seeds of Miſchief, and the Cauſe of War.
Free States might well a Loſs like this deplore;
In Servitude none miſs the publick Store,
And 'tis the Curſe of Kings for Subjects to be poor.
The Tribune with unwilling Steps withdrew;
While impious Hands the rude Aſſault renew:
The brazen Gates with thund'ring Strokes reſound,
And the *Tarpeian* Mountain rings around.
At length the ſacred Store-houſe, open laid,
The hoarded Wealth of Ages paſt diſplay'd;
There might be ſeen the Sums proud *Carthage* ſent,
Her long impending Ruin to prevent.
There heap'd the *Macedonian* Treaſures ſhone,
What great *Flaminius* and *Æmilius* won
From vanquiſh'd *Philip*, and his hapleſs Son.

Ver. 242. *Carthage ſent.*] At the End of the firſt *Punick* War the *Carthaginians* were obliged to pay 1200 Talents, at the ſecond 10000. Every Talent was worth 187 *l.* 10 *s.* of our Money.

Ver. 245. *What great* Flaminius.] *Philip* King of *Macedonia* was vanquiſh'd by T. Q. *Flaminius*, and his Son *Perſes* by *Paulus Æmilius*. *Perſes* was led in Triumph.

Digitized by Google

There lay, what flying *Pyrrhus* loſt, the Gold
Scorn'd by the Patriot's Honeſty of old:
Whate'er our parſimonious Sires cou'd ſave,
What Tributary Gifts rich *Syria* gave;
The hundred *Cretan* Cities ample Spoil;
What *Cato* gather'd from the *Cyprian* Iſle.
Riches of Captive Kings by *Pompey* born,
In happier Days his Triumph to adorn,
From utmoſt *India* and the riſing Morn;
Wealth infinite, in one rapacious Day,
Became the needy Soldiers lawleſs Prey:
And wretched *Rome*, by Robbery laid low,
Was poorer than the Bankrupt *Ceſar* now.
Meanwhile the World, by *Pompey*'s Fate alarm'd,
Nations ordain'd to ſhare his Fall had arm'd.
Greece firſt with Troops the neighb'ring War ſupply'd,
And ſent the Youth of *Phocis* to his Side;

See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Paulus Æmilius*, where the Magnificence of that Triumph, and the miſerable Condition of *Perſes*, are deſcrib'd at large.

Ver. 248. *Scorn'd by the Patriot's Honeſty.*] The Money offer'd by *Pyrrhus* to *Fabricius*, and refus'd by him.

Ver. 250. *Rich* Syria,] Pay'd by *Antiochus*, beſide what was given by *Attalus* King of *Pergamus*.

Ver. 251. Cretan *Cities.*] *Crete*, now *Candia*, was vanquiſh'd and plunder'd by *Q. Metellus*. The elder *Cato* brought 7000 Talents from *Cyprus*.

Ver. 259. *Bankrupt* Cæſar.] *Cæſar*, by the great Sums of Money which he had laviſhly expended in promoting his Intereſt, had run himſelf prodigiouſly in Debt.

Ver. 263. *Phocis*,] A Country of *Achaia* in *Greece* between

From *Cyrrha* and *Amphiſa*'s Tow'rs they mov'd,
And high *Parnaſſus* by the Muſe belov'd;
Cephiſſus' ſacred Flood Aſſiſtance lends,
And *Dirce*'s Spring her *Theban* Leaders ſends.
Alpheus too affords his *Piſa*'s Aid;
By *Piſa*'s Walls the Stream is firſt convey'd,
Then ſeeks thro' Seas the lov'd *Sicilian* Maid.
From *Manalus Arcadian* Shepherds ſwarm,
And Warriors in *Herculean Trachyn* arm;
The *Dryopes Chaonia*'s Hills forſook,
And *Selle* left *Dodona*'s ſilent Oak.

tween *Ætolia* and *Bœotia*, in which were the Mountains *Parnaſſus* and *Helicon*, the Fountain *Hippocrene*, the City of *Delphos*, *Cyrrha* and *Amphiſia*, now *Salona*. 'Tis at this time part of a Province call'd *Livadia*.

Ver. 266. *Cephiſſus*,] Now *Ceſiſſo*, a River of *Greece* that falls into the Gulf of *Negropont*. It riſes in the Mountains of *Phocis*, and is called ſacred from the Neighbourhood of its Springs to the *Delphick* Oracle.

Ver. 267. *Dirce*,] A Fountain near *Thebes*.

Ver. 267. *Alpheus*.] A River of *Arcadia*, famous for his Love to *Arethuſa* the Water-Nymph in *Sicily*, and paſſing thro' the Sea from *Greece* to *Sicily* without mixing his Waters for her ſake. See *Ovid. Metam.*

Ver. 271. *Manalus*,] A Hill in *Arcadia*.

Ver. 272. *Trachinia*,] A little Territory of *Phthiotis* in *Greece*, on the Coaſt of the *Maliacan* Gulf, where the City *Heraclea*, thence call'd alſo *Trachin*, ſtands.

Ver. 273. *Dryopes*.] Inhabitants of *Chaonia* (now *la Canina*) part of *Epirus*.

Ver. 274. *Selle*,] People of the ſame Country. *Jupiter*'s Oraculous Oak or Grove at *Dodona* was then ſilent, and had been ſo for ſome time.

The'

Tho' *Athens* now had drain'd her Naval Store,
And the *Phœbean* Arſenal was poor,
Three Ships of *Salamis* to *Pompey* came;
To vindicate their Iſle's conteſted Name,
And juſtifie the ancient *Attick* Claim.
Jove's Cretan People haſtening to the War,
The *Gnoſſian* Quiver and the Shaft prepare;
The bending Bow they draw with deadly Art,
And rival ev'n the flying *Parthian's* Dart.

Ver. 276. Phœbean *Arſenal.*] The *Athenians* had, not improperly, dedicated their Arſenal to *Phœbus*, ſince his Oracle had firſt adviſ'd 'em to defend their City with wooden Walls, (that is) with Ships.

The latter part of this Paſſage is very obſcure, and the Commentators are a good deal puzzled about it. *Beroaldus* fancies it relates to an old Diſpute between the *Megarenſes* and *Athenians* concerning the Propriety of *Salamis*, in which the former were caſt, and the Iſland adjudged to the latter upon the Evidence of a Verſe in *Homer*. The other Interpretation is, that this Paſſage alludes to another *Salamis* in *Cyprus*, according to that of *Horace*.

Ambiguam tellure Nova Salamina futuram.

As if it were to confirm the Opinion of this *Athenian Salamis*, being the firſt and true one. In the Tranſlation, I have endeavour'd to take in both theſe Senſes.

Ver. 280. Jove's Cretan *People.*] *Creta* was famous for the Birth, and even for the Burial of *Jupiter*. *Gnoſſus* was one of the Hundred Cities in that Iſland.

Wild-

Wild *Athamanes* there in the Woods delight.
With *Dardan Oriciniens* unites.
With these th' *Enchelie* who the Name partake,
Since *Theban Cadmus* first became a Snake:
The *Colchians* planted on *Illyrian* Shores,
Where rushing down *Absyrtes* foamy wears;
With those where *Peneus* runs, and lowly Swains,
Whose Ploughs divide *Iolcos* fruitful Plains.
From thence, e'er yet the Seaman's Art was taught,
Rude *Argo* thro' the Deep a Passage fought;
She first explor'd the distant foreign Land,
And shew'd her Strangers to the wondring Strand:
Then Nations Nations knew, in Leagues were join'd,
And universal Commerce mix'd Mankind.
By her made bold, the daring Race defy'd
The Winds tempestuous, and the swelling Tide:

Ver. 284. *Athamanes,*] People of the Mountains in *Epirus*.

Ver. 286. *Dardan Oriciniens.*] *Oricum*, or *Orion*, a Town of *Epirus* call'd *Dardan*, from being formerly subject to *Helenus* and *Andromache*.

Ver. 285. *Enchelie,*] People of *Illyria*, where *Cadmus* and *Hermione* were said to be turn'd into Snakes; the Word Ἔγχελυς signifies a kind of Serpent in *Greek*.

Ver. 289. *Absyrtes,*] Is said to be a River and Island of the same Name on the Coast of *Illyria*, where *Absyrtes* the Brother of *Medea* was cut to Pieces. *Callarius* mentions only the Islands *Absyrtides*.

Ver. 290. *Peneus,*] Was a River, and *Iolcos* a Sea-port Town in *Thessaly*, from whence the *Argonauts* set forth with *Jason*.

Much

Much she enlarg'd Deiphobus's ample Pow'r,
And open'd ways to Death unknown before.
Then *Pholoe*'s Heights, that fabled *Centaurs* boast,
And *Thracian Haemus* then his Warriors lost.
Then *Strymon* was forsook, whose wintry Flood
Commits to warmer *Nile* his feather'd Brood;
Then Bands from *Cone* and from *Peuce* came,
Where *Ister* loses his divided Stream;
From *Idalis* where cold *Caicus* flows,
And where *Arisbe*, thin, her sandy Surface strows;
From *Pytane*, and sad *Celene*'s Walls,
Where now in Stridons the vanquish'd *Marsyas* falls:

Ver. 302. *Pholoe,*] A Mountain in *Arcadia*, inhabited by *Centaurs*.

Ver. 303. *Haemus,*] Or *Æmus*, a Mountain in *Thrace*.

Ver. 304. *Strymon,*] A River of *Thrace*, whose Banks abounded with Cranes, now called *Ischar*, in the *European Turkey*.

Ver. 306. *Cone* and *Peuce.*] The latter of these was an Island amongst the Mouths of the *Ister* or *Danube*; the former was likewise thereabouts.

Ver. 308. *From* Idalis.] The Commentators explain the *Tellus Idalis* in this Place to be the Territory about Mount *Ida*, which must be a great Mistake in Geography; for *Caicus* is a River in *Mysia major*, a great way distant from *Ida*. It seems rather to have been a Town; and *Pliny* actually mentions one of that Name in this Part of *Asia*.

Ver. 309. *Arisbe,*] A Town in *Troas*.

Ver. 310. *From* Pytane *and sad* Celenæ.] *Pytane* was a Town not far from the Mouth of the River *Caicus*. *Celene* was a City near the Head of the River *Marsyas*, the fabulous Story of which is; That he found the Pipes *Pallas* had in Disdain thrown away, and pragmatically set up

for

Digitized by Google

Still his lamenting Progeny deplore;
Minerva's tuneful Gift, and *Phœbus*' Pow'r;
While thro' ſteep Banks his Torrent ſwift he leads,
And with *Meander* winds among the Meads.
Proud *Lydia*'s Plains ſend forth her wealthy Sons,
Paſtolus there, and golden *Hermus* runs:
From Earth's dark Womb hid Treaſures they convey,
Aud rich in yellow Waters riſe to Day.
From *Ilium* too ill-omen'd Enſigns move,
Again ordain'd their former Fate to proves
Their Arms they rang'd on *Pompey*'s hapleſs Side,
Nor fought a Chief to *Dardan* Kingdom ally'd:
Tho' Tales of *Troy* proud *Cæſar*'s Lineage grace,
With great *Æneas* and the *Julian* Race.
The *Syrians* ſwift *Orontes*' Banks forſake,
And from *Idume*'s Palms their Journey take;
Damaſcus obvious to the driving Wind,
With *Nimos*', and with *Gaza*'s Force is join'd.

for as good a Muſician as *Apollo*; by whom he was firſt vanquiſh'd, and then flea'd. But ſome compaſſionate Nymphs, who had ſo good a Taſte as to like the Performance of *Marſyas* better than that of *Apollo*, turn'd him into a River which falls into the *Meander*.

Ver. 327. *Idume*,] The ſame that is call'd in the Holy Scriptures *Edom*.

Ver. 329. *Nimos*,] A City of *Aſſyria* built by *Ninus*, the Husband of *Semiramis*. Some take it to be the ſame with *Nineve*.

Unſtable

Unstable *Tyre* now knit to firmer Ground,
With *Sidon* for her purple Shells renown'd,
Safe in the *Cynosure*, their glitt'ring Guide,
With well-directed Navies stem the Tide.
Phœnicians first, if ancient Fame be true,
The sacred Mystery of Letters knew;
They first by Sound in various Lines design'd,
Expreſt the Meaning of the thinking Mind;
The Pow'r of Words by Figures rude convey'd,
And useful Science everlasting made.
Then *Memphis*, e'er the ready Leaf was known,
Engrav'd her Precepts and her Arts in Stone;
While Animals in various Order plac'd,
The learned Hieroglyphick Column grac'd.

Ver. 330. Tyre *and* Sidon.] Two celebrated Maritime Towns on the Coaſt of *Phœnicia*, famous for the making of Purple, and their other Commerce and Navigation. *Tyre* was formerly an Iſland, but was join'd to the Continent by *Alexander* the Great. According to *Lucan* in this Place, they uſed to make their Obſervations, and direct their Courſe at Sea, by the *Cynoſura* or Leſſer Bear.

Ver. 334. Phœnicians *firſt*.] *Cadmus* is ſaid to be the firſt who brought the Uſe and Knowledge of Letters from amongſt the *Phœnicians* into *Greece*. Himſelf perhaps was the Inventor of 'em: 'till then, the *Ægyptians*, among whom the earlieſt Dawnings of Learning began, deliver'd their Knowledge down to Poſterity by Hieroglyphicks, or Figures carv'd upon Stone Pillars. Afterwards, when Letters were found out, they were the firſt who made Paper of a certain Flag or Reed growing in the Marſhes of the *Nile*, call'd *Biblos* and *Papyrus*.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then left they lofty *Taurus'* spreading Grove,
And *Tarsos*, built by *Perseus*, born of *Jove*;
Then *Mallian*, and *Corycian* Tow'rs they leave,
Where moulding Rocks disclose a gaping Cave.
The bold *Cilicians*, Pyrates now no more,
Unfurl a juster Sail, and ply the Oar;
To *Ege*'s Port they gather all around,
The Shores with shouting Mariners resound.
Far in the East War spreads the loud Alarm,
Where Worshippers of distant *Ganges* arm;
Right to the breaking Day his Waters run,
The only Stream that braves the rising Sun.
By this strong Flood, and by the Ocean bound,
Proud *Alexander*'s Arms a Limit found;
Vain in his Hopes the Youth had grasp'd at all,
And his vast Thought took in the vanquish'd Ball:
But own'd, when forc'd from *Ganges* to retreat,
The World too mighty, and the Task too great.

Ver. 344. *Taurus*,] A famous Mountain in *Asia*, most properly the Part which divides *Cilicia* and *Pamphylia* from *Armenia*.

Ver. 345. *Tarsos*,] A City of *Cilicia*, famous among Christians for the Birth of St. *Paul*.

Ver. 346. *Then* Mallian.] *Mallos*, *Ægæ* and *Coricium* were Sea-ports of *Cilicia*, at the latter of these was a remarkable Cave. *Lucan* observes very well here, that the *Cilicians* were engaged in a just Cause now, and not upon the same Foot as when they were famous for their Piracies, and vanquish'd by *Pompey*.

Then

Then on the Banks of *Indus* Nations rose,
Where unperceiv'd the mix'd *Hydaspes* flows:
In Numbers vast they coast the rapid Flood,
Strange in their Habit, Manners, and their Food.
With Saffron Dyes their dangling Locks they stain,
With glitt'ring Gems their flowing Robes constrain,
And quaff rich Juices from the luscious Cane.
On their own Funerals and Death they smile,
And living leap amidst the burning Pile;
Heroick Minds! that can e'en Fate command,
And bid it wait upon a mortal Hand;
Who full of Life forsake it as a Feast,
Take what they like, and give the Gods the rest.
Descending then fierce *Cappadocian* Swains,
From rude *Amanus'* Mountains sought the Plains.
Armenians from *Niphates'* rolling Stream,
And from their lofty Woods *Coastrians* came.

Ver. 363. *Hydaspes,*] A River that rises in the Northermost Part of *India*, toward the Mountain *Imaus*, and falls into the *Indus*.

Ver. 368. *And quaff rich Juices.*] These were Sugar-Canes undoubtedly, tho' the *Saccharum*, or Sugar, of the Ancients was not like ours, but only the Juice squeez'd out and mingled with their Drink.

Ver. 369. *On their own Funerals.*] These are still the Manners of the *Brachmans* in *India*.

Ver. 376. *Amanus,*] A Mountain in *Cilicia*.

Ver. 378. *Coastrians.*] These People *Grotius*, from *Pliny*, makes Neighbours to the *Palus Mœotis*, perhaps the *Choraxi*

Then wond'ring, *Arabs* from the ſult'ry Line
For ever Northward ſaw the Shade incline.
Then did the Madneſs of the *Roman* Rage
Carmanian and *Oloſtrian* Chiefs engage:
Beneath far diſtant Southern Heav'ns they lie,
Where half the ſetting *Bear* forſakes the Sky,
And ſwift our ſlow *Boötes* ſeems to fly.
Theſe Furies to the Sun-burn'd *Æthiops* ſpread,
And reach the great *Euphrates'* riſing Head.
One Spring the *Tigris* and *Euphrates* know,
And join'd awhile the kindred Rivers flow;
Scarce cou'd we judge between the doubtful Claim,
If *Tigris*, or *Euphrates*, give the Name:

raxi mentioned thereabouts by *Cellarius*. Others call 'em *Castra*, and aſſign them to the Mountains between *Aſſyria* and *Media*.

Ver. 380. *For ever Northward.*] The People of *Arabia Felix*, who lye between the Tropicks, while they were at home were uſed to ſee the Shadow fall ſometimes to the North, and ſometimes to the South, as the Sun was on this or that Side of 'em; but when they came without the Tropick of *Cancer*, they might very eaſily be ſurpriz'd to ſee the Sun always South, and the Shadow of Conſequence always falling to the North.

Ver. 382. Carmanian *and* Oloſtrian.] The firſt were People between *Perſia* and *India*, the latter about the Mouths of the River *Indus*.

Ver. 384. *The ſetting Bear.*] The Elevation of the North Pole is ſo very ſmall in thoſe Countries, that thoſe Conſtellations, which never ſet with us, appear very little above the Horizon there.

But

Digitized by Google

But ſoon *Euphrates'* parting Waves divide,
Cov'ring like fruitful *Nile* the Country wide.
While *Tigris* ſinking from the ſight of Day,
Thro' Subterranean Channels cuts his Way;
Then from a ſecond Fountain ſprings again,
Shoots ſwiftly on, and rushing ſeeks the Main.
The *Parthian* Pow'rs, to neither Chief a Friend,
The doubtful Iſſue in Suſpence attend;
With neutral Eaſe they view the Strife from far,
And only lend Occaſion to the War.
Not ſo the *Scythians* where cold *Boſphor.* flows,
Or where *Hircania's* wilder Forreſt grows,
Their baneful Shafts they dip, and ſtring their deadly Bows.
Th' *Heniochi* of *Sparta's* valiant Breed,
Skilful to preſs, and rein the fiery Steed.
Sarmatians with the fiercer *Moſchi* join'd,
And *Colchians* rich where *Phaſis'* Waters wind,
To *Pompey's* Side their Aid aſſembling bring,
With *Halys*, fatal to the *Lydian* King;

Ver. 401. *Lend Occaſion to the War.*] The Death of *Craſſus*. See the Firſt Book, Ver. 200.

Ver. 405. *Heniochi,*] People near the *Euxine* Sea, planted there by *Amphytus* and *Telechius*, the Charioteers (ſo the Word *Heniochi* ſignifies in *Greek*) of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*.

Ver. 407. Sarmatians *and* Moſchi,] *Tartars* and *Ruſſians*.

Ver. 408. *Colchis,*] famous for the Golden Fleece. The River *Phaſis* runs thro' that Country into the *Euxine*.

Ver. 410. *With* Halys, *fatal,*] *Halys* was a River that ſerv'd as a Boundary between *Lydia* and *Media*. It was famous

Digitized by Google

With *Tanais* falling from *Rhipæan* Snows,
Who forms the World's Division as he goes:
With noblest Names his rising Banks are crown'd,
This stands for *Europe's*, that for *Asia's* Bound;
While, as they wind, his Waves with full Command,
Diminish, or enlarge th' adjacent Land.
Then arm'd the Nations on *Cimmerian* Shores,
Where thro' the *Bosphorus Mœotis* roars,
And her full Lake amidst the *Euxine* pours.
This Strait, like that of *Hercules*, supplies
The Midland Seas, and bids th' *Ægean* rise.
Sithonians fierce, and *Arimaspians* bold,
Who bind their plaited Hair in shining Gold,
The *Gelon* nimble, and *Arctian* strong,
March with the hardy *Massagets* along:
The *Massagete*, who at his savage Feast
Feeds on the generous Steed which once he prest.
Not *Cyrus* when he spread his Eastern Reign,
And hid with Multitudes the *Lydian* Plain;
Not haughty *Xerxes*, when, his Pow'r to boast,
By Shafts he counted all his mighty Host;

famous for the quibbling Oracle given to *Cræsus*, that *Passing over* Halys *he should subvert a mighty Empire*; which he took to be that of the *Medes*, and the Oracle meant his own.

Ver. 411. *Tanais.*] The *Don* among the *Tartars*.

Ver. 422. *Sithonians,*] with the other Names here mention'd, were *Scythians* or *Tartars*.

Ver. 431. *By Shafts he counted.*] *Herodotus* tells us, that *Xerxes* in a Review of that prodigious Army with which he

Digitized by Google

Not he who drew the *Grecian* Chiefs along,
Bent to revenge his injur'd Brother's Wrong;
Or with ſuch Navies plow'd the foamy Main,
Or led ſo many Kings, amongſt their warlike Train.
Sure in one Cauſe ſuch Numbers never yet,
Various in Countries, Speech, and Manners, met;
But Fortune gather'd, o'er the ſpacious Ball,
Theſe Spoils, to grace her once-lov'd Fav'rite's Fall.
Nor then the *Libyan Moor* with-held his Aid,
Where ſacred *Ammon* lifts his horned Head:
All *Africk*, from the Weſtern Ocean's Bound,
To Eaſtern *Nile*, the Cauſe of *Pompey* own'd.
Mankind aſſembled for *Pharſalia*'s Day,
To make the World at once the Victor's Prey.
Now, trembling *Rome* forſook, with ſwifteſt haſte,
Ceſar the cloudy *Alpine* Hills had paſt.
But while the Nations, with Subjection tame,
Yield to the Terrors of his mighty Name;
With Faith uncommon to the changing *Greeks*,
What Duty bids, *Maſſilia* bravely ſeeks;

he invaded *Greece*, commanded every Soldier as he paſs'd by to ſhoot an Arrow, by counting which he might have an exact Account of the whole Number of his Forces.

Ver. 432. *Not he who drew the* Grecian *Chiefs.*] *Agamemnon.*

Ver. 451. *Maſſilia,*] A City of *France*, now famous by the Name of *Marſeilles*. It is ſaid to have been firſt built by the *Macedonians*, and afterwards decaying, to have been rebuilt by the Inhabitants of *Phocæa* in *Aſia Minor*, who were

Digitized by Google

And true to Oaths, their Liberty and Laws,
To ſtronger Fate prefer the juſter Cauſe.
But firſt to move his haughty Soul they try,
Intreaties and Perſuaſion ſoft apply;
Their Brows *Minerva*'s peaceful Branches wear,
And thus in gentleſt Terms they greet his Ear.
When foreign Wars moleſt the *Roman* State,
With ready Arms our glad *Maſſilians* wait,
To ſhare your Dangers, and partake your Fate.
This our unſhaken Friendſhip vouches well,
And your recording Annals beſt can tell.
Ev'n now we yield our ſtill devoted Hands,
On foreign Foes to wreak your dread Commands:
Wou'd you to Worlds unknown your Triumphs ſpread?
Behold! we follow whereſoe'er you lead.
But if you rouſe at Diſcord's baleful Call,
If *Romans* fatally on *Romans* fall;

were driven out of their Country by the Power of *Cyrus*. They are very often miſtaken for, and ſuppos'd to be deſcended from, the Inhabitants of *Phocis* in *Greece*, eſpecially by *Lucan*, who in this Story of the Siege frequently calls 'em *Greeks*.

When *Cæſar* underſtood that *Domitius*, whom he had lately taken Priſoner, and releas'd at *Corfinium*, had put himſelf into this City, that favour'd *Pompey*, he ſent for Fifteen of the principal Men out of the Town, and adviſ'd 'em not to draw a War upon themſelves, by their Partiality and blind Obedience to one Man. They had ſhut their Gates againſt him, and beſought him with the ſofteſt Terms of Civility to go on, and leave them in what they call'd a Neutrality; but *Cæſar* ſaw thro' their Artifice, and laid a cloſe Siege to the Town.

All

Digitized by Google

All we can offer, is, a pitying Tear,
And constant Refuge for the Wretched here.
Sacred to us you are: Oh may no Stain
Of *Latian* Blood our Innocence prophane!
Should Heav'n it self be rent with civil Rage,
Shou'd Giants once more with the Gods engage;
Officious Piety wou'd hardly dare
To proffer *Jove* Assistance in the War.
Man unconcern'd and humble shou'd remain,
Nor seek to know whose Arms the Conquest gain,
Jove's Thunder will convince 'em of his Reign.
Nor can your horrid Discords want our Swords,
The wicked World its Multitudes affords;
Too many Nations at the Call will come,
And gladly join to urge the Fate of *Rome*.
Oh had the rest like us their Aid deny'd,
Your selves must then the guilty Strife decide;
Then, who, but shou'd with-hold his lifted Hand
When for his Foe he saw his Father stand?
Brothers their Rage had mutually repress,
Nor driv'n their Jav'lins on a Brother's Breast.
Your War had ended soon; had your not those
Hands for the Work, which Nature meant for Foes:
Who Strangers to your Blood, in Arms delight,
And rush remorseless to the cruel Fight.
Briefly, the Sum of all that we request
Is, to receive thee, as our honour'd Guest;

Let

Digitized by Google

Let those thy dreadful Ensigns shine afar,
Let *Cæsar* come, but come without the War.
Let this one Place from impious Rage be free;
That, if the Gods the Peace of *Rome* decree,
If your relenting Angers yield to treat,
Pompey and thou, in Safety, here may meet.
Then, wherefore do'ſt thou quit thy purpos'd Way?
Why, thus, *Iberia*'s nobler Wars delay?
Mean, and of little Conſequence we are,
A Conqueſt much unworthy of thy Care.
When *Phœbi*' Tow'rs were laid in Aſhes low,
Hither we fled for Refuge from the Foe;
Here, for our plain Integrity renown'd,
A little Town in narrow Walls we bound:
No Name in Arms, nor Victories we boaſt,
But live poor Exiles on a foreign Coaſt.
If thou art bent on Violence at laſt,
To burſt our Gates, and lay our Bulwarks waſte,
Know we are equally reſolv'd, whate'er
The Victor's Fury can inflict, to bear.
Shall Death deſtroy, ſhall Flames the Town o'erturn?
Why—— Let our People bleed, our Buildings burn.
Wo't thou forbid the living Stream to flow?
We'll dig, and ſearch the wat'ry Stores below.
Hunger and Thirſt with Patience will we meet,
And, what offended Nature nauſeates, Eat.

Digitized by Google

Like brave *Saguntum* daring to be free,
Whate'er they ſuffer'd, we'll expect from Thee.
Babes, raviſh'd from the fainting Mother's Breaſt,
Shall headlong in the burning Pile be caſt.
Matrons ſhall bare their Boſoms to their Lords,
And beg Deſtruction from their pitying Swords;
The Brother's Hand the Brother's Heart ſhall wound,
And univerſal Slaughter rage around.
If Civil Wars muſt waſte this hapleſs Town,
No Hands ſhall bring that Ruin but our own.
Thus ſaid the *Grecian* Meſſengers. When lo!
A gath'ring Cloud involv'd the *Roman*'s Brow;
Much Grief, much Wrath his troubled Viſage ſpoke,
Then into theſe diſdainful Words he broke.
This truſting in our ſpeedy March to *Spain*,
Theſe Hopes, this *Grecian* Confidence is vain;
Whate'er we purpoſe, Leiſure will be found
To lay *Maſſilia* level with the Ground:
This bears, my valiant Friends, a ſound of Joy;
Our uſeleſs Arms, at length, ſhall find Employ.
Winds loſe their Force, that unreſiſted fly,
And Flames unfed by Fuel, ſink and die.

Ver. 522. *Like brave* Saguntum,] Now call'd *Morviedro*, in the Kingdom of *Valencia* in *Spain*. It was famous for the Siege it ſuſtain'd againſt *Hannibal*. The Inhabitants, after Eight or Nine Months Reſiſtance, and ſuffering the laſt Extremities, choſe rather to burn themſelves and every thing that was dear or precious to them, than ſurrender to him.

Our

Digitized by Google

Our Courage thus would ſoften in Repoſe,
But Fortune, and Rebellion yield us Foes.
Yet, mark! what Love their friendly Speech expreſt!
Unarm'd and ſingle *Cæſar* is their Gueſt.
Thus, firſt they dare to ſtop me on my Way,
Then ſeek with fawning Treaſon to betray.
Anon, they pray that civil Rage may ceaſe:
But War ſhall ſcourge 'em for thoſe hopes of Peace;
And make 'em know the preſent Times afford,
At leaſt while *Cæſar* lives, no Safety like the Sword.
He ſaid; and to the City bent his way:
The City, fearleſs all, before him lay,
With armed Hands her Battlements were crown'd,
And luſty Youth the Bulwarks mann'd around.
Near to the Walls, a riſing Mountain's Head
Flat with a little level Plain is ſpread:
Upon this Height the wary Chief deſigns
His Camp to ſtrengthen with ſurrounding Lines.
Lofty alike, and with a warlike Men,
Maſſilia's neighb'ring Cittadel is ſeen;
An humble Valley fills the Space between.
Strait he decrees the middle Vale to fill,
And run a Mole athwart from Hill to Hill.
But firſt a lengthning Work extends its way,
Where open to the Land the City lay,
And from the Camp projecting joins the Sea.

Digitized by Google

Low sinks the Ditch, the turphy Breast-works rise,
And cut the captive Town from all Supplies.
While gazing from their Tow'rs, the *Greeks* bemoan
The Meads, the Fields, and Fountains once their own.
Well have they thus acquir'd the noblest Name,
And consecrated these their Walls to Fame.
Fearless of *Cæsar*, and his Arms they stood,
Nor drove before the headlong rushing Flood:
And while he swept whole Nations in a Day,
Massilia bad th' impatient Victor stay,
And clog'd his rapid Conquest with Delay.
Fortune a Master for the World prepar'd,
And these th' approaching Slavery retard.
Ye Times to come record the Warriors' Praise,
Who lengthen'd out expiring Freedom's Days.
Now while with Toil unweary'd rose the Mound,
The sounding Ax invades the Groves around;
Light Earth and Shrubs the middle Banks supply'd,
But firmer Beams must fortifie the Side;
Least when the Tow'rs advance their pond'rous Height,
The mould'ring Mass should yield beneath the Weight.
Not far away for Ages past had stood
An old inviolated sacred Wood;

Ver. 591. *Unviolated sacred Wood.*] I cannot but think *Tasso* took the Hint of his inchanted Wood, in the Thirteenth Book of his *Gierusalemme Liberata*, from this of *Lucan*.

Whose

Digitized by Google

Whose gloomy Boughs, thick interwoven, made
A chilly cheerless everlasting Shade:
There, nor the rustick Gods, nor Satyrs sport,
Nor Fawns and Sylvans with the Nymphs resort:
But barb'rous Priests some dreadful Pow'r adore,
And lustrate ev'ry Tree with human Gore.
If Mysteries in Times of Old receiv'd,
And pious Ancientry be yet believ'd,
There nor the feather'd Songster builds her Nest,
Nor lonely Dens conceal the savage Beast:
There no tempestuous Winds presume to fly,
Ev'n Lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely by.
No wanton Breezes tos the dancing Leaves,
But shiv'ring Horror in the Branches heaves.
Black Springs with pitchy Streams divide the Ground,
And bubling tumble with a sullen Sound.
Old Images of Forms mis-shapen stand,
Rude and unknowing of the Artist's Hand;
With hoary Filth begrim'd, each ghastly Head
Strikes the astonish'd Gazer's Soul with Dread.
No Gods, who long in common Shapes appear'd,
Were e'er with such religious Awe rever'd:
But zealous Crouds in Ignorance adore,
And still the less they know, they fear the more.
Oft (as Fame tells) the Earth in Sounds of Woe
Is heard to groan from hollow Depths below;

Digitized by Google

The baleful Yew, tho' dead, has oft been ſeen
To riſe from Earth, and ſpring with dusky Green;
With ſparkling Flames the Trees unburning ſhine,
And round their Boles prodigious Serpents twine.
The pious Worſhippers approach not near,
But ſhun their Gods, and kneel with diſtant Fear:
The Prieſt himſelf, when, or the Day, or Night,
Rowling have reach'd their full Meridian Height,
Refrains the gloomy Paths with wary Feet,
Dreading the *Demon* of the Grove to meet;
Who, terrible to Sight, at that fix'd Hour,
Still treads the Round about his dreary Bow'r.
This Wood near neighb'ring to th' encompaſs'd Town,
Untouch'd by former Wars remain'd alone;
And ſince the Country round it naked ſtands,
From hence the *Latian* Chief Supplies demands.
But lo! the bolder Hands, that ſhould have ſtruck,
With ſome unuſual Horror trembling ſhook;
With ſilent Dread and Rev'rence they ſurvey'd,
The Gloom Majeſtick of the ſacred Shade:
None dares with impious Steel the Bark to rend,
Leaſt on himſelf the deſtin'd Stroke deſcend.
Ceſar perceiv'd the ſpreading Fear to grow,
Then, eager, caught an Ax, and aim'd a Blow.
Deep ſunk within a violated Oak
The wounding Edge, and thus the Warrior ſpoke.

Now,

Digitized by Google

Now, let no doubting Hand the Task decline;
Cut you the Wood, and let the Guilt be mine.
The trembling Bands unwillingly obey'd;
Two various Ills were in the Ballance laid,
And *Cæsar's* Wrath against the Gods was weigh'd.
Then *Jove's Dodonian* Tree was forc'd to bow;
The lofty Ash and knotty Holm lay low;
The floating Alder by the Current born,
The Cypress by the noble *Mourner* worn,
Veil their Aerial Summits, and display
Their dark Recesses to the golden Day;
Crouding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
And heap'd on high the leafy Piles arise.
With Grief, and Fear, the groaning *Gauls* beheld
Their holy Grove by impious Soldiers fell'd;
While the *Massilians*, from th' encompass'd Wall,
Rejoyc'd to see the Sylvan Honours fall:
They hope such Pow'r can never prosper long,
Nor think the patient Gods will bear the Wrong.
But Ah! too oft Success to Guilt is giv'n,
And Wretches only stand the Mark of Heav'n.
With Timber largely from the Wood supply'd,
For Wains the Legions search the Country wide;

Ver. 650. Jove's Dodonian *Tree.*] At *Dodona* in *Epirus* *Jupiter* was said to give Oracles out of an Oak.

Digitized by Google

Then from the crooked Plow unyoak the Steer,
And leave the Swain to mourn the fruitless Year.
Meanwhile, impatient of the lingring War,
The Chieftain to *Iberia* bends afar,
And gives the Leaguer to *Trebonius*' Care.
With diligence the deſtin'd Task he plies;
Huge Works of Earth with ſtrength'ning Beams arife:
High tott'ring Tow'rs, by no fix'd Baſis bound,
Roll nodding on along the ſtable Mound.

Ver. 672. *To* Trebonius' *Care.*] *Caſar* had ſent *Caius Fabius* with three Legions into *Spain*, to diſlodge *Afranius*, a Lieutenant of *Pompey*'s in the *Pyreneam* Straights; and now himſelf leaving *C. Trebonius* to beſiege *Maſſilia* by Land, and *Decius Brutus* to ſhut it up by Sea, goes with 900 Horſe into *Spain* to join *Fabius*.

Ver. 675. *High tott'ring Tow'rs.*] The *Turres Mobiles*, or moveable Turrets, made uſe of by the *Romans* in Sieges, were of two Sorts, the Leſſer and the Greater: The leſſer Sort were about 60 Cubits high, and the ſquare Sides 17 Cubits broad. They had Five or Six, and ſometimes Ten Stories or Diviſions, every Diviſion being made open on all Sides. The great Turret was 120 Cubits high, and 23 Cubits ſquare, containing ſometimes 15, ſometimes 20 Diviſions. They were of very great Uſe in making Approaches to the Walls, the Diviſions being capable of carrying Soldiers with Engines, Ladders, Caſting-Bridges, and other Neceſſaries. The Wheels on which they went were contriv'd to be within the Planks, to defend them from the Enemy; and the Men who were to drive 'em forward ſtood behind where they were moſt ſecure. The Soldiers in the Inſide were protected by Raw Hides; which were thrown over the Turret in ſuch Places as were moſt expos'd.

The

Digitized by Google

The *Greeks* with Wonder on the Movement look,
And fancy Earth's Foundations deep are ſhook;
Fierce Winds they think the Beldame's Entrails tear,
And anxious for their Walls and City fear:
The *Romans* from the lofty Top looks down,
And rains a winged War upon the Town.
Nor with leſs active Rage the *Grecians* burn,
But larger Ruin on their Foes return;
Nor Hands alone the miſſile Deaths ſupply,
From nervous Croſs-Bows whiſtling Arrows fly;
The ſteely Corſlet and the Bone they break,
Thro' Multitudes their fatal Journeys take;
Nor wait the ling'ring *Parca's* ſlow delay,
But wound, and to new Slaughter wing their way.
Now by ſome vaſt Machine a pond'rous Stone,
Pernicious, from the hoſtile Wall is thrown;
At once, on many, ſwift the Shock deſcends,
And the cruſh'd Carcaſſes confounding blends.
So rolls ſome falling Rock by Age long worn,
Looſe from its Root by raging Whirlwinds torn,
And thund'ring down the Precipice is born,
O'er craſhing Woods the Maſs is ſeen to ride,
To grind its Way, and plain the Mountain's ſide.

Ver. 691. *Now by ſome vaſt Machine.*] The Machine here mention'd is what the *Romans* call'd *Baliſta*. Throwing of Stones was the proper Uſe of it; as the *Catapulta* was for large Darts and Spears, and the *Scorpio* for leſſer Darts or Arrows. *Dr.* Kennet's *Roman Antiquities.*

Digitized by Google

Gall'd with the Shot from far, the Legions join,
Their Bucklers in the warlike Shell combine;
Compact and close the brazen Roof they bear,
And in just Order to the Town draw near:
Safe they advance, while with unweary'd Pain
The wrathful Engines waste their Stores in vain;
High o'er their Heads the destin'd Deaths are toss'd,
And far behind in vacant Earth are lost;
Nor sudden cou'd they change their erring Aim,
Slow and unwieldy moves the cumbrous Frame.
This seen, the *Greeks* their brawny Arms employ,
And hurl a stony Tempest from on high:
The clatt'ring Show'r the sounding Fence assails;
But vain, as when the stormy Winter hails,
Nor on the solid Marble Roof prevails:
'Till tir'd at length the Warriors fall their Shields
And, spent with Toil, the broken *Phalanx* yields.
Now other Stratagems the War supplies,
Beneath the *Vines* close th' Assailant lies;

Ver. 701. *The Warlike Shell.*] The *Testudo* or Shell was a Figure the *Roman* Infantry threw themselves into, with their Shields over their Heads to protect 'em.

Ver. 716. *Phalanx*] This properly signifies a square Body of Infantry used by the *Macedonians*, but is taken here at large for any Body of Foot.

For the *Vinea*, see before, *Book* II.

The Ram is describ'd in *Josephus*, and is not unknown to most Readers. Of this likewise see Dr. *Kennet* in *B.* IV. *Cap.* 19.

The

The ſtrong Machine, with Planks and Turf beſpread,
Moves to the Walls its well-defended Head;
Within the Covert ſafe the Miners lurk,
And to the deep Foundation urge their Work.
Now juſtly poiſ'd the thund'ring Ram they fling,
And drive him forceful with a launching Spring;
Happ'ly to looſe ſome yielding Part at length,
And ſhake the firm cemented Bulwark's Strength.
But from the Town the *Grecian* Youth prepare
With hardy Vigour to repel the War:
Crouding they gather on the Rampart's height,
And with tough Staves and Spears maintain the Fight;
Darts, Fragments of the Rock, and Flames they throw,
And tear the planky Shelter fix'd below;
Around by all the warring Tempeſt beat,
The baffled *Romans* ſullenly retreat.
Now by Succeſs the brave *Maſſilians* fir'd,
To Fame of higher Enterprize aſpir'd;
Nor longer with their Walls Defence content,
In daring Sallies they the Foe prevent.
Nor arm'd with Swords, nor pointed Spears they go,
Nor aim the Shaft, nor bend the deadly Bow:
Fierce *Mulciber* ſupplies the bold Deſign,
And for their Weapons kindling Torches ſhine.
Silent they iſſue thro' the gloomy Night,
And with broad Shields reſtrain the beamy Light:

Sudden

Sudden the Blaze on ev'ry side began,
And o'er the *Latian* Works resistless ran;
Catching, and driving with the Wind it grows,
Fierce thro' the Shade the burning Deluge glows;
Nor Earth, nor greener Planks its Force delay,
Swift o'er the hissing Beams it rolls away:
Embrown'd with Smoke the wavy Flames ascend,
Shiver'd with Heat the crackling Quarries rend;
Till with a Roar at last, the mighty Mound,
Tow'rs, Engines, all, come thund'ring to the Ground:
Wide-spread the discontinuous Ruins lie,
And vast Confusion fills the Gazer's Eye.
Vanquish'd by Land, the *Romans* seek the Main,
And prove the Fortune of the wat'ry Plain;
Their Navy, rudely built, and rigg'd in haste,
Down thro' the rapid *Rhone* descending past.
No golden Gods protect the shining Prow,
Nor silken Streamers lightly dancing flow;
But rough in stable Floorings lies the Wood,
As in the native Forrest once it stood.
Rearing above the rest her tow'ry Head,
Brutus' tall Ship the floating Squadron led.
To Sea soon wafted by the hasty Tide,
Right to the *Stœchades* their Course they guide.

Ver. 768. *Stœchades.*] The Isles of *Hieres*, not far from *Toulon*, on the Coast of *Provence*.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to urge their Fate, with equal Care,
Massilia for the naval War prepares:
All Hands the City for the Task requires,
And arms her Striplings young, and hoary Sires;
Vessels of ev'ry sort and size she fits,
And speedy to the briny Deep commits.
The crazy Hulk, that, worn with Winds and Tides,
Safe in the Dock, and long neglected, rides,
She planks anew, and Calks her leaky Sides.

Now rose the Morning, and the golden Sun
With Beams refracted on the Ocean shone;
Clear was the Sky, the Waves from Murmur ceas'd,
And ev'ry ruder Wind was hush'd in Peace;
Smooth lay the glassy Surface of the Main,
And offer'd to the War its ample Plain:
When to the destin'd Stations all repair;
Here *Cæsar*'s Pow'rs, the Youth of *Phocis* there.
Their brawny Arms are bar'd, their Oars they dip,
Swift o'er the Water glides the nimble Ship;
Feels the strong Blow the well compacted Oak,
And trembling springs at each repeated Stroke.
Crooked in Front the *Lasian* Navy stood,
And wound a bending Crescent o'er the Flood.
With four full Banks of Oars advancing high,
On either Wing the larger Vessels ply,
While in the Center safe the lesser Galliots lie.

Brutus

Brutus the firſt, with eminent Command,
In the tall Admiral is ſeen to ſtand;
Six Rows of length'ning Pines the Billows ſweep,
And heave the Burthen o'er the groaning Deep.
Now Prow to Prow advance each hoſtile Fleet,
And want but one conceiving Stroke to meet,
When Peals of Shouts and mingling Clamours roar,
And drown the brazen Trump, and plunging Oar.
The bruſhing Pine the frothy Surface plies,
While on their Banks the luſty Rowers riſe:
Each brings the Stroke back on his ample Cheſt,
Then firm upon his Seat he lights repreſt.
With claſhing Beaks the launching Veſſels meet,
And from the mutual Shock alike retreat.
Thick Clouds of flying Shafts the Welkin hide,
Then fall, and floating ſtrow the Ocean wide.
At length the ſtretching Wings their Order leave,
And in the Line the mingling Foe receive:
Then might be ſeen, how, daſh'd from ſide to ſide,
Before the ſtemming Veſſels drove the Tide;
Still as each Keel her foamy Furrow plows,
Now back, now forth, the Surge obedient flows.
Thus warring Winds alternate Rule maintain,
And this, and that way, roll the yielding Main.
Maſſilia's Navy, nimble, clean, and light,
With beſt Advantage ſeek or ſhun the Fight;

With

With ready Ease all answer to Command,
Obey the Helm, and feel the Pilot's Hand.
Not so the *Romans*; cumbrous Hulks they lay,
And slow and heavy hung upon the Sea;
Yet strong, and for the closer Combat good,
They yield firm footing on th' unstable Flood.
This *Brutus* saw, and to the Master cries,
(The Master in the lofty Poop he spies,
Where streaming the *Praetorian* Enfign flies;)
Still wo't thou bear away, still shift thy Place,
And turn the Battel to a wanton Chace?
Is this a time to play so mean a Part,
To tack, to veer, and bout thy trifling Art?
Bring to. The War shall Hand to Hand be try'd;
Oppose thou to the Foe our ample side,
And let us meet like Men. The Chieftain said;
The ready Master the Command obey'd,
And side-long to the Foe the Ship was laid.
Upon his Waste fierce fall the thund'ring *Greeks*,
Fast in his Timber stick their brazen Beaks;
Some lie by Chains and Grapplings strong compell'd,
While others by the tangling Oars are held:
The Seas are hid beneath the closing War,
Nor need they cast the Jav'lin now from far;
With hardy Strokes the Combatants engage,
And with keen Faulchions deal their deadly Rage:

Man

Man againſt Man, and Board by Board they lie,
And on thoſe Decks their Arms defended die.
The rolling Surge is ſtain'd around with Blood,
And foamy Purple ſwells the riſing Flood;
The floating Carcaſſes the Ships delay,
Hang on each Keel, and intercept her Way;
Helpleſs beneath the Deep the dying ſink,
And Gore, with briny Ocean mingling, drink.
Some, while amidſt the tumbling Waves they ſtrive,
And ſtruggling with Deſtruction float alive,
Or by ſome pond'rous Beam are beaten down,
Or ſink transfix'd by Darts at random thrown.
That fatal Day no Jav'lin flies in vain,
Miſſing their Mark, they wound upon the Main.
It chanc'd, a warrior Ship on *Ceſar*'s ſide,
By two *Maſſilian* Foes was warmly ply'd;
But with divided Force ſhe meets th' Attack,
And bravely drives the bold Aſſailants back:
When from the lofty Poop, where fierce he fought,
Tagus to ſeize the *Grecian* Ancient ſought,
But double Death his daring Hand repreſs'd,
One Spear transfix'd his Back, and one his Breaſt,
And deadly met within his heaving Cheſt.
Doubtful awhile the Flood was ſeen to ſtay,
At length the ſteely Shafts at once gave way;
Then fleeting Life a twofold Paſſage found,
And ran divided from each ſtreaming Wound.

Hither

Hither his Fate unhappy *Telon* led,
To naval Arts from early Childhood bred;
No Hand the Helm more skilfully cou'd guide,
Or stem the Fury of the boist'rous Tide:
He knew what Winds shou'd on the Morrow blow,
And how the Sails for Safety to bestow;
Celestial Signals well he cou'd descry,
Cou'd judge the radiant Lights that shine on high,
And read the coming Tempest of the Sky.
Full on a *Latian* Bark his Beak he drives,
The brazen Beak the shiv'ring Alder rives;
When from some hostile Hand, a *Roman* Dart,
Deep piercing, trembled in his panting Heart:
Yet still his careful Hand its Task supplies,
And turns the guiding Rudder as he dies.
To fill his Place bold *Gyareus* essay'd,
But passing from a neighb'ring Ship was slay'd:
Swift thro' his Loins a flying Jav'lin struck,
And nail'd him to the Vessel he forsook.
Friendlike, and side by side, two Brethren fought,
Whom, at a Birth, their fruitful Mother brought:
So like the Lines of each resembling Face,
The same the Features, and the same the Grace,
That fondly erring oft' their Parents look,
And each, for each, alternately mistook:
But Death, too soon, a dire Distinction makes,
While one, untimely snatch'd, the Light forsakes.

His

His Brother's Form the ſad Survivor wears,
And ſtill renews his hapleſs Parents Tears:
Too ſure they ſee their ſingle Hope remain,
And while they bleſs the Living, mourn the Slain.
He, the bold Youth, as Board and Board they ſtand,
Fix'd on a *Roman* Ship his daring Hand;
Full on his Arm a mighty Blow deſcends,
And the torn Limb from off the Shoulder rends;
The rigid Nerves are cramp'd with ſtiff'ning Cold,
Convulſive graſp, and ſtill retain their Hold.
Nor ſunk his Valour by the Pain depreſt,
But nobler Rage inflam'd his mangled Breaſt:
His Left remaining Hand the Combat tries,
And fiercely forth to catch the Right he flies,
The ſame hard Deſtiny the Left demands,
And now a naked helpleſs Trunk he ſtands.
Nor daigns he, tho' defenceleſs to the Foe,
To ſeek the Safety of the Hold below;

Ver. 905. *He, the bold Youth.*] The Elder of the two, ſuppoſe. This Place is in Imitation of *Virgil*, Æn. 10.

Daucia Larida Thimberque ſimillima Proles
Indiſcreta ſuis gratuſque, &c.

And after him the Daucian *Twins were ſlain,*
Laris *and* Timbrus, *on the* Latian *Plain;*
So wondrous like in Feature, Shape, and Size,
As caus'd an Error in their Parent's Eyes:
Grateful Miſtake! but ſoon the Sword decides
The nice Diſtinction, and their Fate divides.
Mr. Dryden.

For

Digitized by Google

For ev'ry coming Jav'lin's Point prepar'd,
He ſteps between, and ſtands his Brother's Guard;
'Till fix'd, and horrid with a Wood of Spears,
A thouſand Deaths at others aim'd he wears.
Reſolv'd at length his utmoſt Force t'exert,
His Spirits gather'd to his fainting Heart,
And the laſt Vigour rous'd in ev'ry Part;
Then nimble from the *Grecian* Deck he roſe,
And with a Leap ſprung fierce amidſt his Foes:
And when his Hands no more cou'd wreak his Hate,
His Sword no more cou'd miniſter to Fate,
Dying he preſt 'em with his hoſtile Weight.
O'er-charg'd the Ship with Careaſſes and Blood,
Drunk faſt at many a Leak the briny Flood;
Yielding at length the Waters wide give way,
And fold her in the Boſome of the Sea;
Then o'er her Head returning rolls the Tide,
And cov'ring Waves the ſinking Hatches hide.
That fatal Day was Slaughter ſeen to reign,
In Wonders various, on the liquid Plain.
On *Lycidas* a ſteely Grappling ſtruck;
Struggling he drags with the tenacious Hook,
And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy Wave,
But that his Fellows ſtrove their Mate to ſave;
Clung to his Legs, they claſp him all they can,
The Grappling tugs, aſunder tries the Man:

No

No ſingle Wound the gaping Rupture ſeems,
Where trickling Crimſon wells in ſlender Streams;
But from an Op'ning horrible and wide,
A thouſand Veſſels pour the burſting Tide:
At once the winding Channel's Courſe was broke,
Where wand'ring Life her mazy Journey took:
At once the Currents all forgot their way,
And loſt their Purple in the Azure Sea.
Soon from the lower Parts the Spirits fled,
And motionleſs th' exhauſted Limbs lay dead:
Not ſo the nobler Regions, where the Heart,
And heaving Lungs their vital Pow'rs exert;
There ling'ring late, and long conflicting, Life
Roſe againſt Fate, and ſtill maintain'd the Strife:
Driv'n out at length, unwillingly and ſlow,
She left her mortal Houſe, and ſought the Shades below.
While eager for the Fight, an hardy Crew
To one ſole Side their Force united drew,
The Bark, unapt th' unequal Poiſe to bear,
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her loweſt Keel in Air:
In vain his active Arms the Swimmer tries,
No Aid the Swimmer's uſeleſs Art ſupplies;
The Cov'ring vaſt o'erwhelming ſhuts 'em down,
And helpleſs in the hollow Hold they drown.
One Slaughter terrible above the reſt,
The fatal Horror of the Fight expreſt.

Digitized by Google

As o'er the crouded Surface of the Flood
A youthful Swimmer swift his Way pursu'd;
Two meeting Ships, by equal Fury prest,
With hostile Prows transfix'd his ample Breast:
Suspended by the dreadful Shock he hung,
The brazen Beaks within his Bosom rung;
Blood, Bones, and Entrails, mashing with the Blow,
From his pale Lips a hideous mixture flow.
At length the backing Oars the Fight restrain,
The lifeless Body drops amidst the Main;
Soon enter at the Breach the rushing Waves,
And the salt Stream the mingled Carcass laves.
Around the war'ry Champain wide dispread,
The living Shipwracks float amidst the Dead;
With active Arms the liquid Deep they ply,
And panting to their Mates for Succour cry:
Now to some social Vessel prest they near,
Their Fellows pale the crouding Numbers fear;
With ruthless Hearts their well known Friends withstand,
And with keen Faulchions lop each grasping Hand;
The dying Fingers cling and clench the Wood,
The heavy Trunk sinks helpless in the Flood.
Now spent was all the Warriors steely Store,
New Darts they seek, and other Arms explore,
This wields a Flag-staff, that a pond'rous Oar.
Wrath's ready Hands are never at a loss;
The Fragments of the shatter'd Ship they toss.

The

Digitized by Google

The useless Rower from his Seat is cast,
Then fly the Benches, and the broken Mast.
Some seizing, as it sinks, the breathless Coarse,
From the cold Grasp the Blood-stain'd Weapon force.
Some from their own fresh bleeding Bosoms take,
And at the Foe the dropping Javlin shake:
The left-Hand stays the Blood, and sooths the Pain,
The right sends back the reeking Spear again.

Now Gods of various Elements conspire,
To *Nereus*, *Vulcan* joins his hostile Fire;
With Oils, and living Sulphur, Darts they frame,
Prepar'd to spread afar the kindling Flame;
Around, the catching Mischiefs swift succeed,
The floating Hulks their own Destruction feed;
The smeary Wax the bright'ning Blaze supplies,
And wavy Fires from pitchy Planks arise:
Amidst the Flood the ruddy Torrent strays,
And fierce upon the scatt'ring Shipwrecks preys,
Here one with haste a flaming Vessel leaves;
Another, spent and beaten by the Waves,
As eager to the burning Ruin cleaves.

Ver. 1008. *With Oils.*] This was a Composition like our Wildfire. The Ancients had a sort of Darts, which they call'd *Phalarica*, which were dawb'd or wound about with combustible Matter: Their Use was to be shot into a Ship, Wooden Tower, or any thing that was to be set on Fire.

Amidst

Digitized by Google

Amidſt the various ways of Death to kill,
Whether by Seas, by Fires, or wounding Steel,
The dreadfulleſt is that, whoſe preſent Force we feel.
Nor Valour leſs her fatal Rage maintains,
In daring Breaſts that ſwim the liquid Plains:
Some gather up the Darts that floating lie,
And to the Combatants new Deaths ſupply.
Some ſtruggling in the Deep the War provoke,
Riſe o'er the Surge, and aim a languid Stroke.
Some with ſtrong Graſp the Foe conflicting join,
Mix Limbs with Limbs, and hoſtile Wreathings twine,
'Till plunging, preſſing to the Bottom down,
Vanquiſh'd, and Vanquiſhers, alike they drown.
One, chief above the reſt, is mark'd by Fame,
For wat'ry Fight, and *Phoceus* was his Name:
The heaving Breath of Life he knew to keep,
While long he dwelt within the loweſt Deep;
Full many a Fathom down he had explor'd,
For Treaſures loſt, old Ocean's oozy Hoard;
Oft' when the flooky Anchor ſtuck below,
He ſunk, and bad the captive Veſſel go.
A Foe he ſeiz'd cloſe cleaving to his Breaſt,
And underneath the tumbling Billows preſt:
But when the skillful Victor wou'd repair,
To upper Seas, and ſought the freer Air;
Hapleſs beneath the crouding Keels he roſe,
The crouding Keels his wonted way oppoſe;

Back

Digitized by Google

Back beaten, and astonish'd with the Blow,
He sinks, to bide for ever now below.
Some hang upon the Oars with weighty Force,
To intercept the hostile Vessel's Course;
Some to the last the Cause they love defend,
And valiant Lives by useful Deaths wou'd end;
With Breasts oppos'd the thund'ring Beaks they brave,
And what they fought for living, dying save.
As *Tyrrhen*, from a *Roman* Poop on high,
Ran o'er the various Combat with his Eye;
Sure aiming, from his *Balearic* Thong,
Bold *Ligdamus* a pond'rous Bullet flung;
Thro' liquid Air the Ball strait whistling flies,
And cuts its way thro' hapless *Tyrrhen*'s Eyes.
Th' astonish'd Youth stands struck with sudden Night,
While bursting start the bleeding Orbs of Sight.
At first he took the Darkness to be Death,
And thought himself amidst the Shades beneath;
But soon recov'ring from the stunning Sound,
He liv'd, unhappily he liv'd, he found.
Vigour at length, and wonted Force returns,
And with new Rage his valiant Bosome burns:
To me, my Friends, (he cry'd) your Aid supply,
Nor useless let your Fellow-Soldier die;
Give me, oppos'd against the Foe, to stand,
While like some Engine you direct my Hand,

And

And thou, my poor remaining Life, prepare
To meet each Hazard of the various War;
At leaſt, my mangled Carcaſs ſhall pretend
To interpoſe, and ſhield ſome valiant Friend:
Plac'd like a Mark their Darts I may ſuſtain,
And, to preſerve ſome better Man, be ſlain.
Thus ſaid, unaiming he a Jav'lin threw,
The Jav'lin wing'd, with ſure Deſtruction flew;
In *Argus* the deſcending Steel takes place,
Argus, a *Grecian*, of illuſtrious Race.
Deep ſinks the piercing Point, where to the Loins
Above the Navel high the Belly joins;
The ſtagg'ring Youth falls forward on his Fate,
And helps the goring Weapon with his Weight.
It chanc'd, to ruthleſs Deſtiny deſign'd,
To the ſame Ship his aged Sire was join'd:
While young, for high Atchievements was he known,
The firſt in fair *Maſſilia* for Renown;
Now an Example meerly, and a Name,
Willing to rouſe the younger Sort he came,
And fire their Souls to emulate his Fame.
When from the Prow, where diſtant far he ſtood,
He ſaw his Son lie welt'ring in his Blood;
Soon to the Poop, oft' ſtumbling in his haſte,
With falt'ring Steps the feeble Father paſt.
No falling Tears his wrinkled Cheeks bedew,
But ſtiff'ning Cold and motionleſs he grew:

Digitized by Google

Deep Night and deadly Shades of Darkneſs riſe,
And hide his much-lov'd *Argus* from his Eyes.
As to the dizzy Youth the Sire appears,
His dying, weak, unwieldy Head he rears;
With lifted Eyes he caſt a mournful Look,
His pale Lips mov'd, and fain he wou'd have ſpoke;
But unexpreſs'd th' imperfect Accent hung,
Loſt in his falling Jaws and murm'ring Tongue:
Yet in his ſpeechleſs Viſage ſeems expreſt,
What, had he Words, wou'd be his laſt Requeſt:
That aged Hand to ſeal his cloſing Eye,
And in his Father's fond Embrace to die.
But he, when Grief with keeneſt Senſe revives,
With Nature's ſtrongeſt Pangs conflicting ſtrives;
Let me not loſe this Hour of Death, he cries,
Which my indulgent Deſtiny ſupplies;
And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my Son,
If thy dear Lips, and laſt Embrace I ſhun.
Warm from thy Wound the purple Current flows,
And vital Breath yet heaving comes and goes:
Yet my ſad Eyes behold thee, yet alive,
And thou ſhalt, yet, thy wretched Sire ſurvive.
He ſaid, and fierce, by frantick Sorrow preſt,
Plung'd his ſharp Sword amidſt his aged Breaſt:
And tho' Life's guſhing Streams the Weapon ſtain,
Headlong he leaps amidſt the greedy Main;

While

Digitized by Google

While this laſt Wiſh ran ever in his Mind,
To die, and leave his darling Son behind;
Eager to part, his Soul diſdain'd to wait,
And truſt uncertain to a ſingle Fate.
And now *Maſſilia*'s vanquiſh'd Force gives way,
And *Cæſar*'s Fortune claims the doubtful Day.
The *Grecian* Fleet is all diſpers'd around,
Some in the Bottom of the Deep lie drown'd;
Some, Captives made, their haughty Victors bore,
While ſome, but thoſe a few, fled timely to the Shore.
But oh! what Verſe, what Numbers can expreſs,
The mournful City, and her ſore Diſtreſs!
Upon the Beach lamenting Matrons ſtand,
And Wailings eccho o'er the lengthning Strand:
Their Eyes are fix'd upon the Waters wide,
And watch the Bodies driving with the Tide.
Here a fond Wife, with pious Error, preſt
Some hoſtile *Roman* to her throbbing Breaſt;
There to a mangled Trunk two Mothers run,
Each graſps, and each would claim it for her Son;
Each, what her boding Heart perſwades, believes,
And for the laſt ſad Office fondly ſtrives.
But *Brutus* now victorious on the Main,
To *Cæſar* vindicates the wat'ry Plain;
Firſt to his Brow he binds the Naval Crown,
And bids the ſpacious Deep the mighty Maſter own.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE FOURTH BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

Digitized by Google

The ARGUMENT.

Cæſar *having join'd* Fabius, *whom he had ſent before him into* Spain, *encamps upon a riſing Ground near* Ilerda, *and not far from the River* Sicoris: *There, the Waters being ſwollen by great Rains endanger his Camp; but the Weather turning fair and the Floods abating,* Pompey's *Lieutenants,* Afranius *and* Petreius, *who lay over-againſt him, decamp ſuddenly.* Cæſar *follows, and encamps ſo as to cut off their Paſſage, or any Uſe of the River* Iberus. *As both Armies lay now very near to each other, the Soldiers on both ſides knew, and ſaluted one another; and forgetting the oppoſite Intereſt and Factions they were engag'd in, ran out from their ſeveral Camps, and embrac'd one another with great Tenderneſs. Many of* Cæſar's *Soldiers were invited into the Enemy's Camp, and feaſted by their Friends and Relations. But* Petreius *apprehending this Familiarity might be of ill Conſequence to his Party, commanded 'em all (tho' againſt the Rules of Humanity and Hoſpitality) to be kill'd. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards* Ilerda; *but is prevented, and incloſ'd by* Cæſar; *to whom, both himſelf and* Afranius, *after their Army had ſuffer'd extreamly for want of Water and other Neceſſaries, are compell'd to ſurrender, without asking any other Conditions than that they might not be compell'd to take on in his Army: This* Cæſar, *with great Generoſity, grants, and diſmiſſes 'em. In the meanwhile,* C. Antonius, *who commanded for* Cæſar *near* Salonæ, *on the Coaſt of* Dalmatia, *being ſhut up by* Octavius, Pompey's *Admiral, and deſtitute of Proviſions, had attempted by help of ſome Veſſels, or floating Machines of a new Invention, to paſs thro'* Pompey's *Fleet: Two of 'em by advantage of the Tide found means to eſcape, but the third, which carried a thouſand* Opitergians *commanded by* Vulteius, *was intercepted by a Boom laid under the Water. Theſe when they found it impoſſible to get off, at the Perſuaſion, and by the Example of their Leader, ran upon one another's Swords and dy'd. In* Africa *the Poet introduces* Curio *enquiring after the Story of* Hercules *and* Antæus, *which is recounted to him by one of the Natives, and afterwards relates the Particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and kill'd by* Juba.

Digitized by Google

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK IV.

BUT *Cæsar* in *Iberian* Fields afar,
Ev'n to the Western Ocean spreads the War;
And tho' no Hills of Slaughter heap the Plain,
No Purple Deluge leaves a guilty Stain,
Vast is the Prize, and great the Victor's Gain.
For *Pompey*, with alternative Command,
The brave *Petreius*, and *Afranius* stand:

Ver. 5. *Vast is the Prize.*] The Reduction of *Afranius* and *Petreius*, *Pompey*'s Lieutenants in *Spain*, with so little Bloodshed, was of great Advantage to *Cæsar*, as it secur'd that Province to him upon which *Pompey* principally rely'd, and left him at Liberty to prosecute the War more powerfully in other Places.

Digitized by Google

The Chiefs in Friendſhip's juſt Conditions join,
And, cordial to the Common Cauſe, combine;
By Turns they quit, by Turns reſume the Sway.
The Camp to guard, or Battle to array;
To theſe their Aid the nimble *Vettons* yield,
With thoſe who till *Aſturia*'s hilly Field;
Nor wanted then the *Celtiberians* bold,
Who draw their long Deſcent from *Celtick Gauls* of Old.
Where riſing Grounds the fruitful Champain end,
And unperceiv'd by ſoft Degrees aſcend;
An ancient Race their City choſe to found,
And with *Ilerda*'s Walls the Summit crown'd.
The *Sicoris*, of no ignoble Name,
Faſt by the Mountain pours his gentle Stream.
A ſtable Bridge runs croſs from Side to Side,
Whoſe ſpacious Arch tranſmits the paſſing Tide,
And jutting Peers the wint'ry Floods abide.
Two neighb'ring Hills their Heads diſtinguiſh'd riſe;
The firſt great *Pompey*'s Enſigns high diſplays;
Proud *Ceſar*'s Camp upon the next is ſeen;
The River interpoſing glides between.

Ver. 12. *The nimble* Vettons.] The *Vettones*, or *Vettones*, were a People of *Luſitania*, (*Portugal*) ſeparated from *Aſturia* by the River *Durius* (*Douro*.)

Ver. 14. *Celtiberians*,] People of *Arragon*.

Ver. 19. *Ilerda*.] The City of *Lerida* in *Catalonia*. *Sicoris* the River *Segre*, and *Cinga* the *Cinca*, which fall into the *Iberus* or *Ebro* in the ſame Country.

Wide

Digitized by Google

Wide ſpread beyond, an ample Plain extends,
Far as the piercing Eye its Proſpect ſends:
Upon the ſpacious Level's utmoſt Bound,
The *Cinga* rolls his rapid Waves around.
But ſoon in full *Iberus'* Channel loſt,
His blended Waters ſeek *Iberia*'s Coaſt;
He yields to the ſuperior Torrent's Fame,
And with the Country takes his nobler Name.

Now 'gan the Lamp of Heav'n the Plains to gild,
When moving Legions hide th' embattled Field;
When Front to Front oppos'd in juſt Array,
The Chieftains each their hoſtile Pow'rs diſplay:
But whether conſcious Shame their Wrath repreſt,
And ſoft Reluctance roſe in ev'ry Breaſt;
Or Virtue did a ſhort-liv'd Rule reſume,
And gain'd one Day for Liberty and *Rome*;
Suſpended Rage yet linger'd for a Space,
And to the Weſt declin'd the Sun in Peace.
Night roſe, and blackning Shades involv'd the Sky,
When *Cæſar*, bent War's wily Arts to try,

Ver. 48. *When Cæſar bent Wars wily.*] *Cæſar* perceiving the Enemy not diſpos'd to an Engagement, kept two Lines of his Army (which he had drawn up into Three) under their Arms all Night, while the third threw up a Trench in the Rear for the Security of his Camp. The next Morning he endeavour'd to poſſeſs himſelf of a Height in order to cut off the Enemy's Communication with *Ilerda*, but was repuls'd with ſome Loſs.

Digitized by Google

Thro' his extended Battle gives Command,
The foremoſt Lines in Order fix'd ſhall ſtand;
Meanwhile the laſt, low lurking from the Foe,
With ſecret Labour ſink a Trench below:
Succeſsful they the deſtin'd Task purſue,
While cloſing Files prevent the hoſtile View.
Soon as the Morn renew'd the dawning Grey,
He bids the Soldier urge his ſpeedy way,
To ſeize a vacant Height that near *Ilerda* lay.
This ſaw the Foe, and wing'd with Fear and Shame,
Thro' ſecret Paths with ſwift Prevention came.
Now various Motives various Hopes afford,
To theſe the Place, to thoſe the Conqu'ring Sword:
Oppreſs'd beneath their Armour's cumbrous Weight,
Th' Aſſailants lab'ring tempt the ſteepy Height;
Half bending back they mount with panting Pain,
The foll'wing Croud their foremoſt Mates ſuſtain;
Againſt the ſhelving Precipice they toil,
And prop their Hands upon the ſteely Pile;
On Cliffs, and Shrubs, their Steps, ſome climbing ſtay,
With cutting Swords ſome clear the woody Way;
Nor Death, nor Wounds their Enemies annoy,
While other Uſes now their Arms employ.
Their Chief the Danger from afar ſurvey'd,
And bad the Horſe fly timely to their Aid.

In

In Order juſt the ready Squadrons ride,
Then wheeling to the Right and Left divide,
To flank the Foot, and guard each naked Side.
Safe in the middle Space retire the Foot,
Make good the Rear, and ſcorn the Foes Purſuit;
Each Side retreat, tho' each diſdain to yield,
And claim the Glory of the doubtful Field.

Thus far the Cauſe of *Rome* by Arms was try'd,
And human Rage alone the War ſupply'd;
But now the Elements new Wrath prepare,
And gath'ring Tempeſts vex the troubled Air.
Long had the Earth by wint'ry Froſt been bound,
And the dry North had numb'd the lazy Ground.
No furrow'd Fields were drench'd with driſly Rain,
Snows hid the Hills, and hoary Ice the Plain.
All deſolate the Weſtern Climes were ſeen,
Keen were the Blaſts, and ſharp the Blue ſerene,
To parch the fading Herb, and nip the ſpringing Green.
At length the genial Heat began to ſhine,
With ſtronger Beams in *Aries'* vernal Sign;
Again the golden Day reſum'd its Right,
And rul'd in juſt Equation with the Night:

Ver. 91. *To parch.*] The *Latin* Word is here *Urebant*, and ſeems to me by no means unelegant, extream Cold and extream Heat appearing to have much the ſame Effects upon Graſs or other Herbs.

Ver. 93. *In Aries' Vernal.*] In the Vernal Equinox, about the 10th of *March*.

The

Digitized by Google

The Moon her monthly Course had now begun,
And with increasing Horns forsook the Sun;
When *Boreas*, by Night's silver Empress driv'n,
To softer Airs resign'd the Western Heav'n.
Then with warm Breezes gentler *Eurus* came,
Glowing with *India*'s, and *Arabia*'s Flame.
The sweeping Wind the gath'ring Vapours prest,
From ev'ry Region of the farthest East;
Nor hang they heavy in the midway Sky,
But speedy to *Hesperia* driving fly;
To *Calpe*'s Hills the fluicy Rains repair,
From North, and South, the Clouds assemble there,
And dark'ning Storms low'r in the sluggish Air.
Where Western Skies the utmost Ocean bound,
The wat'ry Treasures heap the Welkin round;
Thither they croud, and scanted in the Space,
Scarce between Heav'n and Earth can find a Place.
Condens'd at length the spouting Torrents pour,
Earth smoaks, and settles with the gushing Show'r;
Jove's forky Fires are rarely seen to fly,
Extinguish'd in the Deluge soon they die;
Nor e'er before did dewy *Iris* show
Such fady Colours, or so maim'd a Bow:

Ver. 98. *When* Boreas.] The Weather altering with the New Moon.

Ver. 106. *Calpe.*] *Gibraltar*; here it is generally taken for *Spain*.

Unvary'd

Unvary'd by the Light's refracting Beam.
She ſtoop'd to drink from Ocean's briny Stream;
Then to the dropping Sky reſtor'd the Rain:
Again the falling Waters fought the Main.
Then firſt the cov'ring Snows began to ſhow
From off the *Pyrenean*'s hoary Brow;
Huge Hills of Froſt, a thouſand Ages old,
O'er which the Summer Suns had vainly roll'd,
Now melting, ruſh from ev'ry ſide amain,
Swell ev'ry Brook, and deluge all the Plain.
And now o'er *Caſar*'s Camp the Torrents ſweep,
Bear down the Works, and fill the Trenches deep.
Here Men and Arms in mix'd Confuſion ſwim,
And hollow Tents drive with th' impetuous Stream;
Loſt in the ſpreading Flood the Land-marks lie,
Nor can the Forager his way deſcry.
No Beaſts for Food the floating Paſtures yield,
Nor Herbage riſes in the wat'ry Field.
And now, to fill the Meaſure of their Fears,
Her baleful Viſage meager Famine rears;

Ver. 120. *She ſtoop'd to drink.*] So *Virgil* in the Firſt Georgick,

Et bibit ingens
Arcus.

As either Horn the Rainbow drinks the Flood. Mr. Dryden.

As if they fancy'd the Rainbow drew up Water from the Sea or Rivers, and pour'd it down again in Showers of Rain.

Seldom

Digitized by Google

Seldom alone, ſhe troops among the Fiends,
And ſtill on War and Peſtilence attends.
Unpreſs'd, unſtraiten'd by beſieging Foes,
All Miſeries of Want the Soldier knows.
Gladly he gives his little Wealth, to eat,
And buys a Morſel, with his whole Eſtate.
Curſt Merchandize! where Life it ſelf is ſold,
And Avarice conſents to ſtarve for Gold!
No Rock, no riſing Mountain rears his Head,
No ſingle River winds along the Mead,
But one vaſt Lake o'er all the Land is ſpread.
No lofty Grove, no Forreſt Haunt is found,
But in his Den deep lies the Salvage drown'd:
With headlong Rage reſiſtleſs in its Courſe,
The rapid Torrent whirls the ſnorting Horſe;
High o'er the Sea the foamy Freſhes ride,
While backward *Tethys* turns her yielding Tide.
Mean-time continu'd Darkneſs veils the Skies,
And Suns with unavailing Ardor riſe;
Nature no more her various Face can boaſt,
But Form is huddled up in Night, and loſt.

Ver. 145. *Curs'd Merchandize.*] Hiſtory has a remarkable Inſtance of this kind of Avarice, when during the Siege of *Praneſte*, a Soldier, who was himſelf dying (and ſhortly after did die) for Hunger, ſold a Mouſe he had caught for 200 *Roman Denarii*; they were worth about Seven Pence Farthing of our Money apiece.

Such

Digitized by Google

Such are the Climes beneath the frozen Zone,
Where chearleſs Winter plants her dreary Throne;
No golden Stars their gloomy Heav'ns adorn,
Nor genial Seaſons to their Earth return:
But everlaſting Ice and Snows appear,
Bind up the Summer Signs, and curſe the barren Year.
Almighty Sire! who doſt ſupreamly Reign,
And thou great Ruler of the raging Main!
Ye gracious Gods! in Mercy give Command,
This Deſolation may for ever ſtand.
Thou *Jove!* for ever cloud thy ſtormy Sky;
Thou *Neptune!* bid thy angry Waves run high:
Heave thy huge Trident for a mighty Blow,
Strike the ſtrong Earth, and bid her Fountains flow;
Bid ev'ry River-God exhauſt his Urn,
Nor let thy own alternate Tides return;
Wide let their blended Waters waſte around,
Theſe Regions, *Rhine*, and thoſe the *Rhone* confound.
Melt, ye hoar Mountains of *Riphæan* Snow;
Brooks, Streams, and Lakes, let all your Sources go;
Your ſpreading Floods the Guilt of *Rome* ſhall ſpare,
And ſave the wretched World from Civil War.
But Fortune ſtay'd her ſhort Diſpleaſure here,
Nor urg'd her Minion with too long a Fear;

Ver. 160. *Such are the Climes.*] The Poet means here the Polar Regions. The Hyperbole, a Figure in which he is given to offend, is ſomewhat overſtrain'd.

With

With large Increaſe her Favours ſhall return'd,
As if the Gods themſelves his Anger mourn'd;
As if his Name were terrible to Heav'n,
And Providence cou'd ſee to be forgiv'n.
Now 'gan the Welkin clear to ſhine ſerene,
And *Phœbus* potent in his Rays was ſeen.
The ſcatt'ring Clouds diſcles'd the piercing Light,
And hung the Firmament with fleecy White;
The troublous Storm had ſpent his wrathful Store,
And clatt'ring Rains were heard to ruſh no more.
Again the Woods their leafy Honours raiſe,
And Herds upon the riſing Mountains graze.
Day's genial Heat upon the Damps prevails,
And ripens into Earth the ſlimy Vales.
Bright glitt'ring Stars adorn Night's ſpangled Air,
And ruddy Ev'ning Skies foretel the Morning fair.
Soon as the falling *Sicoris* begun
A peaceful Stream within his Banks to run,
The bending Willow into Barks they twine,
Then line the Work with Spoils of ſlaughter'd Kine:
Such are the Floats *Venetian* Fiſhers know,
Where in dull Marſhes ſtands the ſettling *Po*;
On ſuch to neighb'ring *Gaul*, allur'd by Gain,
The bolder *Britons* croſs the ſwelling Main;

Ver. 202. *The bending Willow.*] *Cæſar*, as appears by his own Commentaries, had learn'd to make theſe ſort of Boats from the *Britons*.

Like

Digitized by Google

Like these, when fruitful *Egypt* lies afloat,
The *Memphian* Artist builds his reedy Boat.
On these embarking bold with eager haste,
Across the Stream his Legions *Cæsar* past:
Strait the tall Woods with sounding Strokes are fell'd,
And with strong Piles a heavy Bridge they build;
Then mindful of the Flood so lately spread,
They stretch the length'ning Arches o'er the Mead.
And least his bolder Waters rise again,
With num'rous Dykes they Canton out the Plain,
And by a thousand Streams the suff'ring River drain.
Petreius now a Fate superior saw,
While Elements obey proud *Cæsar's* Law;
Then strait *Ilerda's* lofty Walls forsook,
And to the farthest West his Arms betook;
The nearer Regions faithless all around,
And basely to the Victor bent, he found.

Ver. 221. Ilerda's *lofty Walls.*] There were many Reasons for *Afranius* and *Petreius* to decamp at this time, and endeavour to transfer the Seat of the War into *Celtiberia*; and it was not one of the least that that Part of *Spain* was extreamly well affected to *Pompey*, as having receiv'd several Benefits from him in the War with *Sertorius*. They dislodged therefore in the Night, and march'd towards the River *Iberus*: But *Cæsar*, upon the first Notice of their Motion, used so much Diligence, that he got before 'em, made himself Master of a Pass they intended to seize upon, and cut off their Communication with the River they intended to pass.

When

When with juſt Rage and Indignation fir'd,
He to the *Celtiberians* fierce retir'd;
There fought, amidſt the World's extreameſt Parts,
Still daring Hands, and ſtill unconquer'd Hearts.
Soon as he view'd the neighb'ring Mountain's Head
No longer by the hoſtile Camp o'erſpread,
Caſar commands to Arm. Without delay
The Soldier to the River bends his way;
None then with cautious Care the Bridge explor'd,
Or ſought the Shallows of the eaſier Ford;
Arm'd at all Points, they plunge amidſt the Flood,
And with ſtrong Sinews make the Paſſage good:
Dangers they ſcorn that might the Bold affright,
And ſtop ev'n panting Cowards in their Flight.
At length the farther Bank attaining ſafe,
Chill'd by the Stream, their dropping Limbs they chafe:
Then with freſh Vigour urge the Foes Purſuit,
And in the ſprightly Chace, the Pow'rs of Life recruit.
Thus they; 'till half the Courſe of Light was run,
And leſs'ning Shadows own'd the Noon-day Sun;
The Fliers now a doubtful Fight maintain,
While the fleet Horſe in Squadrons ſcour the Plain;
The Stragglers ſcatt'ring round they force to yield,
And gather up the Gleanings of the Field.
'Midſt a wide Plain two lofty Rocks ariſe,
Between the Cliffs an humble Valley lies;

Long

Long Rows of ridgy Mountains run behind,
Where Ways obſcure and ſecret Paſſes wind.
But *Caſar*, deep within his Thought, foreſees
The Foes Attempt the Covert ſtrong to ſeize:
So may their Troops at leiſure range afar,
And to the *Celtiberians* lead the War.
Be quick (he cries) nor minding juſt Array,
Swift, to the Combate, wing your ſpeedy Way.
See! where yon Cowards to the Faſtneſs haſte,
But let your Terrors in their Way be plac'd:
Pierce not the fearful Backs of thoſe that fly,
But on your meeting Jav'lins let 'em die.
He ſaid. The ready Legions took the Word,
And haſtily obey their eager Lord;
With Diligence the coming Foe prevent,
And ſtay their Marches, to the Mountains bent.
Near neighb'ring now the Camps intrench'd are ſeen,
With ſcarce a narrow Interval between.
Soon as their Eyes o'erſhoot the middle Space,
From either Hoſt, Sires, Sons, and Brothers trace
The well-known Features of ſome kindred Face.
Then firſt their Hearts with Tenderneſs were ſtruck,
Firſt with Remorſe for Civil Rage they ſhook;
Stiff'ning with Horror cold, and dire Amaze,
Awhile in ſilent Interviews they gaze:
Anon with ſpeechleſs Signs their Swords ſalute,
While Thoughts conflicting keep their Maſters mute.

At

Digitized by Google

At length, disdaining still to be repress,
Prevailing Passion rose in ev'ry Breast,
And the vain Rules of guilty War transgress'd.
As at a Signal, both their Trenches quit,
And spreading Arms in close Embraces knit:
Now Friendship runs o'er all her ancient Claims,
Guest and Companion are their only Names;
Old Neighbourhood they fondly call to Mind,
And how their boyish Years in Leagues were join'd.
With Grief each other mutually they know,
And find a Friend in ev'ry *Roman* Foe.
Their falling Tears their steely Arms bedew,
While interrupting Sighs each Kiss pursue;
And tho' their Hands are yet unstain'd by Guilt,
They tremble for the Blood they might have spilt.
But speak, unhappy *Romans!* speak thy Pain,
Say for what Woes thy streaming Eyes complain?
Why dost thou groan? Why beat thy sounding Breast?
Why is this wild fantastick Grief express?
Is it, that yet thy Country claims thy Care?
Dost thou the Crimes of War unwilling share?
Ah! whither art thou by thy Fears betray'd?
How canst thou dread that Pow'r thy self hast made!
Do *Cæsar's* Trumpets call thee? Scorn the Sound.
Does he bid, March? Dare thou to keep thy Ground.

Ver. 293, *Speak, unhappy* Roman.] If this Civil War be such an Affliction to you, why will you follow *Cæsar?*

So

So Rage and Slaughter ſhall to Juſtice yield,
And fierce *Erinnys* quit the fatal Field:
Ceſar in Peace a private State ſhall know,
And *Pompey* be no longer call'd his Foe.
Appear, thou heav'nly Concord! bleſt appear!
And ſhed thy better Influences here.
Thou who the warring Elements doſt bind,
Life of the World, and Safety of Mankind,
Infuſe thy ſov'reign Balm, and heal the wrathful Mind.
But if the ſame dire Fury rages yet,
Too well they know what Foes their Swords ſhall meet;
No blind Pretence of Ignorance remains,
The Blood they ſhed muſt flow from *Roman* Veins.
Oh! fatal Truce! the Brand of guilty *Rome!*
From thee worſe Wars and redder Slaughters come.
See! with what free and unſuſpecting Love,
From Camp to Camp the jocund Warriors rove;
Each to his turphy Table bids his Gueſt,
And *Bacchus* crowns the hoſpitable Feaſt.
The graſſy Fires refulgent lend their Light,
While Converſation ſleepleſs waſtes the Night:
Of early Feats of Arms, by turns they tell,
Of Fortunes that in various Fields befel,

Ver. 313. *Too well they know.*] After a Fondneſs and Reconciliation of this kind, certainly the Butcheries that they were guilty of afterwards appear'd the more horrible.

With

Digitized by Google

With well-becoming Pride their Deeds relate,
And now agree, and friendly now debate:
At length their unauſpicious Hands are join'd,
And ſacred Leagues with Faith renew'd they bind.
But oh! what worſe could cruel Fate afford!
The Furies ſmil'd upon the curſt Accord,
And dy'd with deeper Stains the *Roman* Sword.
By buſie Fame *Petreius* ſoon is told,
His Camp, himſelf, to *Cæſar* all are ſold;
When ſtrait the Chief indignant calls to Arm,
And bids the Trumpet ſpread the loud Alarm.
With War encompaſs'd round he takes his Way,
And breaks the ſhort-liv'd Truce with fierce Affray;
He drives th' unarm'd and unſuſpecting Gueſt,
Amaz'd, and wounded, from th' unfiniſh'd Feaſt;
With horrid Steel he cuts each fond Embrace,
And violates with Blood the new-made Peace.
And leaſt the fainting Flames of Wrath expire,
With Words like theſe he fanns the deadly Fire.
Ye Herd! unknowing of the *Roman* Worth,
And loſt to that great Cauſe which led you forth;

Ver. 333. Petreius *ſoon is told.*] This Jealouſy of *Petreius* was certainly unworthy of a Man who had the beſt Cauſe; and even the Poet himſelf cannot forbear running out in Praiſe of *Cæſar* on this Occaſion; the Baſeneſs and Cruelty of *Petreius* were inexcuſable.

Tho'

Tho' Victory and Captive *Cæsar*, were
Honours too glorious for your Swords to ſhare;
Yet ſomething, abject as you are, from you,
Something to Virtue and the Laws is due:
A ſecond Praiſe ev'n yet you may partake;
Fight, and be vanquiſh'd for your Country's ſake.
Can you, while Fate as yet ſuſpends our Doom,
While you have Blood and Lives to loſe for *Rome*,
Can you with tame Submiſſion ſeek a Lord;
And own a Cauſe by Men and Gods abhorr'd?
Will you in lowly wiſe his Mercy crave?
Can Soldiers beg to wear the Name of Slave?
Would you for us your Suit to *Cæsar* move?
Know we diſdain his pard'ning Pow'r to prove:
No private Bargain ſhall redeem this Head;
For *Rome*, and not for us, the War was made.
Tho' Peace a ſpecious poor Pretence afford,
Baſeneſs, and Bondage lurk beneath the Word.
In vain the Workmen ſearch the ſteely Mine
To arm the Field, and bid the Battle ſhine;
In vain the Fortreſs lifts her tow'ry Height;
In vain the warlike Steed provokes the Fight;
In vain our Oars the foamy Ocean ſweep;
In vain our floating Caſtles hide the Deep;
In vain by Land, in vain by Sea we fought,
If Peace ſhall e'er with Liberty be bought.

See!

Digitized by Google

See! with what Constancy, what gallant Pride,
Our stedfast Foes defend an impious Side!
Bound by their Oaths, tho' Enemies to Good,
They scorn to change from what they once have vow'd.
While each vain Breath your slack'ning Faith withdraws,
Yours! who pretend to arm for *Rome* and Laws,
Who find no Fault, but Justice in your Cause.
And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er,
A brave Repentance still is in your Pow'r:
While *Pompey* calls the utmost East from far,
And leads the *Indian* Monarchs on to War.
Shall we (oh Shame!) prevent his great Success,
And bind his Hands by our inglorious Peace?
He spoke; and civil Rage at once returns,
Each Breast the fonder Thought of Pity scorns,
And ruthless with redoubled Fury burns.
So when the Tyger, or the spotted Pard,
Long from the Woods, and Salvage Haunts debarr'd
From their first Fierceness for a while are won,
And seem to put a gentler Nature on;
Patient their Prison, and Mankind they bear,
Fawn on their Lords, and Looks less horrid wear:
But let the Taste of Slaughter be renew'd,
And their fell Jaws again with Gore embrew'd;
Then dreadfully their wak'ning Furies rise,
And glaring Fires rekindle in their Eyes;

With

With wrathful Roar their ecchoing Dens they tear,
And hardly, ev'n the well-known Keeper ſpare;
The ſhudd'ring Keeper ſhakes, and ſtands aloof for Fear.
From Friendſhip freed, and conſcious Nature's Tie,
To undiſtinguiſh'd Slaughters looſe they fly;
With Guilt avow'd their daring Crimes advance,
And ſcorn th' Excuſe of Ignorance and Chance.
Thoſe whom ſo late their fond Embraces preſt,
The Boſom's Partner, and the welcome Gueſt;
Now at the Board unhoſpitable bleed,
While Streams of Blood the flowing Bowl ſucceed.
With Groans at firſt, each draws the glitt'ring Brand,
And lingring Death ſtops in th' unwilling Hand:
Till urg'd at length returning Force they feel,
And catch new Courage from the murd'ring Steel:
Vengeance and Hatred riſe with ev'ry Blow,
And Blood paints ev'ry Viſage like a Foe.
Uproar and Horrour thro' the Camp abound,
While impious Sons their mangled Fathers wound,
And leaſt the Merit of the Crime be loſt,
With dreadful Joy the Parricide they boaſt;
Proud to their Chiefs the cold pale Heads they bear,
The Gore yet dropping from the ſilver Hair.

Ver. 410. *Glitt'ring Brand.*] This Word is uſed for a Sword by ſome of the beſt of our *Engliſh* Poets, *Spencer* and *Fairfax* eſpecially.

Digitized by Google

But thou, oh *Cæsar!* to the Gods be dear!
Thy pious Mercy well becomes their Care;
And tho' thy Soldier falls by treach'rous Peace,
Be proud, and reckon this thy great Succeſs.
Not all thou ow'ſt to bounteous Fortune's Smile,
Not proud *Maſſilia*, nor the *Pharian Nile*;
Not the full Conqueſt of *Pharſalia*'s Field,
Cou'd greater Fame, or nobler Trophies yield;
Thine and the Cauſe of Juſtice now are one,
Since guilty Slaughter brands thy Foes alone.
Nor dare the conſcious Leaders longer wait,
Or truſt to ſuch unhallow'd Hands their Fate:
Aſtoniſh'd and diſmay'd they ſhun the Fight,
And to *Ilerda* turn their haſty Flight.
But e're their March atchieves its deſtin'd Courſe,
Preventing *Cæſar* ſends the winged Horſe:
The ſpeedy Squadrons ſeiſe th' appointed Ground,
And hold their Foes on Hills encompaſs'd round.
Pent up in barren Heights, they ſtrive in vain
Refreſhing Springs and flowing Streams to gain;
Strong hoſtile Works their Camp's Extenſion ſtay,
And deep ſunk Trenches intercept their Way.
Now Deaths in unexpected Forms ariſe,
Thirſt and pale Famine ſtalk before their Eyes.
Shut up and cloſe beſieg'd, no more they need
The Strength or Swiftneſs of the warlike Steed;
But doom the gen'rous Courſers all to bleed.

Hop. 5

Digitized by Google

Hopeleſs at length, and barr'd around from Flight,
Headlong they ruſh to Arms, and urge the Fight:
But *Caſar*, who with wary Eyes beheld,
With what determin'd Rage they fought the Field,
Reſtrain'd his eager Troops. Forbear, he cry'd,
Nor let your Sword in Madmen's Blood be dy'd.
But ſince they come devoted by Deſpair,
Since Life is grown unworthy of their Care,
Since 'tis their time to die, 'tis ours to ſpare.
Thoſe naked Boſomes that provoke the Foe,
With greedy Hopes of deadly Vengeance glow;
With Pleaſure ſhall they meet the pointed Steel,
Nor ſmarting Wounds, nor dying Anguiſh feel,
If, while they bleed, your *Caſar* ſhares the Pain,
And mourns his gallant Friends among the Slain.
But wait awhile, this Rage ſhall ſoon be paſt,
This Blaze of Courage is too fierce to laſt;
This Ardour for the Fight ſhall faint away,
And all this fond Deſire of Death decay.
He ſpoke; and at the Word the War was ſtay'd,
Till *Phœbus* fled from Night's aſcending Shade.
Ev'n all the Day, embattled on the Plain,
The raſh *Petreians* urge to Arms in vain:
At length the weary Fire began to ceaſe,
And waſting Fury languiſh'd into Peace;
Th' impatient Arrogance of Wrath declin'd,
And ſlack'ning Paſſions cool'd upon the Mind.

Digitized by Google

So when, the Battle roaring loud around,
Some Warriour warm receives a fatal Wound;
While yet the griding Sword has newly paſt,
And the firſt pungent Pains and Anguiſh laſt;
While full with Life the turgid Veſſels riſe,
And the warm Juice the ſpritely Nerve ſupplies;
Each ſin'wy Limb with fiercer Force is preſt,
And Rage redoubles in the burning Breaſt:
But if, as conſcious of th' Advantage gain'd,
The cooler Victor ſtays his wrathful Hand;
Then ſinks his Thrall with ebbing Spirits low,
The black Blood ſtiffens and forgets to flow;
Cold Damps and Numbneſs cloſe the deadly Stound,
And ſtretch him pale and fainting on the Ground.
For Water now on ev'ry Side they try,
Alike the Sword and delving Spade employ;
Earth's Boſome dark, laborious they explore,
And ſearch the Sources of her liquid Store;
Deep in the hollow Hill the Well deſcends,
'Till level with the moiſter Plain it ends.
Not lower down from chearful Day decline
The pale *Aſſyrians*, in the Golden Mine.
In vain they toil, no ſecret Streams are found
To roll their murm'ring Tides beneath the Ground;
No burſting Springs repay the Workman's Stroke,
Nor glitt'ring guſh from out the wounded Rock;

Digitized by Google

No ſweating Caves in dewy Droppings ſtand,
Nor ſmalleſt Rills run gurgling o'er the Sand.
Spent and exhauſted with the fruitleſs Pain,
The fainting Youth aſcend to Light again.
And now leſs patient of the Drought they grow,
Than in thoſe cooler Depths of Earth below;
No ſav'ry Viands crown the chearful Board,
Ev'n Food for want of Water ſtands abhorr'd;
To Hunger's meagre Refuge they retreat,
And ſince they cannot Drink, refuſe to Eat.
Where yielding Clods a moiſter Clay confeſs,
With griping Hands the clammy Glebe they preſs;
Where-e'er the ſtanding Puddle loathſome lies,
Thither in Crouds the thirſty Soldier flies;
Horrid to Sight, the miry Filth they quaff,
And drain with dying Jaws the deadly Draff.
Some ſeek the Beaſtial Mothers for Supply,
And draw the Herds extended Udders dry;
Till Thirſt, unſated with the milky Store,
With lab'ring Lips drinks in the putrid Gore.
Some ſtrip the Leaves, and ſuck the Morning Dews;
Some grind the Bark, the woody Branches bruiſe,
And ſqueeze the Saplin's unconcocted Juice.
Oh happy thoſe, to whom the barb'rous Kings
Left their envenom'd Floods, and tainted Springs!

Ver. 525. *Oh happy thoſe.*] *Jugurtha*, *Mithridates*, and *Juba*, when they were vanquiſh'd by the *Romans*, are ſaid to have poiſon'd the Waters as they fled.

Digitized by Google

Cæsar be kind, and ev'ry Bane prepare,
Which *Cretan* Rocks, or *Libyan* Serpents bear:
The *Romans* to thy pois'nous Stream shall fly,
And, conscious of the Danger, drink, and die.
With secret Flames their with'ring Entrails burn,
And fiery Breathings from their Lungs return;
The shrinking Veins contract their purple Flood,
And urge, laborious, on the beating Blood;
The heaving Sighs thro' straiter Passes blow,
And scorch the painful Palate as they go;
The parch'd rough Tongue Night's humid Vapour draws,
And restless rolls within the clammy Jaws;
With gaping Mouths they wait the falling Rain,
And want those Floods that lately spread the Plain.
Vainly to Heav'n they turn their longing Eyes,
And fix 'em on the dry relentless Skies.
Nor here by sandy *Africk* are they curst,
Nor *Cancer's* sultry Line enflames their Thirst;
But to enhance their Pain, they view below,
Where Lakes stand full, and plenteous Rivers flow;
Between two Streams expires the panting Host,
And in a Land of Water are they lost.
Now prest by pinching Want's unequal Weight,
The vanquish'd Leaders yield to adverse Fate:

Ver. 547. *Between two Streams.*] The *Sicoris* and *Iberus*.

Rejecting

Rejecting Arms, *Afranius* ſeeks Relief,
And ſues ſubmiſſive to the hoſtile Chief.
Foremoſt himſelf, to *Ceſar*'s Camp he leads
His famiſh'd Troops, a fainting Band ſucceeds.
At length, in Preſence of the Victor plac'd,
A fitting Dignity his Geſture grac'd,
That ſpoke his preſent Fortunes, and his paſt.
With decent Mixture in his manly Mien,
The Captive and the General were ſeen:
Then with a free, ſecure, undaunted Breaſt,
For Mercy thus his pious Suit he preſt.
Had Fate and my ill Fortune laid me low,
Beneath the Pow'r of ſome ungen'rous Foe;
My Sword hung ready to protect my Fame,
And this right Hand had ſav'd my Soul from Shame:
But now with Joy I bend my ſuppliant Knee,
Life is worth asking, ſince 'tis giv'n by thee.
No Party-Zeal our factious Arms inclines,
No Hate of thee, or of thy bold Deſigns.
War with its own Occaſions came unſought,
And found us on the Side for which we fought:
True to our Cauſe, as beſt becomes the Brave,
Long as we cou'd, we kept that Faith we gave.
Nor ſhall our Arms thy ſtronger Fate delay,
Behold! our Yielding paves thy conqu'ring Way:
The Weſtern Nations all at once we give,
Securely theſe behind thee ſha't thou leave;

Digitized by Google

Here while thy full Dominion ſtands confeſt,
Receive it as an Earneſt of the Eaſt.
Nor this thy eaſie Victory diſdain,
Bought with no Seas of Blood, nor Hills of Slain;
Forgive the Foes that ſpare thy Sword a Pain.
Nor is the Boon for which we ſue too great,
The weary Soldier begs a laſt Retreat;
In ſome poor Village, peaceful at the Plow,
Let 'em enjoy the Life thou doſt beſtow.
Think, in ſome Field, among the Slain we lie,
And loſt to thy Remembrance caſt us by.
Mix not our Arms in thy ſucceſsful War,
Nor let thy Captives in thy Triumph ſhare.
Theſe unprevailing Bands their Fate have try'd,
And prov'd that Fortune fights not on their Side.
Guiltleſs to ceaſe from Slaughter we implore,
Let us not conquer with Thee, and we ask no more.
He ſaid. The Victor, with a gentler Grace,
And Mercy ſoft'ning his ſeverer Face,
Bad his attending Foes their Fears diſmiſs,
Go free from Puniſhment, and live in Peace.
The Truce on equal Terms at length agreed,
The Waters from the watchful Guard are freed:

Ver. 599. *On equal Terms.*] On fair, honeſt, and friendly Conditions.

Eager

Digitized by Google

Eager to drink, down ruſh the thirſty Croud,
Hang o'er the Banks, and trouble all the Flood.
Some, while too fierce the fatal Draughts they drain,
Forget the gaſping Lungs that heave in vain;
No breathing Airs the choaking Channels fill,
But ev'ry Spring of Life at once ſtands ſtill.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent Peſt aſſwage,
With wonted Fires their bloated Entrails rage;
With burſting Sides each Buſk enormous heaves,
While ſtill for Drink th'inſatiate Feaver craves.
At length returning Health diſpers'd the Pain,
And luſty Vigour ſtrung the Nerves again.
Behold! ye Sons of Luxury, behold!
Who ſcatter in Exceſs your laviſh Gold;
You who the Wealth of frugal Ages waſte,
T'indulge a wanton ſupercilious Taſte:
For whom all Earth, all Ocean are explor'd,
To ſpread the various proud voluptuous Board:
Behold! how little thrifty Nature craves,
And what a cheap Relief the Lives of Thouſands ſaves!
No coſtly Wines theſe fainting Legions know,
Mark'd by old Conſuls many a Year ago;
No waiting Slaves the precious Juices pour,
From *Myrrhine* Goblets, or the Golden Ore:

Ver. 624. *From* Myrrhine *Goblets.*] This ſhould rather be read *Murrine*, from *Murra*, a ſort of precious Stone which was tranſparent like our *China*-Ware, and of which

But with pure Draughts they cool the boiling Blood,
And ſeek their Succour from the cryſtal Flood.
Who, but a Wretch, wou'd think it worth his Care,
The Toils and Wickedneſs of War to ſhare,
When all we want thus eaſily we find?
The Field and River can ſupply Mankind.
Diſmiſs'd, and ſafe from Danger and Alarms,
The Vanquiſh'd to the Victor quits his Arms;
Guiltleſs from Camps, to Cities he repairs,
And in his native Land forgets his Cares.
There in his Mind he runs, repenting, o'er
The tedious Toils and Perils once he bore;
His Spear and Sword of Battle ſtand accurſt,
He hates the weary March, and parching Thirſt;
And wonders much, that e'er with pious Pain
He pray'd ſo oft' for Victory in vain;
For Victory! the Curſe of thoſe that win,
The fatal End where ſtill new Woes begin.
Let the proud Maſters of the horrid Field
Count all the Gains their dire Succeſſes yield;
Then let 'em think what Wounds they yet muſt feel,
E'er they can fix revolving Fortune's Wheel:

the Ancients made Drinking Veſſels. If we read it *Myrrhine*, it muſt be underſtood to be Goblets perfum'd with Myrrh, which was likewiſe in uſe among the *Romans*.

Ver. 643. *Let the proud Maſters.*] *Caſar* and Army.

Digitized by Google

As yet th'imperfect Task by halves is done,
Blood, Blood remains, more Battles muſt be won,
And many a heavy Labour undergone:
Still conqu'ring, to new Guilt they ſhall ſucceed,
Where-ever reſtleſs Fate and *Cæſar* lead.
How happier lives the Man to Peace aſſign'd,
Amidſt this gen'ral Storm that wrecks Mankind!
In his own quiet Houſe ordain'd to die,
He knows the Place in which his Bones ſhall lie.
No Trumpet warns him 'put his Harneſs on,
Tho' faint, and all with Wearineſs fore-done:
But when Night falls, he lies ſecurely down,
And calls the creeping Slumber all his own.
His kinder Fates the Warrior's Hopes prevent,
And e'er the time, the wiſh'd Diſmiſſion ſent;
A lowly Cottage, and a tender Wife,
Receive him in his early Days of Life;
His Boys, a ruſtick Tribe, around him play,
And homely Pleaſures wear the vacant Day.
No factious Parties here the Mind engage,
Nor work th' imbitter'd Paſſions up to Rage;
With equal Eyes the hoſtile Chiefs they view,
To This their Faith, to That their Lives are due:

Ver. 660. *His kinder Fates.*] *Lucan* obſerves that it was the particular good Fortune of theſe Soldiers of *Afranius* and *Petreius* to be diſmiſs'd from the Service even before their Diſability or old Age could, by virtue of the Laws and Military Conſtitutions, claim ſuch a Favour.

To

To both oblig'd alike, no Part they take,
Nor Vows for Conqueſt, nor againſt it, make.
Mankind's Misfortunes they behold from far,
Pleas'd to ſtand Neuter, while the World's at War.
But Fortune, bent to check the Victor's Pride,
In other Lands forſook her *Caſar*'s Side;
With changing Cheer the fickle Goddeſs frown'd,
And for awhile her fav'rite Cauſe diſown'd.
Where *Adria*'s ſwelling Surge *Salona* laves,
And warm *Iader* rolls his gentle Waves,
Bold in the brave *Curictan*'s warlike Band,
Antonius Camps upon the utmoſt Strand:

Ver. 674. *But Fortune bent.*] *Dolabella* and *C. Antonius* were commanded by *Caſar* to poſſeſs themſelves of the Entrance into the *Adriatick* Sea; and accordingly the firſt encamp'd on the *Illyrian* Shore, and the other on the Iſlands over-againſt *Salona*. *Pompey* was then almoſt every where Maſter of the Seas, and conſequently *Octavius* and *Libo*, two of his Lieutenants, ſhut up *Antonius*, and beſieged him with a great Fleet. *Baſilus* (as *Lucan* relates it here) came to relieve him, and attempting afterwards to get off (tho' the Hiſtorians ſay it was in coming to *Antonius*) two Veſſels or Floats of a new Invention, out of three, got over a kind of Boom that was laid under the Water, but the third, which was mann'd by a Thouſand *Opitergians*, commanded by *Vulteius*, was enſnared and held faſt. Theſe, after they had for a whole Day reſiſted a very unequal Aſſault from a Force vaſtly ſuperior to their own, at the Perſwaſion and by the Example of their Leader, ſlew one another: A rare Example of Fidelity even to Arbitrary and Tyrannical Power.

Ver. 679. *Iader,*] A River of *Dalmatia* that ran by *Salona*, not far from (or it may be the ſame with) the preſent *Spalato*.

Ver. 680. *Curictan*'s] Moſt Editions read *Curetes* in the Ori-

Digitized by Google

Begirt around by *Pompey*'s floating Pow'r,
He braves the Navy from his well-fenc'd Shore.
But while the distant War no more he fears,
Famine, a worse, resistless Foe, appears:
No more the Meads their grassy Pasture yield,
Nor waving Harvests crown the yellow Field.
On ev'ry verdant Leaf the Hungry feed,
And snatch the Forage from the fainting Steed;
Then rav'nous on their Camp's Defence they fall,
And grind with greedy Jaws the turfy Wall.
Near on the neighb'ring Coast at length they spy,
Where *Basilus* with social Sails draws nigh;
While led by *Dolabella*'s bold Command,
Their *Cæsar*'s Legions spread th' *Illyrian* Strand:
Strait with new Hopes their Hearts recov'ring beat,
Aim to elude the Foe, and meditate Retreat.
Of wond'rous Form a vast Machine they build,
New, and unknown upon the floating Field.
Here, nor the Keel its crooked Length extends,
Nor o'er the Waves the rising Deck ascends;
By Beams and grappling Chains compacted strong,
Light Skiffs, and Casks, two equal Rows prolong:

Original; *Curictan*'s is certainly better, and approv'd by the ancient Geographers. *Curicta* is an Island in the *Sinus Flanaticus*, or Gulf of *Carnero*, in the upper End of the *Adriatick* Sea between the Coasts of *Istria* and *Liburnia*.

O'er

O'er theſe, of ſolid Oak ſecurely made,
Stable and tight a Flooring firm is laid;
Sublime, from hence, two planky Tow'rs run high,
And nodding Battlements the Foe defie.
Securely plac'd, each riſing Range between,
The luſty Rower plies his Task unſeen.
Meanwhile nor Oars upon the Sides appear,
Nor ſwelling Sails receive the driving Air:
But living ſeems the mighty Maſs to ſweep,
And glide ſelf-mov'd athwart the yielding Deep.
Three wond'rous Floats, of this enormous Size,
Soon by the skillful Builder's Craft ariſe;
The ready Warriors all aboard 'em ride,
And wait the turn of the retiring Tide.
Backward at length revolving *Tethys* flows,
And ebbing Waves the naked Sands diſcloſe:
Strait by the Stream the launching Piles are born,
Shields, Spears, and Helms, their nodding Tow'rs adorn;
Threat'ning they move in terrible Array,
And to the deeper Ocean bend their way.
Octavius now, whoſe naval Pow'rs command
Adria's rude Seas, and wide *Illyria*'s Strand,
Full in their Courſe his Fleet advancing ſtays,
And each impatient Combatant delays:

Ver. 727. *Impatient Combatant delays.*] *Octavius* ſtood out to Sea, and wou'd not ſuffer his Men to engage at firſt, that he might draw the Enemy out from among the Iſlands, and ſurround 'em at once.

The

Digitized by Google

To the blue Offin wide he ſeems to bear,
Hopeful to draw th' unwary Veſſels near;
Aloof he rounds 'em, eager on his Prey,
And tempts 'em with an open roomy Sea.
Thus when the wily Huntſman ſpreads his Nets,
And with his ambient Toil the Wood beſets;
While yet his buſie Hands, with skilful Care,
The meſhy Hayes and forky Props prepare;
E'er yet the Deer the painted Plumage ſpy,
Snuff the ſtrong Odour from afar, and fly;
His Mates, the *Cretan* Hound and *Spartan* bind,
And muzzle all the loud *Moloſſian* Kind;
The Queſter only to the Wood they looſe,
Who ſilently the tainted Track purſues:
Mute Signs alone the conſcious Haunt betray,
While fix'd he points, and trembles to the Prey.
'Twas at the Seaſon when the fainting Light,
Juſt in the Ev'ning's Cloſe, brought on the Night;

The Time and Place where this Action happen'd is ſomewhat doubted of; but I take it as related by my Author.

Ver. 736. *E'er yet the Deer.*] The *Roman* Hunters, when they ſet Toils to incloſe their Game, placed upon the Top of the Nets Feathers that were painted of ſeveral Colours, and likewiſe burnt, that by their Dancing as well as ſtrong Scent they might ſcare the Deer from coming up to, or attempting to break thro' 'em. So *Virgil*,

Puniceave agitant trepidos formidine penna.
Nor ſcare the trembling Deer with purple Plumes.

When

Digitized by Google

When the tall tow'ry Floats their Isle forsook,
And to the Seas their Course, advent'rous, took.
But now the fam'd *Cilician* Pyrates, skill'd
In Arts and Warfare of the liquid Field;
Their wonted Wiles and Stratagems provide,
To aid their great acknowledg'd Victor's Side.
Beneath the glassy Surface of the Main,
From Rock to Rock they stretch a pond'rous Chain;
Loosely the slacker Links suspended flow,
T' enwrap the driving Fabricks as they go.
Urg'd from within, and wafted by the Tide,
Smooth o'er the Boom the first and second glide;
The third the guileful latent Chain enfolds,
And in his steely Grasp entwining holds:
From the tall Rocks the shouting Victors roar,
And drag the resty Captive to the Shore.
For Ages past an ancient Cliff there stood,
Whose bending Brow hung threatning o'er the Flood:
A verdant Grove was on the Summit plac'd,
And o'er the Waves a gloomy Shadow cast;
While near the Base wide Hollows sink below,
There roll huge Seas, and bell'wing Tempests blow:

Ver. 751. *Acknowledg'd Victor.*] The *Cilician* Pyrates were subdued by *Pompey*. *See* Book I.

As this Story is related, *Pompey*'s Forces had seiz'd upon some Passage or Strait thro' which these Vessels were to pass.

Thith-

Digitized by Google

Thither what-e'er the greedy Waters drown,
The Shipwreck, and the driving Corpſe, are thrown:
Anon the gaping Gulph the Spoil reſtores,
And from his loweſt Depths loud-ſpouting pours.
Not rude *Charybdis* roars in Sounds like theſe,
When thund'ring, with a Burſt, ſhe ſpews the foamy Seas.
Hither, with warlike *Opitergians* fraught,
The third ill-fated Pris'ner Float was brought;
The Foe, as at a Signal, ſpeed their Way,
And haſte to compaſs in the deſtin'd Prey;
The crouding Sails from ev'ry Station preſs,
While armed Bands the Rocks and Shores poſſeſs.
Too late the Chief, *Vulteius*, found the Snare,
And ſtrove to burſt the Toil with fruitleſs Care:
Driv'n by Deſpair at length, nor thinking yet
Which way to Fight, or whither to Retreat,
He turns upon the Foe; and tho' diſtreſt,
By Wiles entangled, and by Crouds oppreſt,
With ſcarce a ſingle Cohort to his Aid,
Againſt the gath'ring Hoſt a Stand he made.
Fierce was the Combat fought, with Slaughter great,
Tho' thus on Odds unequally they meet,
One with a thouſand match'd, a Ship againſt a Fleet.

Ver. 774. *Opitergians,*] *Opitergium*, now called *Operzo*, the Territory of *Venice*, in the Marquiſate of *Trevigiano*.

But

But ſoon on dusky Wings aroſe the Night,
And with her friendly Shade reſtrains the Fight;
The Combatants from War conſenting ceaſe,
And paſs the Hours of Darkneſs o'er in Peace.
When to the Soldier, anxious for his Fate,
And doubtful what Succeſs the Dawn might wait,
The brave *Vulteius* thus his Speech addreſt,
And thus compos'd the Cares of ev'ry beating Breaſt.
My gallant Friends! whom our hard Fates decree,
This Night, this ſhort Night only, to be free;
Think what remains to do, but think with haſte,
E'er the brief Hour of Liberty be paſt.
Perhaps, reduc'd to this ſo hard Extream,
Too ſhort, to ſome, the Date of Life may ſeem;
Yet know, brave Youths, that None untimely fall,
Whom Death obeys, and comes but when they call.
'Tis true, the neighb'ring Danger waits us nigh;
We meet but that from which we cannot fly;
Yet think not but with equal Praiſe we die.
Dark and uncertain is Man's future Doom,
If Years, or only Moments are to come;
All is but dying; he who gives an Hour,
Or he who gives an Age, gives all that's in his Pow'r.
Sooner, or late, all Mortals know the Grave,
But to chuſe Death diſtinguiſhes the Brave.

Ver. 809. *With equal Praiſe we die.*] We die with as much Honour, tho' Death comes to our Doors to ſeek us, as if we had gone out to meet it.

Behold

Digitized by Google

Behold where, waiting round, yon hoſtile Band,
Our Fellow-Citizens, our Lives demand.
Prevent we then their cruel Hands, and bleed;
'Tis but to do what is too ſure decreed,
And where our Fate wou'd drag us on, to lead.
A great conſpicuous Slaughter ſhall we yield,
Nor lie the Carnage of a common Field;
Where one ignoble Heap confounds the Slain,
And Men, and Beaſts, promiſcuous ſtrow the Plain.
Plac'd on this Float by ſome diviner Hand,
As on a Stage, for publick View we ſtand.
Illyria's neighb'ring Shores, her Iſles around,
And ev'ry Cliff with Gazers ſhall be crown'd;
The Seas, and Earth, our Virtue ſhall proclaim,
And ſtand eternal Vouchers for our Fame;
Alike the Fees and Fellows of our Cauſe,
Shall mark the Deed, and join in vaſt Applauſe.
Bleſt be thou, Fortune, that haſt mark'd us forth,
A Monument of unexampled Worth;
To lateſt Times our Story ſhall be told,
Ev'n rais'd beyond the nobleſt Names of Old,
Diſtinguiſh'd Praiſe ſhall crown our daring Youth,
Our pious Honour, and unſhaken Truth.
Mean is our Off'ring, *Ceſar*, we confeſs;
For ſuch a Chief, what Soldier can do leſs?

Ver. 831. *And Fellows of our Cauſe.*] Thoſe under the Command of *Dolabella* on the Coaſt of *Illyria*.

Yet

Yet oh! this faithful Pledge of Love receive!
Take it, 'tis all that Captives have to give.
Oh! that to make the Victim yet more dear,
Our aged Sires, our Children had been here:
Then with full Horrour shou'd the Slaughter rise,
And blast our paler Foes' astonish'd Eyes;
'Till aw'd beneath that Scorn of Death we wear,
They bless the Time our Fellows 'scap'd their Snare:
'Till with mean Tears our Fate the Cowards mourn,
And tremble at the Rage with which we burn.
Perhaps they mean our constant Souls to try,
Whether for Life and Peace we may comply.
Oh! grant, ye Gods! their Offers may be great,
That we may gloriously disdain to treat,
That this last Proof of Virtue we may give,
And shew we die not now, because we cou'd not live.
That Valour to no common Heights must rise,
Which he, our God-like Chief himself shall prize.
Immortal shall our Truth for ever stand,
If *Cæsar* thinks this little faithful Band
A Loss, amidst the Host of his Command.
For me, my Friends, my fix'd Resolve is ta'en,
And Fate, or Chance, may proffer Life in vain;
I scorn whatever Safety they provide,
And cast the worthless trifling Thought aside.
The sacred Rage of Death devours me whole,
Reigns in my Heart, and triumphs in my Soul:

Digitized by Google

I ſee, I reach the Period of my Woe,
And taſte thoſe Joys the Dying only know.
Wiſely the Gods conceal the wond'rous Good,
Leſt Man no longer ſhou'd endure his Load;
Leſt ev'ry Wretch like me from Life ſhou'd fly,
Seize his own Happineſs himſelf, and die.
He ſpoke. The Band his potent Tongue confeſt,
And gen'rous Ardour burn'd in ev'ry Breaſt.
No longer now they view, with wat'ry Eyes,
The ſwift revolving Circle of the Skies;
No longer think the ſetting Stars in haſte,
Nor wonder ſlow *Böotes* moves ſo faſt;
But with high Hearts exulting all, and gay,
They wiſh for Light, and call the tardy Day.
Yet, nor the heavenly *Axis* long delays
To roll the radiant Signs beneath the Seas;
In *Leda*'s Twins now roſe the warmer Sun,
And near the lofty *Crab* exalted ſhone;
Swiftly Night's ſhorter Shades began to move,
And to the Weſt *Theſſalian Chiron* drove.
At length the Morning's purple Beams diſcloſe
The wide Horizon cover'd round with Foes;

Ver. 884. *In* Leda's *Twins.*] When the Sun was paſſing from *Gemini* into *Cancer*, about the Beginning of *June*.
Ver. 887. *Theſſalian Chiron.*] *Sagittary*, the oppoſite Sign, was then ſetting.

Each

Each Rock and Shore the crouding *Iſtrians* keep,
While *Greeks* and fierce *Liburnians* ſpread the Deep:
When yet, e'er Fury lets the Battle looſe,
Octavius woo's 'em with the Terms of Truce.
If haply *Pompey*'s Chains they chuſe to wear,
And Captive Life to inſtant Death prefer.
But the brave Youth, regardleſs of his Might,
Fierce in the Scorn of Life, and hating Light,
Fearleſs, and careleſs of whate'er may come,
Reſolv'd, and ſelf-determin'd to their Doom;
Alike diſdain the threat'ning of the War,
And all the flatt'ring Wiles their Foes prepare.
Calmly the num'rous Legions round they view,
At once by Land and Sea the Fight renew;
Relief, or Friends, or Aid expect they none,
But fix one certain Truſt in Death alone.
In Oppoſition firm awhile they ſtood,
But ſoon were ſatisfy'd with hoſtile Blood.
Then turning from the Foe, with gallant Pride,
Is there a gen'rous Youth (*Vulteius* cry'd)
Whoſe worthy Sword may pierce your Leader's Side?
He ſaid; and at the Word, from ev'ry Part,
A hundred pointed Weapons reach'd his Heart;
Dying he prais'd 'em all, but him the chief,
Whoſe eager Duty brought the firſt Relief:

Ver. 890. Greeks, Iſtrians, *and* Liburnians.] All *Pompey*'s Side.

Digitized by Google

Deep in his Breaſt he plung'd his deadly Blade,
And with a grateful Stroke the friendly Gift repay'd.
At once all ruſh, at once to Death they fly,
And on each others Swords alternate die,
Greedy to make the Miſchief all their own,
And arrogate the Guilt of War alone.
A Fate like this did *Cadmus'* Harveſt prove,
When mortally the Earth-born Brethren ſtrove;
When by each others Hands of Life bereft,
An Omen dire to future *Thebes* they left.
Such was the Rage inſpir'd the *Colchian* Foes,
When from the Dragons wond'rous Teeth they roſe;
When urg'd by Charms, and Magick's myſtick Pow'r,
They dy'd their native Field with ſtreaming Gore;
'Till ev'n the fell Enchantreſs ſtood diſmay'd,
And wonder'd at the Miſchiefs which ſhe made.
Furies more fierce the dying *Romans* feel,
And with bare Breaſts provoke the ling'ring Steel;
With fond Embraces catch the deadly Darts,
And preſs 'em plunging to their panting Hearts.

Ver. 921. Cadmus' *Harveſt.*] The Stories of *Cadmus* and *Jaſon*'s ſowing the Teeth of the Dragons which they had kill'd in *Bœotia* and *Colchis*, and the Men that ſprung up from 'em, and kill'd one another, are to be found at large in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis.*

Ver. 924. *An Omen dire.*] Becauſe the two Sons of *Oedipus*, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, kill'd one another afterwards at the ſame Place.

Ver. 929. *The fell Enchantreſs.*] *Medea*, who inſtructed *Jaſon.*

No

Digitized by Google

No Wound imperfect, for a ſecond calls;
With certain Aim the ſure Deſtruction falls.
This laſt beſt Gift, this one unerring Blow,
Sires, Sons, and Brothers mutually beſtow;
Nor Piety, nor fond Remorſe prevail,
And if they fear, they only fear to fail.
Here with red Streams the bluſhing Waves they ſtain,
Here daſh their mangled Entrails in the Main.
Here with a laſt Diſdain they view the Skies,
Shut out Heav'ns hated Light with ſcornful Eyes,
And with inſulting Joy, the Victor Foe deſpiſe.
At length the heapy Slaughter roſe on high,
The hoſtile Chiefs the purple Pile deſcry;
And while the laſt accuſtom'd Rites they give,
Scarcely the unexampled Deed believe:
Much they admire a Faith by Death approv'd,
And wonder lawleſs Power cou'd e'er be thus belov'd.
Wide thro' Mankind eternal Fame diſplays
This hardy Crew, this ſingle Veſſel's Praiſe.
But oh! the Story of the godlike Rage
Is loſt, upon a vile, degen'rate Age;

Ver. 938. *Sires, Sons, and Brothers.*] That is ſuch of 'em as were capable of being together in the Service; ſo that this Paſſage does not contradict that above in *Vulteius*'s Speech, *Ver.* 844.

Ver. 951. *Lawleſs Pow'r.*] *Caſar*'s.

The

Digitized by Google

The baſe, the ſlaviſh World will not be taught,
With how much Eaſe their Freedom may be bought,
Still Arbitrary Power on Thrones commands,
Still Liberty is gall'd by Tyrants Bands,
And Swords in vain are truſted to our Hands.
Oh! Death! thou pleaſing End of human Woe,
Thou Cure for Life, thou greateſt Good below;
Still may'ſt thou fly the Coward, and the Slave,
And thy ſoft Slumbers only bleſs the Brave.
Nor War's pernicious God leſs Havock yields,
Where ſwarthy *Libya* ſpreads her Sun-burn'd Fields.
For *Curio* now the ſtretching Canvaſs ſpread,
And from *Sicilian* Shores his Navy led;
To *Africk*'s Coaſt he cuts the foamy Way,
Where low the once victorious *Carthage* lay.
There landing, to the well-known Camp he hies,
Where from afar the diſtant Seas he ſpies;
Where *Bagrada*'s dull Waves the Sands divide,
And ſlowly downward roll their ſluggiſh Tide.
From thence he ſeeks the Heights renown'd by Fame,
And hallow'd by the great *Cornelian* Name:
The Rocks and Hills which, long Traditions ſay,
Were held by huge *Antæus*' horrid Sway.

Ver. 971. *The well-known Camp.*] The *Caſtra Corneliana*, where *Cornelius Scipio* had formerly encamp'd, and left his Name to the Place from his remarkable Succeſſes there in the ſecond *Punick* War.

Ver. 978. *Antæus.*] I wonder *Lucan*, who ſeems to avoid *the Fabulous* in his Poem, ſhould go ſo far out of the

Digitized by Google

Here, as, by Chance, he lights upon the Place,
Curious he tries the rev'rend Tale to trace.
When thus, in ſhort, the ruder *Libyans* tell,
What from their Sires they heard, and how the Caſe befel.
The teeming Earth, for ever freſh and young,
Yet, after many a Gyant Son, was ſtrong;
When lab'ring, here, with the prodigious Birth,
She brought her youngeſt-born *Antæus* forth.
Of all the dreadful Brood which erſt ſhe bore,
In none the fruitful Beldame glory'd more:
Happy for Thoſe above ſhe brought him not,
Till after *Phlegra*'s doubtful Field was fought.
That this, her Darling, might in Force excell,
A Gift ſhe gave: whene'er to Earth he fell,
Recruited Strength he from his Parent drew,
And ev'ry ſlack'ning Nerve was ſtrung anew.
Yon Cave his Den he made; where oft' for Food,
He ſnatch'd the Mother Lion's horrid Brood.
Nor Leaves, nor ſhaggy Hides his Couch prepar'd,
Torn from the Tyger, or the ſpotted Pard;
But ſtretch'd along the naked Earth he lies:
New Vigour ſtill the native Earth ſupplies.

Way for this. The Place of *Antæus*'s Abode and Burial is by no Author placed in this Part of *Africk*; ſome fix it in *Mauritania Tingitana*, others in *Libya*, and *Cellarius* between the *Nile* and the *Red-Sea*.

Ver. 990. *Phlegra*,] Where the Gods and the Giants fought a pitch'd Battle.

Whate'er

Whate'er he meets his ruthleſs Hands invade,
Strong in himſelf, without his Mother's Aid.
The Strangers that, unknowing, ſeek the Shore,
Soon a worſe Shipwreck on the Land deplore.
Dreadful to all, with matchleſs Might he reigns,
Robs, ſpoils, and maſſacres the ſimple Swains,
And all unpeopled lye the *Libyan* Plains.
At length, around the trembling Nations ſpread,
Fame of the Tyrant to *Alcides* fled.
The Godlike Heroe, born, by *Jove's* decree
To ſet the Seas, and Earth, from Monſters free;
Hither in gen'rous Pity bent his Courſe,
And ſet himſelf to prove the Giant's Force.
Now met, the Combatants for Fight provide,
And either 'doffs the Lion's yellow Hide.
Bright in *Olympick* Oil *Alcides* ſhone,
Anteus with his Mother's Duſt is ſtrown,
And ſeeks her friendly Force to aid his own.
Now ſeizing fierce their graſping Hands they mix,
And labour on the ſwelling Throat to fix;
Their ſin'wy Arms are writh'd in many a Fold,
And Front to Front, they threaten ſtern and bold.
Unmatch'd before, each bends a ſullen Frown,
To find a Force thus equal to his own.

Ver. 1016. Olympick *Oil.*] As was uſual among the Racers and Wreſtlers at the *Olympick* Games.

Digitized by Google

At length the godlike Victor *Greek* prevail'd,
Nor yet the Foe with all his Force aſſail'd.
Faint dropping Sweats bedew the Monſter's Brows,
And panting thick with heaving Sides he blows;
His trembling Head the ſlack'ning Nerves confeſs'd,
And from the Heroe ſhrunk his yielding Breaſt.
The Conqueror purſues, his Arms entwine,
Infolding gripe, and ſtrain his craſhing Chine,
While his broad Knee bears forceful on his Groin.
At once his falt'ring Feet from Earth he rends,
And on the Sands his mighty Length extends.
The Parent Earth her vanquiſh'd Son deplores,
And with a Touch his Vigour loſt reſtores:
From his faint Limbs the clammy Dews ſhe drains,
And with freſh Streams recruits his ebbing Veins;
The Muſcles ſwell, the hard'ning Sinews riſe,
And burſting from th' *Herculean* Graſp he flies.
Aſtoniſh'd at the Sight *Alcides* ſtood:
Nor more he wonder'd, when in *Lerna*'s Flood
The dreadful Snake her falling Heads renew'd.
Of all his various Labours, none was ſeen
With equal Joy by Heav'n's unrighteous Queen;
Pleas'd ſhe beheld, what Toil, what Pains he prov'd,
He who had born the Weight of Heav'n unmov'd.

Ver. 1044. *The dreadful Snake.*] The *Hydra*.

Sudden

Digitized by Google

Sudden again upon the Foe he flew,
The falling Foe to Earth for Aid withdrew;
The Earth again her fainting Son ſupplies,
And with redoubled Forces bids him riſe:
Her vital Pow'rs to ſuccour him ſhe ſends,
And Earth her ſelf with *Hercules* contends.
Conſcious at length of ſuch unequal Fight,
And that the Parent Touch renew'd his Might,
No longer ſha't thou fall, *Alcides* cry'd,
Henceforth the Combat ſtanding ſhall be try'd;
If thou wo't lean, to me alone incline,
And reſt upon no other Breaſt but mine.
He ſaid; and as he ſaw the Monſter ſtoop,
With mighty Arms aloft he rears him up:
No more the diſtant Earth her Son ſupplies,
Lock'd in the Hero's ſtrong Embrace he lyes;
Nor thence diſmiſs'd, nor truſted to the Ground,
'Till Death in ev'ry frozen Limb was found.
Thus, fond of Tales, our Anceſtors of Old
The Story to their Childrens Children told;
From thence a Title to the Land they gave,
And call'd this hollow Rock *Antæus*' Cave.
But greater Deeds this riſing Mountain grace,
And *Scipio*'s Name ennobles much the Place;
While fixing here his famous Camp, he calls
Fierce *Hannibal* from *Rome*'s devoted Walls.

Digitized by Google

As yet the mould'ring Works remain in view,
Where dreadful once the *Latian* Eagles flew.
Fond of the prosperous victorious Name,
And trusting Fortune wou'd be still the same,
Hither his hapless Ensigns *Curio* leads,
And here his unauspicious Camp he spreads.
A fierce superior Foe his Arms provoke,
And rob the Hills of all their ancient Luck.
O'er all the *Roman* Pow'rs in *Libya*'s Land,
Then *Atius Varus* bore supream Command;
Nor trusting in the *Latian* Strength alone,
With foreign Force he fortify'd his own;
Summon'd the swarthy Monarchs all from far,
And call'd remotest *Juba* forth to War.
O'er many a Country runs his wide Command,
To *Atlas* hage, and *Gades*' Western Strand;
From thence to horned *Ammon*'s Fane renown'd,
And the waste *Syrts* unhospitable Bound:
Southward as far he Reigns, and Rules alone
The sultry Regions of the burning Zone.
With him, unnumber'd Nations march along,
Th' *Autololes* with wild *Numidians* throng;

Ver. 1096. *Autololes*,] Or *Autolola*, People, according to some, of *Getulia* upon the Shore of the *Atlantick* Ocean; according to others, of *Mauritania Cæsariensis* joining to *Numidia*; these latter seem to be those mention'd by *Lucan*.

The *African* Nations here reckon'd by the Poet as the Subjects of *Juba*, possess'd not only all that which we at present

The rough *Getulian*, with his ruder Steed;
The *Moor*, resembling *India*'s swarthy Breed;
Poor *Nasamon*'s, and *Garamantines* join'd,
With swift *Marmaridans* that match the Wind;
The *Mazax*, bred the trembling Dart to throw,
Sure as the Shaft that leaves the *Parthian* Bow;
With these *Massylia*'s nimble Horsemen ride,
They, nor the Bit, nor curbing Rein provide,
But with light Rods the well-taught Courser guide.
From lonely Cots the *Libyan* Hunters came,
Who still unarm'd invade the Salvage Game,
And with spread Mantles tawny Lions tame.
But not *Rome*'s Fate, nor civil Rage alone,
Incite the Monarch *Pompey*'s Cause to own;
Stung by resenting Wrath the War he sought,
And deep Displeasures past by *Curio* wrought.
He, when the Tribune's sacred Pow'r he gain'd,
When Justice, Laws, and Gods were all profan'd,
At *Juba*'s ancient Scepter aim'd his Hate,
And strove to rob him of his Royal Seat:
From a just Prince wou'd tear his native Right,
While *Rome* was made a Slave to lawless Might.
The King, revolving Causes from afar,
Looks on himself as Party to the War.

present call the Coast of *Barbary*, but extended beyond *Atlas* very far Southward, and from the *Streights* Mouth along the *Atlantick Ocean* as far as the *Fortunate* or *Canary* Islands.

Digitized by Google

That Grudge, too well remembring, *Curio* knew;
To this he joins, his Troops to *Cæsar* new,
None of those old experienc'd faithful Bands,
Nurs'd in his Fear, and bred to his Commands;
But a loose, neutral, light, uncertain Train,
Late with *Corfinium*'s Captive Fortress ta'en,
That wav'ring pause, and doubt for whom to strike,
Sworn to both Sides, and true to both alike.
The careful Chief beheld, with anxious Heart,
The faithless Centinels each Night desert:
Then thus, resolving, to himself he cry'd.
By daring Shews our greatest Fears we hide:
Then let me haste to bid the Battle join,
And lead my Army, while it yet is mine;
Leisure and Thinking still to Change incline.
Let War, and Action, busie Thought controul,
And find a full Employment for the Soul.
When with drawn Swords determin'd Soldiers stand,
When Shame is lost, and Fury prompts the Hand,
What Reason then can find a Time to pause,
To weigh the diff'ring Chiefs, and juster Cause?
That Cause seems only just for which they fight,
Each likes his own, and All are in the Right.
On Terms like these, within th' appointed Space,
Bold Gladiators, Gladiators face:
Unknowing why, like fiercest Foes they greet,
And only hate, and kill, because they meet.

He

Digitized by Google

He ſaid, and rang'd his Troops upon the Plain,
While Fortune met him with a Semblance vain,
Cov'ring her Malice keen, and all his future Pain.
Before him *Varus'* vanquiſh'd Legions yield,
And with diſhoneſt Flight forſake the Field;
Expos'd to ſhameful Wounds their Backs he views,
And to their Camp the fearful Rout purſues.
Juba with Joy the mournful News receives,
And haughty in his own Succeſs believes.
Careful his Foes in Error to maintain,
And ſtill preſerve 'em Confident, and Vain;
Silent he marches on in ſecret ſort,
And keeps his Numbers cloſe from loud Report.
Sabbura, great in the *Numidian* Race,
And ſecond to their ſwarthy King in Place,
Firſt with a choſen ſlender Band precedes,
And ſeemingly the Force of *Juba* leads:
While hidden he, the Prince himſelf, remains,
And in a ſecret Vale his Hoſt conſtrains.
Thus oft' th' *Ichneumon*, on the Banks of *Nile*,
Invades the deadly *Aſpick* by a Wile;
While artfully his ſlender Tail is plaid,
The Serpent darts upon the dancing Shade;

Ver. 1167. *Ichneumon.*] This is a Creature commonly call'd the Rat of *Ægypt*, of the Bigneſs of a Weezel or ſmall Cat, an Enemy to Serpents, but particularly to the Crocodile.

Digitized by Google

Then turning on the Foe with ſwift Surprize,
Full at his Throat the nimble Seizer flies:
The gaſping Snake expires beneath the Wound,
His guſhing Jaws with pois'nous Floods abound,
And ſhed the fruitleſs Miſchief on the Ground.
Nor Fortune fail'd to favour his Intent,
But crown'd the Fraud with proſperous Event.
Curio, unknowing of the hoſtile Pow'r,
Commands his Horſe the doubtful Plain to ſcour,
And ev'n by Night the Regions round explore.
Himſelf, tho' oft forewarn'd by friendly Care,
Of *Punick* Frauds, and Danger to beware,
Soon as the Dawn of early Day was broke,
His Camp, with all the moving Foot, forſook.
It ſeem'd, Neceſſity inſpir'd the Deed,
And Fate requir'd the daring Youth ſhou'd bleed.
War, that curſt War which he himſelf begun,
To Death and Ruin drove him headlong on.
O'er devious Rocks, long time, his Way he takes,
Thro' rugged Paths, and rude encumb'ring Brakes;
Till, from afar, at length the Hills diſcloſe,
Aſſembling on their Heights his diſtant Foes.

Ver. 1176. *His Intent.*] *Juba*'s.

Ver. 1182. Punick *Frauds.*] The *Fraus Punica*, or *Punick* Fraud, was a famous Expreſſion among the *Romans* to ſignify the moſt ſubtle Deceit.

Lucan ſays, that *Curio* ſent out the Horſe by Night, undoubtedly with Deſign to *reconnoitre* (or diſcover) the Country and the Poſture of the Enemy, but that he march'd without knowing any thing of their Strength.

Oft

Digitized by Google

Oft' haſty Flight with ſwift Retreat they feign,
To draw th' unwary Leader to the Plain.
He, raſh and ignorant of *Libyan* Wiles,
Wide o'er the naked Champian ſpreads his Files;
When, ſudden, all the circling Mountains round
With numberleſs *Numidians* thick are crown'd;
At once the riſing Ambuſh ſtands confeſs'd,
And Dread ſtrikes cold on ev'ry *Roman* Breaſt.
Helpleſs they view th' impending Danger nigh,
Nor can the Valiant fight, nor Coward fly.
The weary Horſe neglects the Trumpet's Sound,
Nor with impatient Ardour paws the Ground;
No more he champs the Bit, nor tugs the Rein,
Nor pricks his Ears, nor ſhakes his flowing Mane:
With foamy Sweat his ſmoaking Limbs are ſpread,
And all o'er-labour'd hangs his heavy Head;
Hoarſe, and with Pantings thick, his Breath he draws,
While roapy Filth begrimes his clammy Jaws;
Careleſs the Rider's heart'ning Voice he hears,
And motionleſs the wounding Spur he bears.
At length by Swords, and goading Darts compell'd,
Droniſh he drags his Load acroſs the Field;
Nor once attempts to Charge, but drooping goes,
To bear his dying Lord amidſt his Foes.

Ver. 1203. *The weary Horſe.*] The *Roman* Horſe, when they came to charge, were quite tir'd and jaded.

Not

Not ſo the *Libyans* fierce their Onſet make;
With thund'ring Hoofs the ſandy Soil they ſhake;
Thick o'er the Battle wavy Clouds ariſe,
As when thro' *Thrace*, *Biſtonian Boreas* flies,
Involves the Day in Duſt, and darkens all the Skies.
And now the *Latian* Foot encompaſs'd round,
Are maſſacred, and trodden to the Ground;
None in Reſiſtance vainly prove their Might,
But Death is all the Buſineſs of the Fight.
Thicker than Hail the ſteely Show'rs deſcend;
Beneath the Weight the falling *Romans* bend.
On ev'ry Side the ſhrinking Front grows leſs,
And to the Centre madly all they preſs:
Fear, Uproar, and Diſmay increaſe the Cry,
Cruſhing, and cruſh'd, an armed Croud they die;
Ev'n thronging on their Fellows Swords they run,
And the Foes' Buſineſs by themſelves is done.
But the fierce *Moors* diſdain a Croud ſhou'd ſhare
The Praiſe of Conqueſt, or the Task of War:
Rivers of Blood they wiſh, and Hills of Slain,
With mangled Carcaſſes to ſtrow the Plain.

Ver. 1220. *Biſtonian.*] *Biſtonia* was a City of *Thrace* built by *Biſton* the Son of *Mars* and *Callirrhoë*, from whence all the *Thracians* were call'd *Biſtons*, and the Winds blowing from that Country *Biſtonian*.

Ver. 1234. *Fierce* Moors *diſdain*] That their Conqueſt ſhould be owing to the Tumult and Diſorder of the Enemy, they would have rather gain'd it with more Slaughter.

Genius

Digitized by Google

Genius of *Carthage!* rear thy drooping Head,
And view thy Fields with *Roman* Slaughter ſpread.
Behold, oh *Hannibal*, thou hoſtile Shade!
A large Amends by Fortune's Hand is made,
And the loſt *Punick* Blood is well repay'd.
Thus do the Gods the Cauſe of *Pompey* bleſs?
Thus! is it thus, they give our Arms Succeſs?
Take, *Africk*, rather take the horrid Good,
And make thy own Advantage of our Blood.
The Duſt, at length, in crimſon Floods was laid,
And *Curio* now the dreadful Field ſurvey'd.
He ſaw 'twas loſt, and knew it vain to ſtrive,
Yet bravely ſcorn'd to fly, or to ſurvive;
And tho' thus driv'n to Death, he met it well,
And in a Croud of dying *Romans* fell.
Now what avail thy pop'lar Arts and Fame,
Thy reſtleſs Mind that ſhook thy Country's Frame;

Ver. 1243. *Thus do the Gods?*] The Poet would not have any Advantage accrue to *Pompey* (whoſe Perſon and Cauſe he always favours) from the Blood of his Countrymen, but would rather transfer the Benefit of ſuch Succeſs, as well as the Guilt of it, to *Juba* and his *Africans*.

Ver. 1248. *And* Curio *now.*] *Curio* has been mention'd before in the Firſt Book. He was in Debt immenſely for a private Man. *Val. Maximus* ſays, that *Cæſar* paid *Sexcenties H. S.* 60000 *Seſtertia*, which is above 460000 *l.* Sterling for him, ſo that *Cæſar* might be well ſaid to buy, and *Curio* to ſell the Commonwealth.

Thy

Digitized by Google

Thy moving Tongue that knew ſo well to charm,
And urge the madding Multitude to arm?
What boots it, to have ſold the Senate's Right,
And driv'n the furious Leaders on to Fight?
Thou the firſt Victim of thy War art ſlain,
Nor ſha't thou ſee *Pharſalia*'s fatal Plain.
Behold! ye potent Troublers of the State,
What wretched Ends on curſt Ambition wait!
See! where, a Prey, unbury'd *Curio* lyes,
To ev'ry Fowl that wings the *Libyan* Skies.
Oh! were the Gods as gracious, as ſevere,
Were Liberty, like Vengeance, ſtill their Care;
Then, *Rome!* what Days, what People might'ſt thou ſee,
If Providence wou'd equally decree,
To puniſh Tyrants, and preſerve thee Free.
Nor yet, oh gen'rous *Curio*! ſhall my Verſe
Forget, thy Praiſe, thy Virtues, to rehearſe:
Thy Virtues, which with envious Time ſhall ſtrive,
And to ſucceeding Ages long ſurvive.
In all our pregnant Mother's Tribes, before,
A Son of nobler Hope ſhe never bore:
A Soul more bright, more great ſhe never knew,
While to thy Country's Int'reſt thou wert true,
But thy bad Fate o'er-rul'd thy native Worth,
And in an Age abandon'd brought thee forth;
When Vice in Triumph thro' the City paſs'd,
And dreadful Wealth and Pow'r laid all Things waſte.

The

Digitized by Google

The ſweeping Stream thy better Purpoſe croſs'd,
And in the headlong Torrent wer't thou loſt.
Much to the Ruin of the State was done,
When *Curio* by the *Gallick* Spoils was won;
Curio, the Hope of *Rome*, and her moſt worthy Son.
Tyrants of Old, whom former Times record,
Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murd'ring Sword;
Sylla whom ſuch unbounded Pow'r made proud;
Marius, and *Cinna*, red with *Roman* Blood;
Ev'n *Caſar*'s mighty Race who Lord it now,
Before whoſe Throne the Subject Nations bow,
All bought that Pow'r which laviſh *Curio* ſold,
Curio, who barter'd Liberty for Gold.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE FIFTH BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

Digitized by Google

The ARGUMENT.

In Epirus *the Conſuls aſſemble the Senate, who unanimouſly appoint* Pompey *General of the War againſt* Cæſar, *and decree publick Thanks to the ſeveral Princes and States who aſſiſted the Commonwealth.* Appius, *at that Time Prætor of* Achaia, *conſults the Oracle of* Delphos, *concerning the Event of the Civil War. And, upon this Occaſion, the Poet goes into a Digreſſion concerning the Origine, the manner of the Delivery, and the preſent Silence of that Oracle. From* Spain, Cæſar *returns into* Italy, *where he quells a Mutiny in his Army, and puniſhes the Offenders. From* Placentia, *where this Diſorder happen'd, he orders 'em to march to* Brunduſium; *where, after a ſhort Turn to* Rome, *and aſſuming the Conſulſhip, or rather the Supreme Power, he joins them himſelf. From* Brunduſium, *tho' it was then the middle of Winter, he tranſports Part of his Army by Sea to* Epirus, *and lands at* Palæſte. Pompey, *who then lay about* Candavia, *hearing of* Cæſar's *Arrival, and being in pain for* Dyrrachium, *march'd that Way: On the Banks of the River* Apſus, *they met and encamp'd cloſe together. Cæſar was not yet join'd by that part of his Troops which he had left behind him at* Brunduſium, *under the Command of* Mark Anthony; *and being uneaſie at his Delays, leaves his Camp by Night, and ventures over a tempeſtuous Sea in a ſmall Bark to haſten the Tranſport. Upon* Cæſar's *joining his Forces together*; Pompey *perceiv'd that the War won'd now probably be ſoon decided by a Battle: and upon that Conſideration, reſolv'd to ſend his Wife to expect the Event at* Lesbos. *Their Parting, which is extreamly moving, concludes this Book.*

Digitized by Google

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK V.

THUS, equal Fortune holds a while the Scale,
And bids the Leading Chiefs by turns prevail;
In doubt the Goddess, yet, their Fate detains.
And keeps 'em for *Emathia's* fatal Plains.
And now the setting *Pleiades* grew low,
The Hills stood hoary in *December's* Snow;

Ver. 5. *The setting* Pleiades.] The Seven Stars set Cosmically, as the Astronomers call it, (or about Sun-rising) about the Middle of *November*. It signifies here only the latter End of the Year.

The

Digitized by Google

The ſolemn Seaſon was approaching near,
When other Names, renew'd the *Faſti* wear,
And double *Janus* leads the coming Year.
The Conſuls, while their Rods they yet maintain'd,
While, yet, ſome ſhew of Liberty remain'd,
With Miſſives round the ſcatter'd Fathers greet,
And in *Epirus* bid the Senate meet.
There the great Rulers of the *Roman* State,
In foreign Seats, conſulting, meanly ſate,
No Face of War the grave Aſſembly wears,
But civil Pow'r in peaceful Pomp appears:
The Purple Order to their Place reſort,
While waiting Lictors guard the crouded Court.
No Faction theſe, nor Party, ſeem to be,
But a full Senate, legal, juſt, and free.
Great, as he is, here *Pompey* ſtands confeſt
A private Man, and one among the reſt.
Their mutual Groans, at length, and Murmurs ceaſe,
And ev'ry mournful Sound is huſh'd in Peace;
When from the Conſular diſtinguiſh'd Throne,
Sublimely rais'd, thus *Lentulus* begun.

Ver. 8. *When other Names,*] Of the new Conſuls. For the *Faſti* ſee before in the Notes on *Book* II.

Ver. 19. *Lictors.*] Theſe were ſomewhat like our Serjeants at Mace: They attended the principal *Roman* Magiſtrates, and carry'd the Enſigns of their Authority, the Rods and Axes, before 'em.

Digitized by Google

If yet our *Roman* Virtue is the ſame,
Yet worthy of the Race from which we came,
And emulates our great Forefathers' Name,
Let not our Thoughts, by ſad Remembrance led,
Bewail thoſe captive Walls from whence we fled.
This Time demands that to our ſelves we turn,
Nor, Fathers, have we Leiſure now to mourn;
But let each early Care, each honeſt Heart,
Our Senate's ſacred Dignity aſſert.
To all around proclaim it, wide, and near,
That Pow'r which Kings obey, and Nations fear,
That only Legal Pow'r of *Rome*, is here.
For whether to the Northern *Bear* we go,
Where pale ſhe glitters o'er eternal Snow;
Or whether in thoſe ſult'ry Climes we burn,
Where Night and Day with equal Hours return;
The World ſhall ſtill acknowledge us its Head,
And Empire follow whereſoe'er we lead.
When *Gallick* Flames the burning City felt,
At *Veiæ Rome* with her *Camillus* dwelt.
Beneath forſaken Roofs proud *Cæſar* reigns,
Our vacant Courts, and ſilent Laws conſtrains;

Ver. 32. *Thoſe Captive Walls.*] *Rome* poſſeſs'd by *Cæſar*.
Ver. 44. *At Veiæ Rome.*] When *Rome* was ſack'd by the *Gauls*, the Senate aſſembled at *Veiæ*, about three Leagues from their own City, and there appointed *Camillus* Dictator.

While

Digitized by Google

While Slaves, obedient to his Tyrant Will,
Outlaws, and Profligates, his Senate fill;
With him a baniſh'd guilty Croud appear,
All that are Juſt and Innocent are here.
Diſpers'd by War, tho' guiltleſs of its Crimes,
Our Order yielded to theſe impious Times;
At length returning each from his Retreat,
In happy Hour the ſcatter'd Members meet.
The Gods, and Fortune greet us on the Way,
And with the World loſt *Italy* repay.
Upon *Illyria*'s favourable Coaſt,
Vulteius with his furious Band are loſt;
While in bold *Curio*, on the *Libyan* Plain,
One half of *Caſar*'s Senators lye ſlain.
March Then, ye Warriors! ſecond Fate's Deſign,
And to the leading Gods your Ardour join.
With equal Conſtancy to Battle come,
As when you ſhunn'd the Foe, and left your native *Rome*
The Period of the Conſuls Pow'r is near,
Who yield our *Faſces* with the ending Year:
But you, ye Fathers, whom we ſtill obey,
Who rule Mankind with undetermin'd Sway,

Ver. 59. *And with the World.*] The Conſul *Lentulus* would inſinuate, that their Succeſſes againſt *Vulteius* and *Curio* did over-ballance the Loſſes they had ſuſtain'd in *Spain* and *Italy*; and were to be look'd upon as an Earneſt of their recovering the Empire of the World.

Attend

Digitized by Google

Attend the publick Weal, with faithful Care,
And bid our greateſt *Pompey* lead the War.
In loud Applauſe the pleas'd Aſſembly join,
And to the glorious Task the Chief aſſign:
His Country's Fate they truſt to him alone,
And bid him fight *Rome's* Battles, and his own.
Next, to their Friends their Thanks are dealt around,
And ſome with Gifts, and ſome with Praiſe are crown'd:
Of theſe, the Chief are *Rhodes*, by *Phœbus* lov'd,
And *Sparta* rough, in Virtue's Lore approv'd.
Of *Athens* much they ſpeak; *Maſſilia's* Aid
Is with her Parent *Phocis'* Freedom pay'd.
Deiotarus his Truth they much commend,
Their ſtill unſhaken faithful *Aſian* Friend.
Brave *Cotys*, and his valiant Son they grace,
With bold *Rhaſcipolis* from ſtormy *Thrace*.
While gallant *Juba* juſtly is decreed
To his paternal Scepter to ſucceed.
And thou too, *Ptolemy* (unrighteous Fate!)
Wer't rais'd unworthy to the Regal Seate;

Ver. 80. Rhodes *by* Phœbus *lov'd.*] The *Coloſſus* and Temple of the Sun in that Iſland were famous in Antiquity.

Ver. 83. *Her Parent* Phocis.] See Notes on *Book* III.

Ver. 84. Deiotarus *his Truth.*] *Deiotarus* King of *Galatia* brought 600 Horſe to join *Pompey*; *Cotys* King of *Thrace* ſent 500, under the Conduct of his Son *Sadalis*; and *Rhaſcipolis* brought 200 from *Macedonia*.

Ver. 90. *And thou too,* Ptolemy.] *Ptolemy* defrauded his Siſter *Cleopatra* of her Share in the Kingdom; and in killing

The Crown upon thy perjur'd Temples ſhone,
That once was born by *Philip*'s Godlike Son.
O'er *Ægypt* ſhakes the Boy his cruel Sword:
(Oh! that he had been only, *Ægypt*'s Lord!)
But the dire Gift more dreadful Miſchiefs wait,
While *Lagos*' Scepter gives him *Pompey*'s Fate:
Preventing *Caſar*'s, and his Siſter's Hand,
He ſeiz'd his Parricide, and her Command.
Th' Aſſembly roſe, and all on War intent
Buſtle to Arms, and blindly wait th' Event.
Appius alone, impatient to be taught,
With what the threatn'ning future Times were fraught,
With buſie Curioſity explores
The dreadful Purpoſe of the heav'nly Pow'rs.
To *Delphos* ſtrait he flies, where long the God
In Silence had poſſeſs'd his cloſe Abode;
His Oracles had long been known to ceaſe,
And the Prophetick Virgin liv'd in Peace.
Between the ruddy Weſt and Eaſtern Skies,
In the mid-Earth *Parnaſſus*' Tops ariſe:

ing *Pompey*, ſav'd *Caſar* the Guilt of that impious Act. *Lagos* was a Sirname of the *Ptolemy*'s Family.

Ver. 102. Appius *alone*.] *Appius*, the Governour of *Achaia*, deſirous to know the Event of the Civil War, compell'd the Prieſteſs of *Delphos* to deſcend to the Oracle, which had not of a long time been uſed.

Ver. 111. Parnaſſus' *Tops*.] The Mountain *Parnaſſus* was ſacred to *Phœbus* and *Bacchus*, and by the Ancients believ'd to be exactly in the Middle of the Earth.

To

Digitized by Google

To *Phœbus*, and the chearful God of Wine,
Sacred in common ſtands the Hill divine.
Still as the third revolving Year comes round,
The *Manades*, with leafy Chaplets crown'd,
The double Deity in ſolemn Songs reſound.
When, o'er the World, the Deluge wide was ſpread,
This only Mountain rear'd his lofty Head;
One riſing Rock, preſerv'd, a Bound was giv'n,
Between the vaſty Deep, and ambient Heav'n.
Here, to revenge long-vex'd *Latona*'s Pain,
Python by infant *Paan*'s Darts was ſlain,
While yet the Realm was held by *Themis* righteous Reign.
But when the God perceiv'd, how from below
The conſcious Caves diviner Breathings blow,
How Vapours cou'd unfold th' Enquirer's Doom,
And talking Winds cou'd ſpeak of Things to come;

Ver. 115. *The* Mænades.] Theſe were Prieſteſſes properly of *Bacchus*. The *Trieterica*, or Three-yearly Feaſts, were ſacred to that God in Honour of his Return from his Victories in *India*.

Ver. 122. *Python*,] Was a monſtrous Serpent ſent by *Juno* to perſecute *Latona*. He was kill'd by *Paan* or *Apollo*.

Ver. 123. *Themis*.] The Goddeſs of Juſtice.

Ver. 125. *Diviner Breathings*.] The Original of this Oracle was ſaid to be from certain Blaſts or Exhalations which proceeded from a deep Cavern in the Earth, and which inſpir'd the *Pythian*, or Propheteſs, with a Spirit of Prediction. And *Lucan*, in this Place, makes *Apollo* add his Godhead to ſome Divine Quality that was before in the Earth it ſelf. For a larger Account of this Oracle, ſee Dr. *Potter*, the preſent Biſhop of *Oxford*, in his *Archæologia Græca*, Lib. II. Cap. 9.

Digitized by Google

Deep in the Hollows plunging he retir'd,
There, with foretelling Fury firſt inſpir'd,
From thence the Prophet's Art, and Honours he acquir'd.
So runs the Tale. And oh! what God indeed
Within this gloomy Cavern's Depth is hid?
What Pow'r Divine forſakes the Heav'n's fair Light,
To dwell with Earth, and everlaſting Night?
What is this Spirit, potent, wiſe, and great,
Who daigns to make a mortal Frame his Seat;
Who the long Chain of ſecret Cauſes knows;
Whoſe Oracles the Years to come diſcloſe;
Who thro' Eternity at once foreſees,
And tells that Fate which he himſelf decrees?
Part of that Soul, perhaps, which moves in all,
Whoſe Energy informs the pendant Ball,
Thro' this dark Paſſage ſeeks the Realms above,
And ſtrives to re-unite it ſelf to *Jove*.
Whate'er the *Damon*, when he ſtands confeſt
Within his raging Prieſteſs' panting Breaſt,
Dreadful his Godhead from the Virgin breaks,
And thund'ring from her foamy Mouth he ſpeaks.
Such is the Burſt of bell'wing *Ætna*'s Sound,
When fair *Sicilia*'s Paſtures ſhake around;
Such from *Inarimè Typhœus* roars,
While rattling Rocks beſtrew *Campania*'s Shores.

Ver. 151. *Inarimè.*] An Iſland on the Coaſt of *Italy* near *Naples*, now *Iſchia*, in which there is a *Volcano* or fiery

The liſt'ning God, ſtill ready with Replies,
To none his Aid, or Oracle denies;
Yet wiſe and righteous ever, ſcorns to hear
The Fool's fond Wiſhes, or the Guilty's Pray'r;
Tho', vainly, in repeated Vows they truſt,
None e'er find Grace before him, but the Juſt,
Oft to a baniſh'd, wand'ring, houſeleſs Race,
The ſacred Dictates have aſſign'd a Place.
Oft from the ſtrong he ſaves the weak in War:
This Truth, ye *Salaminian* Seas declare!
And heals the barren Land, and Peſtilential Air.
Of all the Wants with which this Age is curſt,
The *Delphick* Silence ſurely is the worſt.

fiery Eruption. The Giant *Typhoeus* is feign'd by the Poets to have been ſtruck with Lightning by *Jupiter*, and this Iſland thrown upon him.

Ver. 154. *To none his Aid.*] That is, in the Times when there were frequent Oracles given (uſing the *Preſent* Tenſe for the *Preterite*, frequent in Poetry.) It is plain, not only from *Lucan* in this Book, but other ancient Authors, that this and other Oracles had been ſilent ſome time before the Civil War between *Ceſar* and *Pompey*.

Ver. 159. *Oft to a baniſh'd.*] There are frequent Inſtances in Story of theſe uſeful Oracles. The *Phœnicians*, driven by Earthquakes from their firſt Habitations, were taught to fix firſt at *Sidon*, and after at *Tyre*. When *Greece* was invaded by *Xerxes*, the *Athenians* were adviſed to truſt in their Wooden Walls, (their Ships) and beat the *Perſians* at Sea at the Battle of *Salamis*. A Famine in *Ægypt*, and the Plague at *Thebes* for the Murder of *Laius*, were both remov'd by conſulting this Oracle.

Digitized by Google

But Tyrants, justly fearful of their Doom,
Forbid the Gods to tell us what's to come,
Meanwhile, the Prophetess may well rejoice,
And bless the ceasing of the sacred Voice:
Since Death too oft her holy Task attends,
And immature her dreadful Labour ends.
Torn by the fierce distracting Rage she springs,
And dies beneath the God for whom she sings.

These silent Caves, these *Tripods* long unmov'd,
Anxious for *Rome*, inquiring *Appius* prov'd:
He bids the Guardian of the dread Abode,
Send in the trembling Priestess to the God.
The rev'rend Sire the *Latian* Chief obey'd,
And sudden seis'd the unsuspecting Maid,
Where careless in the peaceful Grove she stray'd.
Dismay'd, aghast, and pale he drags her on;
She stops, and strives the fatal Task to shun:
Subdu'd by Force, to Fraud and Art she flies,
And, thus to turn the *Roman's* Purpose tries.

Ver. 166. *But Tyrants.*] They forbid their Subjects to enquire.

Ver. 174. *Tripods.*] There are several differing Opinions concerning the *Tripus* or *Tripod* at *Delphos*, which are collected by the Learned Dr. *Potter* (as above). The most common, and, I think, the most probable is, that it was a Three-legged Stool or Seat, placed over the Hole or Vent of the sacred Cavern: Upon this the Priestess sate or lean'd, and receiv'd the Divine *Afflatus*, or Blast, from below. Those that have a Curiosity to be better inform'd, may see *Vandale de Oraculis*.

What

Digitized by Google

What curious Hopes thy wandring Fancy move,
The silent *Delphick* Oracle to prove?
In vain, *Ausonian Appius*, art thou come;
Long has our *Phœbus* and his Cave been dumb.
Whether, disdaining us, the sacred Voice
Has made some other distant Land its choice;
Or whether, when the fierce Barbarians' Fires
Low in the Dust had laid our lofty Spires,
In Heaps the mould'ring Ashes heavy rod,
And choak'd the Channels of the breathing God:
Or whether Heav'n no longer gives Replies,
But bids the *Sibylls* mystick Verse suffice;
Or if he daigns not this bad Age to bear,
And holds the World unworthy of his Care;
Whate'er the Cause, our God has long been mute,
And answers not to any Suppliant's Sute.

But ah! too well her Artifice is known,
Her Fears confess the God, whom they disown.
Howe'er, each Rite she seemingly prepares;
A Fillet gathers up her foremost Hairs;
While the white Wreath and Bays her Temples bind,
And knit the looser Locks which flow behind.

Ver. 191. *When the fierce Barbarian's Fires.*] When *Delphos* was taken and sack'd, and the Temple burnt by *Brennus* and the *Gauls*.

Ver. 196. *The* Sibyll's *mystick Verse.*] That Volume which was kept at *Rome*, and consulted upon the most important publick Occasions.

Digitized by Google

Sudden, the ſtronger Prieſt, tho' yet ſhe ſtrives,
The lingring Maid within the Temple drives:
But ſtill ſhe fears, ſtill ſhuns the dreadful Shrine,
Lags in the outer Space, and feigns the Rage divine.
But far unlike the God, her calmer Breaſt
No ſtrong Enthuſiaſtick Throes confeſt;
No Terrours in her ſtarting Hairs were ſeen,
To caſt from off her Brow the wreathing Green;
No broken Accents half obſtructed hung,
Nor ſwelling Murmurs roll her lab'ring Tongue,
From her fierce Jawt no ſounding Horrours come,
No Thunders bellow thro' the working Foam,
To rend the ſpacious Cave, and ſhake the vaulted Dome.
Too plain, the peaceful Groves and Fane betray'd
The wily, fearful, God-diſſembling Maid.
The furious *Roman* ſoon the Fraud eſpy'd,
And, Hope not thou ſo ſcape my Rage, he cry'd;
Sore ſhalt thou rue thy fond Deceit, profane,
(The Gods and *Appius* are not mock'd in vain)
Unleſs thou ceaſe thy mortal Sounds to tell,
Unleſs thou plunge thee in the myſtick Cell,
Unleſs the Gods themſelves reveal the Doom,
Which ſhall befall the warring World, and *Rome*,
He ſpoke, and aw'd by the ſuperior Dread,
The trembling Prieſteſs to the *Tripod* fled:

Ver. 226. *Thy mortal Sounds.*] Your own Words; what you ſpeak from your ſelf, and not from the Inſpiration of *Apollo*.

Cloſe

Close to the holy breathing Vent she cleaves,
And largely the unwonted God receives.
Nor Age the potent Spirit had decay'd,
But with full Force he fills the heaving Maid;
Nor e'er so strong inspiring *Paan* came,
Nor stretch'd, as now, her agonizing Frame:
The mortal Mind driv'n out forsook her Breast,
And the sole Godhead ev'ry Part possest.
Now swell her Veins, her turgid Sinews rise,
And bounding Frantick thro' the Cave she flies;
Her bristling Locks the wreathy Fillet scorn,
And her fierce Feet the tumbling *Tripod* spurn.
Now wild she dances o'er the vacant Fane,
And whirls her giddy Head, and bellows with the Pain.
Nor yet the less, th' avenging wrathful God,
Pours in his Fires, and shakes his sounding Rod:
He lashes now, and goads her on again;
And now he checks her stubborn to the Rein.
Curbs in her Tongue, just lab'ring to disclose,
And speak that Fate which in her Bosome glows.
Ages on Ages throng, a painful Load,
Myriads of Images, and Myriads croud;
Men, Times, and Things, or present, or to come,
Work lab'ring up and down, and urge for Room.

Ver. 247. *His sounding Rod.*] In these Divine Furies the Priestess seem'd to be driven along with Whips.

Whatever is, shall be, or e'er has been,
Rolls in her Thought, and to her Sight is seen.
The Ocean's utmost Bounds her Eyes explore,
And number ev'ry Sand on ev'ry Shore;
Nature, and all her Works, at once they see,
Know when she first begun, and when her End shall be.
And as the *Sibyll* once in *Cume's* Cell,
When vulgar Fates she proudly ceas'd to tell,
The *Roman* Destiny distinguish'd took,
And kept it careful in her sacred Book;
So now, *Phemonoë*, in Clouds of Thought,
The single Doom of *Latian Appius* sought.
Nor in that Mass, where Multitudes abound,
A private Fortune can with Ease be found.
At length her foamy Mouth begins to flow,
Groans more distinct, and plainer Murmurs go;
A doleful Houl the roomy Cavern shook,
And thus the calmer Maid in fainting Accents spoke.
While guilty Rage the World tumultuous rends,
In Peace for thee, *Eubœa's* Vale attends;
Thither, as to thy Refuge, shalt thou fly,
There find Repose, and unmolested lye.
She said; the God her lab'ring Tongue suppress,
And in eternal Darkness veil'd the rest.

Ver. 266. *Phemonoë.*] *Lucan* gives this Name to the Priestess of his Time, probably because it was the Name of the first Maid that deliver'd these Oracles.

Ye

Ye sacred *Tripods*, on whose Doom we wait!
Ye Guardians of the future Laws of Fate!
And thou, oh! *Phœbus*, whose Prophetick Skill
Reads the dark Counsels of the heavenly Will;
Why did your wary Oracles refrain,
To tell what Kings, what Heroes must be slain,
And how much Blood the blushing Earth shou'd stain?
Was it that, yet, the Guilt was undecreed?
That yet our *Pompey* was not doom'd to bleed?
Or chose you wisely, rather, to afford
A just Occasion to the Patriot's Sword?
As if you fear'd t'avert the Tyrant's Doom,
And hinder *Brutus* from avenging *Rome*?
Thro' the wide Gates at length by Force display'd,
Impetuous sallies the Prophetick Maid;
Nor yet the holy Rage was all suppress'd,
Part of the God still heaving in her Breast:
Urg'd by the *Daemon*, yet she rolls her Eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the spacious Skies.
Now horrid Purple flushes in her Face,
And now a livid Pale supplies the Place;
A double Madness paints her Cheeks by turns,
With Fear she freezes, and with Fury burns:
Sad breathing Sighs with heavy Accent go,
And doleful from her fainting Bosome blow:
So when no more the Storm sonorous sings,
But noisie *Boreas* hangs his weary Wings:

In hollow Grotts the falling Winds complain,
And murmur o'er the hoarse-resounding Main.
Now by degrees the Fire Ætherial fail'd,
And the dull human Sense again prevail'd;
While *Phœbus*, sudden, in a murky Shade,
Hid the past Vision from the mortal Mind.
Thick Clouds of dark Oblivion rise between,
And snatch away at once the wond'rous Scene;
Stretch'd on the Ground the fainting Priestess lies,
While to the *Tripod*, back, th' informing Spirit flies.
Meanwhile, fond *Appius*, erring in his Fate,
Dream'd of long Safety, and a neutral State;
And, e'er the great Event of War was known,
Fix'd on *Eubœan Chalcis* for his own.
Fool! to believe that Pow'r cou'd ward the Blow,
Or snatch thee from amidst the gen'ral Woe!
In Times like these, what God but Death can save?
The World can yield no Refuge, but the Grave.
Where struggling Seas *Charystos* rude constrains,
And, dreadful to the proud, *Rhamnusia* reigns;

Ver. 320. *Eubœan Chalcis.*] *Chalcis* and *Aulis* lye over-against each other, one in *Eubœa* (*Negropont*), the other in *Bœotia*, with the *Euripus* or Gulf between.

Ver. 326. *Rhamnusia.*] *Nemesis*, or the Goddess of Divine Vengeance, was particularly worshipp'd at *Rhamnus*, a Town in *Attica*, and from thence called *Rhamnusia*. *Appius* thinking this Oracle had warn'd him only to abstain from this War, retired into that Country call'd *Cœla Eubœa*, where before the Battle of *Pharsalia* he died of a Disease,

Where by the whirling Current Barks are cast
From *Chalcis* to unlucky *Aulis'* Coast;
There shalt thou meet the Gods appointed Doom,
A private Death, and long-remember'd Tomb.
To other Wars the Victor now succeeds,
And his proud Eagles from *Iberia* leads:
When the chang'd Gods his Ruin seem'd to threat,
And cross the long successful Course of Fate.
Amidst his Camp, and fearless of his Foes,
Sudden he saw where inborn Dangers rose,
He saw those Troops that long had faithful stood,
Friends to his Cause, and Enemies to Good,
Grown weary of their Chief, and satiated with Blood,
Whether the Trumpet's Sound too long had ceast,
And Slaughter slept in unaccustom'd Rest:
Or whether, arrogant by Mischief made,
The Soldier held his Guilt but half repay'd:
Whilst Avarice and Hope of Bribes prevail,
Turn against *Cæsar*, and his Cause, the Scale,
And set the mercenary Sword to sale.

Disease, and was there buried, and so possess'd quietly the Place which the Oracle had promis'd him.

Ver. 331. *To other Wars.*] *Cæsar* was now return'd from *Spain* to *Placentia* in *Italy*, and was going to follow *Pompey* into *Epirus* and *Macedonia*, when this Mutiny in his Army happen'd. As *Lucan* tells the Story, he seems not to have been present at the Time it first began, but upon the first Notice of it to have repaired to the Camp. Nor does the Speech of one of the Ringleaders (tho' address'd to him) suppose him to be present.

Nor,

Nor, e'er before, so truly cou'd he read
What Dangers strow those Paths the Mighty tread.
Then, first, he found on what a faithless Base
Their nodding Tow'rs Ambition's Builders place:
He who so late, a potent Faction's Head,
Drew in the Nations, and the Legions led;
Now stript of all, beheld in ev'ry Hand
The Warriors Weapons at their own Command;
Nor Service now, nor Safety they afford,
But leave him single to his Guardian Sword.
Nor is this Rage the Grumbling of a Croud,
That shun to tell their Discontents aloud;
Where all with gloomy Looks suspicious go,
And Dread of an Informer choaks their Woe:
But, bold in Numbers, proudly they appear,
And scorn the bashful mean Restraints of Fear.
For Laws, in great Rebellions, lose their End,
And all go free, when Multitudes offend.
Among the rest, one thus: At length 'tis time
To quit thy Cause, oh *Cæsar*! and our Crime:
The World around for Foes thou hast explor'd,
And lavishly expos'd us to the Sword;
To make Thee great, a worthless Croud we fall,
Scatter'd o'er *Spain*, o'er *Italy*, and *Gaul*;
In ev'ry Clime beneath the spacious Sky,
Our Leader conquers, and his Soldiers die.

What

What boots our March beneath the frozen Zone,
Or that loft Blood which ſtains the *Rhine* and *Rhone*?
When ſcarr'd with Wounds, and worn with Labour hard,
We come with hopes of Recompence prepar'd,
Thou giv'ſt us War, more War, for our Reward.
Tho' purple Rivers in thy Cauſe we ſpill,
And ſtain'd our horrid Hands in ev'ry Guilt;
With unavailing Wickedneſs we toil'd,
In vain the Gods, in vain the Senate ſpoil'd;
Of Virtue, and Reward, alike bereft,
Our pious Poverty is all we've left.
Say to what height thy daring Arms wou'd riſe?
If *Rome's* too little, what can e'er ſuffice?
Oh ſee at length! with Pity, *Ceſar*, ſee
Theſe with'ring Arms, theſe Hairs grown white for thee.
In painful Wars our joyleſs Days have paſt,
Let weary Age lye down in Peace at laſt:
Give us, on Beds, our dying Limbs to lay,
And ſigh, at Home, our parting Souls away.
Nor think it much we make the bold Demand,
And ask this wond'rous Favour at thy Hand:
Let our poor Babes, and weeping Wives be by,
To cloſe our drooping Eyelids when we die.
Be merciful, and let Diſeaſe afford
Some other way to die, beſide the Sword;
Let us no more a common Carnage burn,
But each be laid in his own decent Urn.

Still

Still wo't thou urge us ignorant and blind,
To some more monstrous Mischief yet behind?
Are we the only Fools, forbid to know
How much we may deserve by one sure Blow?
Thy Head, thy Head is ours, where'er we please;
Well has thy War inspir'd such Thoughts as these:
What Laws, what Oaths can urge their feeble Bands,
To hinder these determin'd daring Hands?
That *Cæsar*, who was once ordain'd our Head,
When to the *Rhine* our lawful Arms he led,
Is now no more our Chieftain, but our Mate;
Guilt equal, gives Equality of State.
Nor shall his foul Ingratitude prevail,
Nor weigh our Merits in his partial Scale;
He views our Labours with a scornful Glance,
And calls our Victories the Works of Chance:
But his proud Heart, henceforth, shall learn to own,
His Pow'r, his Fate, depends on us alone.
Yes, *Cæsar*, spight of all those Rods that wait,
With mean obsequious Service, on thy State;
Spight of thy Gods, and thee, the War shall cease,
And we thy Soldiers will command a Peace.

Ver. 402. *Are we the only Fools.*] Do you think, meanly are ignorant how greatly we may deserve of the Commonwealth by killing you?

Digitized by Google

He ſpoke, and fierce tumultuous Rage inſpir'd;
The kindling Legions round the Camp were fir'd,
And with loud Cries their abſent Chief requir'd.
Permit it thus, ye righteous Gods, to be;
Let wicked Hands fulfill your great Decree;
And ſince loſt Faith, and Virtue are no more,
Let *Caſar*'s Hands the publick Peace reſtore.
What Leader had not now been chill'd with Fear,
And heard this Tumult with the laſt Deſpair?
But *Caſar*, form'd for Perils hard and great,
Headlong to drive, and brave oppoſing Fate;
While yet with fierceſt Fires their Furies flame,
Secure, and ſcornful of the Danger, came.
Nor was he wroth to ſee the Madneſs riſe,
And mark the Vengeance threat'ning in their Eyes:
With Pleaſure cou'd he crown their curſt Deſigns,
With Rapes of Matrons, and the Spoils of Shrines;
Had they but aſk'd it, well he cou'd approve
The Waſte, and Plunder of *Tarpeian Jove*:
No Miſchief he, no Sacrilege, denies;
But wou'd himſelf beſtow the horrid Prize.
With Joy he ſees their Souls by Rage poſſeſt,
Soothes and indulges every frantick Breaſt,
And only fears what Reaſon may ſuggeſt.
Still, *Caſar*, wo't thou tread the Paths of Blood?
Wo't thou, thou ſingly hate thy Country's Good?

* Ver. 440. *Tarpeian Jove.*] The Capitol.

Shall

Shall the rude Soldier first of War complain,
And teach thee to be pitiful in vain?
Give o'er at length, and let thy Labours cease,
Nor vex the World, but learn to suffer Peace.
Why should'ſt thou force each, now, unwilling Hand,
And drive 'em on to Guilt by thy Command?
When ev'n relenting Rage it ſelf gives place,
And fierce *Enyo* ſeems to ſhun the Face.

High on a turfy Bank the Chief was rear'd,
Fearleſs, and therefore worthy to be fear'd:
Around the Croud he caſt an angry Look,
And dreadful, thus with Indignation ſpoke.

Ye noiſie Herd! who in ſo fierce a Strain
Againſt your abſent Leader dare complain:
Behold! where naked and unarm'd he ſtands,
And braves the Malice of your threat'ning Hands.
Here find your End of War, your long-ſought Reſt,
And leave your uſeleſs Swords in *Cæſar's* Breaſt.
But wherefore urge I the bold Deed to you?
To rail, is all your feeble Rage can do.
In grumbling Factions are you bold and loud,
Can ſow Sedition, and increaſe a Croud;
You! who can loath the Glories of the Great,
And poorly meditate a baſe Retreat.

Ver. 455. *Fierce* Enyo.] The Goddeſs of Civil War.

But

But, hence! begone, from Victory and me,
Leave me to what my better Fates decree:
New Friends, new Troops, my Fortune shall afford,
And find a Hand for ev'ry vacant Sword.
Behold, what Crouds on flying *Pompey* wait,
What Multitudes attend his abject State!
And shall Success, and *Cæsar*, droop the while?
Shall I want Numbers to divide the Spoil,
And reap the Fruits of your forgotten Toil?
Legions shall come to end the bloodless War,
And shouting follow my triumphal Car.
While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd Race,
Shall view our Honours with a downward Face,
And curse your selves in secret as we pass.
Can your vain Aid, can your departing Force,
With-hold my Conquest, or delay my Course?
So trickling Brooks their Waters may deny,
And hope to leave the mighty Ocean dry;
The Deep shall still be full, and scorn the poor Supply.
Nor think such vulgar Souls as yours were giv'n,
To be the Task of Fate, and Care of Heav'n:
Few are the Lordly, the distinguish'd Great,
On whom the watchful Gods, like Guardians, wait:
The rest for common Use were all design'd,
An unregarded Rabble of Mankind.

Digitized by Google

By my auspicious Name, and Fortune led,
Wide o'er the World your conqu'ring Arms were spread,
But say, what had you done, with *Pompey* at your Head?
Vast was the Fame by *Labienus* won,
When rank'd amidst my warlike Friends, he shon:
Now mark, what follows on his faithless Change.
And see him with his Chief new-chosen, range
By Land, and Sea, where-e'er my Arms he spies.
An ignominious Runagate he flies.
Such shall you prove. Nor is it worth my Care,
Whether to *Pompey's* Aid your Arms you bear:
Who quits his Leader, wheresoe'er he go,
Flies like a Traytor, and becomes my Foe.
Yes, ye great Gods! your kinder Care I own,
You made the Faith of these false Legions known:
You warn me well to change these coward Bands,
Nor trust my Fate to such betraying Hands.
And thou too, Fortune, point'st me out the Way,
A mighty Debt, thus, cheaply to repay:
Henceforth my Care regards my self alone,
War's glorious Gain shall now be all my own.

Ver. 500. *Labienus.*] He had been *Cæsar's* Lieutenant in *Gaul*; but was perswaded by *Cæsar's* Enemies to forsake him, and go over to *Pompey*.

Ver. 506. *Nor is it worth my Care.*] It is very indifferent to me whether you only forsake me, and remain Neuters, or go over to *Pompey* and assist him.

For

Digitized by Google

For you, ye vulgar Herd, in Peace return,
My Enfigns shall by manly Hands be born.
Some few of you; my Sentence here shall wait,
And warn succeeding Factions by your Fate.
Down! groveling down to Earth, ye Traytors, bend,
And with your prostrate Necks, my Doom attend.
And you, ye younger Striplings of the War;
You, whom I mean to make my future Care;
Strike home! to Blood, to Death, inure your Hands,
And learn to execute my dread Commands.
He spoke; and at th' imperious Sound dismay'd,
The trembling unresisting Crowd obey'd:
No more their late Equality they boast,
But bend beneath his Frown a suppliant Host.
Singly secure, he stands confess'd their Lord,
And rules, in spight of him, the Soldier's Sword.
Doubtful, at first, their Patience he surveys,
And wonders why each haughty Heart obeys;
Beyond his Hopes he sees the Stubborn bow,
And bare their Breasts obedient to the Blow;
Till ev'n his cooler Thoughts the Deed disclaim,
And wou'd not find their fiercer Souls so tame.

Ver. 530. *Their late Equality.*] See before, *Ver.* 410.
Ver. 539. *And wou'd not find.*] As thinking such a Disposition of Mind too tame for the Execution of Designs like his.

Digitized by Google

A few, at length, selected from the rest,
Bled for Example; and the Tumult ceas'd:
While the consenting Host the Victims view'd,
And, in that Blood, their broken Faith renew'd.
Now to *Brundusium*'s Walls he leads 'em on,
Where ten long Days their weary Marches ends
There he commands assembling Barks to meet,
And furnish from the neighb'ring Shores his Fleet.
Thither the crooked Keels from *Leuca* glide,
From *Taras* old, and *Hydrus*' winding Tide;
Thither with swelling Sails their way they take,
From lowly *Sipus*, and *Salapia*'s Lake;
From where *Apulia*'s fruitful Mountains rise,
Where high along the Coast *Garganus* lyes,
And beating Seas, and fighting Winds defies.
Meanwhile the Chief to *Rome* directs his Way,
Now fearful, aw'd, and fashion'd to his Sway.

Ver. 540. *A few at length.*] *Cæsar* cashier'd, with Infamy, all the ninth Legion at *Placentia*, and with much ado, after many Prayers and great Submissions, receiv'd them again, but not without making severe Examples of the chief Mutineers.

Ver. 549. *From* Taras.] Or *Taras*, a River of *Naples* in the Province of *Otranto*; it rises in the *Apennine* Mountains, and falls into the Gulf of *Tarentum*.

Hydrus and *Hydruntium* was the ancient Name of *Otranto*: Here it signifies a River probably near that Place of the same Name.

Salapia and *Sipus* were both Towns in *Apulia*.

Garganus, a Mountain in *Apulia*.

Ver. 555. *Mean while the Chief.*] *Cæsar* made himself Dictator

There, with mock Pray'rs, the suppliant Vulgar wait,
And urge on him the great Dictator's State.
Obedient he, since thus their Wills ordain,
A gracious Tyrant condescends to Reign.
His mighty Name the joyful *Fasti* wear,
Worthy to usher in the curst *Pharsalian* Year.
Then was the time, when Sycophants began
To heap all Titles on one Lordly Man;
Then learn'd our Sires that fawning lying Strain,
Which we, their slavish Sons, so well retain:
Then, first, were seen to join, an ill-match'd Pair,
The Ax of Justice, with the Sword of War;
Fasces, and Eagles, mingling, march along,
And in proud *Cæsar*'s Train promiscuous throng.
And while all Pow'rs in him alone unite,
He mocks the People with the Shews of Right.

Dictator at *Rome* without any lawful Election, (that is) neither nam'd by the Senate or Consul; and eleven Days after quitted his Dictatorship, having made himself and *Publius Servilius* Consuls.

Ver. 565. *Then learn'd our Sires.*] Then began those Names of Flattery which were afterwards used to their Emperors of *Divus, Semper Augustus, Pater Patriæ*, &c. *Divine, For ever August, Father of his Country*, &c.

Ver. 571. *And while all Pow'rs.*] After all Government was in the Hands of *Cæsar* alone, all the ancient Rites observ'd in creating of Magistrates were quite taken away; an imaginary Face of Election was still kept up in the Field of *Mars*; the Tribes were summon'd indeed, but were not admitted to give their Suffrages distinctly and regularly. The other Orders were vain and meerly formal; for the Emperor commended him to the Centuries whom he

Digitized by Google

The *Martian* Field th'assembling Tribes receives,
And each his unregarded Suffrage gives;
Still with the same Solemnity of Face,
The rev'rend Augur seems to fill his Place:
Tho' now he hears not when the Thunders rowl,
Nor sees the Flight of the ill-boding Owl.
Then sunk the State and Dignity of *Rome*,
Thence monthly Consuls nominally come:
Just as the Sov'raign bids, their Names appear,
To head the Calendar, and mark the Year.
Then too, to finish out the Pageant Show,
With formal Rites to *Alban Jove* they go;
By Night the Festival was huddled o'er,
Nor cou'd the God, unworthy, ask for more;

he intended shou'd be Consul, or else design'd him and actually chose him himself. The Observations of the Augurs were formerly greatly regarded on these Occasions; but under the Emperors the Religion was prostituted to the Prince, and the Prophet prophesy'd as *Cæsar* pleas'd.

It is proper to observe here, that the Appearance of an Owl within the City was reckon'd amongst the most unlucky Omens.

Ver. 580. *Monthly Consuls.*] Under the Emperors Consuls were often chosen for Half a Year, or for one, two, or three Months.

Ver. 584. *To* Alban Jove.] The *Feriæ Latinæ*, or Latin Festivals, here mention'd, were such as were celebrated by the new Consuls in the *Alban* Mountain to *Jupiter* by Torch-light, with great Solemnity. But *Lucan* says, with little Reverence for *Jupiter*, that the God deserv'd they should be thus disrespectfully huddled over by *Cæsar*, for suffering the *Romans*, who were the Race of *Æneas* and *Ascanius* (the latter of whom instituted these Rites) to be brought into Slavery.

He

Digitized by Google

He who look'd on, and saw such foul Disgrace,
Such Slavery befal his *Trojan* Race.
Now, *Cæsar*, like the Flame that cuts the Skies,
And swifter than the vengeful Tygress, flies,
Where waste and overgrown *Apulia* lies;
O'er-passing soon the rude abandon'd Plains,
Brundusium's crooked Shores, and *Cretan* Walls he gains:
Loud *Boreas* there his Navy close confines,
While wary Seamen dread the wint'ry Signs.
But he, th'impatient Chief, disdains to spare
Those Hours that better may be spent in War:
He grieves to see his ready Fleet with-held,
While others boldly plow the wat'ry Field.
Eager to rouse their Sloth, Behold, (he cries)
The constant Wind that rules the wint'ry Skies,
With what a settled Certainty it flies!
Unlike the wanton fickle Gales, that bring
The cloudy Changes of the faithless Spring.
Nor need we now to Shift, to Tack, and Veer:
Steddy the friendly North commands to steer.
Oh! that the Fury of the driving Blast
May swell the Sail, and bend the lofty Mast.
So, shall our Navy soon be wafted o'er,
E'er yon *Phæacian* Gallies dip the Oar,
And intercept the wish'd-for *Grecian* Shore.

Ver. 610. Phæacian *Galleys.*] *Pompey*'s Gallies that lay at *Dyrrhachium*, which was built by the *Phæacians*, who inhabited *Corcyra* (now *Corfu.*)

Cut

Digitized by Google

Cut ev'ry Cable then, and haſte away;
The waiting Winds and Seas upbraid our long Delay.
Low in the Weſt the ſetting Sun was laid,
Up roſe the Night in glitt'ring Stars array'd,
And Silver *Cynthia* caſt a length'ning Shade;
When looſing from the Shore the moving Fleet,
All Hands at once unfurl the ſpreading Sheet;
The ſlacker Tacklings let the Canvaſs flow,
To gather all the Breath the Winds can blow.
Swift, for a while, they ſcud before the Wind,
And leave *Heſperia*'s leſs'ning Shores behind;
When, lo! the dying Breeze begins to fail,
And flutters on the Maſt the flagging Sail:
The duller Waves with ſlower Heavings creep,
And a dead Calm benums the lazy Deep.
As when the Winter's potent Breath conſtrains
The *Scythian Euxine* in her icy Chains;
No more the *Boſphori* their Streams maintain,
Nor ruſhing *Iſter* heaves the languid Main;
Each Keel inclos'd, at once forgets its Courſe,
While o'er the new-made Champian bounds the Horſe:
Bold on the cryſtal Plains the *Thracians* ride,
And print with ſounding Heels the ſtable Tide.

Ver. 629. *The* Boſphori,] Two Streights, the one called the *Thracian*, the other the *Cimmerian Boſphorus*, lye at each End of the *Euxine* Sea. The former is now the Channel of *Conſtantinople*, and the latter the Streights of *Caffa*.

So

Digitized by Google

So ſtill a Form th' *Ionian* Waters take,
Dull as the muddy Marſh and ſtanding Lake:
No Breezes o'er the curling Surface paſs,
Nor Sun-beams tremble in the liquid Glaſs;
No uſual Turns revolving *Tethys* knows,
Nor with alternate Rollings ebbs and flows:
But ſluggiſh Ocean ſleeps in ſtupid Peace,
And weary Nature's Motion ſeems to ceaſe.
With diff'ring Eyes the hoſtile Fleets beheld
The falling Winds, and uſeleſs wat'ry Field.
There *Pompey*'s daring Prows attempt, in vain,
To plow their Paſſage thro' th' unyielding Main;
While, pinch'd by Want, proud *Cæſar*'s Legions here
The dire Diſtreſs of meagre Famine fear.
With Vows unknown before they reach the Skies,
That Waves may daſh, and mounting Billows riſe;
That Storms may with returning Fury reign,
And the rude Ocean be it ſelf again.
At length the ſtill, the ſluggiſh Darkneſs fled,
And cloudy Morning rear'd its low'ring Head.
The rolling Flood the gliding Navy bore,
And Hills appear'd to paſs upon the Shore.
Attending Breezes waft 'em to the Land,
And *Cæſar*'s Anchors bite *Paleſte*'s Strand.

Ver. 658. *Paleſte*,] A Village in *Epirus* near the City of *Oricum*.

Digitized by Google

In neighb'ring Camps the hostile Chiefs sit down,
Where *Genusus* the fourth, and *Aous* run;
Among th' ignobler Croud of Rivers, these
Soon lose their Waters in the mingling Seas:
No mighty Streams, nor distant Springs they know,
But rise from muddy Lakes, and melting Snow.
Here meet the Rivals who the World divide,
Once by the tend'rest Bands of Kindred ty'd.
The World with Joy their Interview beheld,
Now only parted by a single Field.
Fond of the hopes of Peace, Mankind believe,
Whene'er they come thus near, they must forgive.
Vain Hopes! for soon they part to meet no more,
'Till both shall reach the curst *Egyptian* Shore;
'Till the proud Father shall in Arms succeed,
And see his vanquish'd Son untimely bleed;
'Till he beholds his Ashes on the Strand,
Views his pale Head within a Villain's Hand;
Till *Pompey*'s Fate shall *Cæsar*'s Tears demand.
The latter yet his eager Rage restrains,
While *Antony* the ling'ring Troops detains.

Ver. 660. *Genusus*,] Now *Arzenza*, and *Aous* now *Æspro*, two Rivers of *Macedonia* that fall into the *Adriatick* Sea.

Ver. 679. *While* Antony.] When *Cæsar* pass'd over into *Greece* with part of his Army, he left the other with *M. Antony* at *Brundusium*.

Repining

Repining much, and griev'd at War's Delay,
Impatient *Cæsar* often chides his Stay,
Oft' he is heard to threat; and humbly oft' to pray.
Still shall the World (he cries) thus anxious wait?
Still wo't thou stop the Gods, and hinder Fate?
What cou'd be done before, was done by me:
Now ready Fortune only stays for thee.
What holds thee then? Do Rocks thy Course withstand?
Or *Libyan Syrts* oppose their faithless Strand?
Or dost thou fear new Dangers to explore?
I call thee not, but where I past'd before.
For all those Hours thou lost'st, I complain,
And sue to Heav'n for prosp'rous Winds in vain.
My Soldiers (often has their Faith been try'd)
If not with-held, had hasten'd to my Side.
What Toil, what Hazards will they not partake?
What Seas and Shipwrecks scorn, for *Cæsar*'s sake?
Nor will I think the Gods so partial are,
To give thee fair *Asonia* for thy Share;
While *Cæsar*, and the Senate, are forgot,
And in *Epirus* bound their barren Lot.
In Words like these, he calls him oft' in vain,
And thus the hasty Missives oft' complain.
At length the lucky Chief, who oft' had found
What vast Success his rasher Darings crown'd;
Who saw how much the fav'ring Gods had done,
Nor wou'd be wanting, when they urg'd him on;

Digitized by Google

Fierce, and impatient of the tedious Stay,
Reſolves by Night to prove the doubtful Way:
Bold in a ſingle Skiff he means to go,
And tempt thoſe Seas that Navies dare not plow.
'Twas now the time when Cares and Labour ceaſe,
And ev'n the Rage of Arms was huſh'd to Peace:
Snatch'd from their Guilt and Toil, the Wretched lay,
And ſlept the ſounder for the painful Day.
Thro' the ſtill Camp the Night's third Hour reſounds,
And warns the ſecond Watches to their Rounds;
When thro' the Horrours of the murky Shade,
Secret the careful Warrior's Footſteps tread.
His Train, unknowing, ſlept within his Tent,
And Fortune only follow'd where he went.
With ſilent Anger he perceiv'd, around,
The ſleepy Centinels beſtrew the Ground:
Yet, unreproving, now, he paſs'd 'em o'er,
And ſought with eager haſte the winding Shore.
There thro' the Gloom, his ſearching Eyes explor'd,
Where to the mould'ring Rock a Bark was moor'd.
The mighty Maſter of this little Boat,
Securely ſlept within a neighb'ring Cot:
No maſſy Beams ſupport his humble Hall,
But Reeds and marſhy Ruſhes wove the Wall;

Ver. 715. *The Night's third Hour.*] Our Nine at Night. See *Book* II. *V.* 1070.

Old

Digitized by Google

Old ſhatter'd Planking for a Roof was ſpread,
And cover'd in from Rain the needy Shed.
Thrice on the feeble Door the Warrior ſtrook,
Beneath the Blow the trembling Dwelling ſhook.
What Wretch forlorn (the poor *Amyclas* cries)
Driv'n by the raging Seas, and ſtormy Skies,
To my poor lowly Roof for Shelter flies?
He ſpoke; and haſty left his homely Bed,
With oozy Flags and with'ring Sea-weed ſpread.
Then from the Hearth the ſmoaking Match he takes,
And in the Tow the drowzy Fire awakes;
Dry Leaves, and Chips, for Fuel, he ſupplies,
'Till kindling Sparks, and glitt'ring Flames ariſe.
Oh happy Poverty! thou greateſt Good,
Beſtow'd by Heav'n, but ſeldom underſtood!
Here nor the cruel Spoiler ſeeks his Prey,
Nor ruthleſs Armies take their dreadful Way:
Security thy narrow Limits keeps,
Safe are thy Cottages, and ſound thy Sleeps.
Behold! ye dangerous Dwellings of the Great,
Where Gods, and Godlike Princes chuſe their Seat;
See in what Peace the poor *Amyclas* lyes,
Nor ſtarts, tho' *Cæſar*'s Call commands to riſe.
What Terrors had you felt that Call to hear?
How had your Tow'rs and Ramparts ſhook with Fear,
And trembled, as the mighty Man drew near!

The Door unbarr'd: Expect (the Leader said)
Beyond thy Hopes, or Wishes, to be pay'd;
If in this instant Hour thou waft me o'er,
With speedy haste, to yon' *Hesperian* Shore.
No more shall Want thy weary Hand constrain,
To work thy Bark upon the boist'rous Main:
Henceforth good Days and Plenty shall betide;
The Gods and I, will for thy Age provide.
A glorious Change attends thy low Estate,
Sudden and mighty Riches round thee wait;
Be wise, and use the lucky Hour of Fate.
Thus he; and tho' in humble Vestments dress'd,
Spite of himself, his Words his Pow'r express'd,
And *Cæsar* in his Bounty stand confess'd.
To him the wary Pilot thus replies:
A thousand Omens threaten from the Skies:
A thousand boding Signs my Soul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the Seas by Night.
In Clouds the setting Sun obscur'd his Head,
Nor painted o'er the ruddy West with Red:
Now North, now South, he shot his parted Beams,
And tipp'd the sullen Black with golden Gleams:

Ver. 777. *Now North, now South,*] As is very often seen when the Sun is behind a black Cloud, and the Rays shoot out on each Side. These Prognosticks of the Weather are much the same with those in *Virgil*'s First Georgick, and many of 'em are to be found in *Aratus*.

Pale

Pale shone his middle Orb with sickish Rays,
And suffer'd mortal Eyes at ease to gaze.
Nor rose the silver Queen of Night direct,
Supine and dull her blunted Horns were seen,
With foggy Stains, and cloudy Dints between.
Dreadful awhile she shone all fiery Red,
Then sicken'd into Pale, and hid her drooping Head.
Nor less I fear from that hoarse hollow Roar,
In leafy Groves, and on the sounding Shore
In various Turns the doubtful Dolphins play,
And thwart, and run across, and mix their way.
The Cormorants the watry Deep forsake,
And soaring Herns avoid the plashy Lake;
While, wadling on the Margin of the Main,
The Crow bewets her, and prevents the Rain.
However, if some great Enterprize demand,
Behold, I proffer thee my willing Hand:
My vent'rous Bark the troubled Deep shall try,
To thy wish'd Port her plunging Prow shall ply,
Unless the Seas resolve to beat us by.
He spoke, and spread his Canvas to the Wind,
Unmoor'd his Boat, and left the Shore behind.
Swift flew the nimble Keel; and as they past,
Long Trails of Light the shooting Meteors cast;
Ev'n the fix'd Fires above in Motion seem,
Shake thro' the Bluft, and dart a quiv'ring Beam;

Black Horrors on the gloomy Ocean brood,
And in long Ridges rolls the threat'ning Flood;
While loud and louder murmuring Winds arise,
And growl from ev'ry Quarter of the Skies.
When thus the trembling Master, pale with Fear,
Behold what Wrath the dreadful Gods prepare;
My Art is at a loss; the various Tide
Beats my unstable Bark on ev'ry Side:
From the Norwest the setting Current swells,
While Southern Storms the driving Rack foretells.
Howe'er it be, our purpos'd Way is lost,
Nor can one Relick of our Wreck be tost
By Winds, like these, on fair *Hesperia*'s Coast.
Our only means of Safety is to yield,
And measure back with haste the foamy Field;
To give our unsuccessful Labour o'er,
And reach, while yet we may, the neighb'ring Shore.
But *Cæsar*, still superior to Distress,
Fearless, and confident of sure Success,
Thus to the Pilot loud——The Seas despise,
And the vain Threatning of the noisie Skies.
Tho' Gods deny thee yon' *Ausonian* Strand;
Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my Command.

Ver. 813. *From the Norwest.*] The Tide or Current of the Sea setting one way, and the Clouds another.

Ver. 816. *Nor can one Relick.*] As if he had said; Tho' we are sure to be cast away, yet not the least Piece of the Vessel shall be driven towards *Italy*.

Thy

Digitized by Google

Thy Ignorance alone can cauſe thy Fears,
Thou know'ſt not what a Freight thy Veſſel bears;
Thou know'ſt not I am He, to whom 'tis giv'n
Never to want the Care of watchful Heav'n.
Obedient Fortune waits my humble Thrall,
And always ready comes before I call.
Let Winds, and Seas, loud Wars at freedom wage,
And waſte upon themſelves their empty Rage;
A ſtronger, mightier *Damon* is thy Friend,
Thou, and thy Bark, on *Ceſar*'s Fate depend.
Thou ſtand'ſt amaz'd to view this dreadful Scene;
And wonder'ſt what the Gods and Fortune mean!
But artfully their Bounties thus they raiſe,
And from my Dangers arrogate new Praiſe;
Amidſt the Fears of Death they bid me live,
And ſtill inhance what they are ſure to give.
Then leave yon' Shore behind with all thy haſte,
Nor ſhall this idle Fury longer laſt.
Thy Keel auſpicious ſhall the Storm appeaſe,
Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer Seas,
And reach *Brundaſium*'s ſafer Port with Eaſe.
Nor can the Gods ordain another now,
'Tis what I want, and what they muſt beſtow.
Thus while in vaunting Words the Leader ſpoke,
Full on his Bark the thund'ring Tempeſt ſtrook;
Off rips the rending Canvaſs from the Maſt,
And whirling flits before the driving Blaſt;

Digitized by Google

In ev'ry Joint the groaning Alder founds,
And gapes wide-opening with a thousand Wounds.
Now, rising all at once, and unconfin'd,
From ev'ry Quarter roars the rushing Wind:
First from the wide *Atlantick* Ocean's Bed,
Tempestuous *Caurus* rears his dreadful Head;
Th' obedient Deep his potent Breath conceals,
And, Mountain-high, the foamy Flood he rolls.
Him the North-East incount'ring fierce defy'd,
And back rebuffed the yielding Tide.
The curling Surges loud conflicting meet,
Dash their proud Heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing *Boreas*, from the *Scythian* Strand,
Plows up the Waves, and scoops the lowest Sand.
Nor *Eurus* then, I weem, was left to dwell,
Nor show'ry *Notus*, in th' *Æolian* Cell;
But each from ev'ry Side, his Pow'r to boast,
Rang'd his proud Forces, to defend his Coast.
Equal in Might, alike they strive in vain,
While in the midst the Seas unmov'd remain:
In lesser Wars they yield to stormy Hosts,
And captive Waves to other Deeps are driv'n;
The *Tyrrhen* Billows dash *Ægean* Shores,
And *Adria* in the rain'd *Ionian* roars.
How then must Earth the swelling Ocean dread,
When Floods ran higher than each Mountain's Head?

Subject

Digitized by Google

Subject, and low the trembling Beldame lay,
And gave her self for lost, the conqu'ring Water's Prey.
What other Worlds, what Seas unknown before,
Then drove their Billows on our beaten Shore!
What distant Deeps, their Prodigies to boast,
Heav'd their huge Monsters on th' Asylaean Coast!
So when avenging Jove long time had hurl'd,
And tir'd his Thunders on a harden'd World:
New Wrath, the God, new Punishment display'd,
And ca'll'd his watry Brother to his Aid:
Offending Earth to Neptune's Lot he join'd,
And bad his Floods no longer stand confin'd;
At once the Surges o'er the Nations rise,
And Seas are only bounded by the Skies.
Such now the spreading Deluge had been seen,
Had not th' Almighty Ruler flood between;
Proud Waves, the Cloud-compelling Sire obey'd,
Confess'd his Hand suppelling, and were stay'd.
Nor was that Gloom the common Shade of Night,
The friendly Darkness, that relieves the Light;
But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
A murky Vapour breath'd from yawning Hell:
So thick the mingling Seas and Clouds were hung,
Scarce cou'd the struggling Light'ning gleam along.
Thro' Nature's Frame the dire Convulsion strook,
Heav'n groan'd, the lab'ring Poles and Axis shook:

Uproar,

Uproar, and *Chaos* old, prevail'd again,
And broke the ſacred Elemental Chain:
Black Fiends, unhallow'd, fought the bleſt Abodes,
Profan'd the Day, and mingled with the Gods.
One only Hope, when ev'ry other fail'd,
With *Ceſar*, and with Nature's ſelf, prevail'd;
The Storm that fought their Ruin, prov'd 'em ſtrong,
Nor cou'd they fall, who ſtood that Shock ſo long.
High as *Leucadia*'s leſſ'ning Cliffs ariſe,
On the tall Billow's Top the Veſſel flies;
While the pale Maſter, from the Surge's Brow,
With giddy Eyes ſurveys the Depth below.
When ſtrait the gaping Main at once divides,
On naked Sands the ruſhing Bark ſubſides,
And the low liquid Vale the Topmaſt hides.
The trembling Shipman, all diſtraught with Fear,
Forgets his Courſe, and knows not how to ſteer;
No more the uſeleſs Rudder guides the Prow,
To meet the rolling Swell, or ſhun the Blow.
But lo! the Storm it ſelf Aſſiſtance lends,
While one Aſſaults, another Wave defends:
This lays the ſidelong Adder on the Main,
And that reſtores the leaning Bark again.

Ver. 915. *Leucadia*,] Or *Leucas*, an Iſland in the *Ionian* Sea, over-againſt *Acarnania*, now call'd the Iſle of *St. Maur*.

Obedient

Digitized by Google

Obedient to the mighty Winds ſhe plies,
Now ſeeks the Depths, and now invades the Skies;
There born aloft, ſhe apprehends no more,
Or ſhoaly *Saſon*, or *Theſſalia's* Shore;
High Hills ſhe dreads, and Promontories now,
And fears to touch *Ceraunia's* airy Brow.

At length the univerſal Wreck appear'd,
To *Caſar's* ſelf, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.
Why all theſe Pains, this Toil of Fate (he cries)
This Labour of the Seas, and Earth, and Skies?
All Nature, and the Gods at once alarm'd,
Againſt my little Boat and me are arm'd.
If, oh ye Pow'rs Divine! your Will decrees
The Glory of my Death to theſe rude Seas;
If warm, and in the fighting Field to die,
If that, my firſt of Wiſhes, you deny;
My Soul no longer at her Lot repines,
But yields to what your Providence aſſigns.
Tho' immature I end my glorious Days,
Cut ſhort my Conqueſt, and prevent new Praiſe;
My Life, already, ſtands the nobleſt Theme,
To fill long Annals of recording Fame.
Far Northern Nations own me for their Lord,
And envious Factions crouch beneath my Sword;

Ver. 935. *Ceraunia,*] Or *Acro-Ceraunium*, a Promontory in *Epirus*, running out into the *Adriatick* Sea.

Inferior

Digitized by Google

Inferior *Pompey* yields to me at Home,
And only fills a second Place in *Rome*.
My Country has my high Behests obey'd,
And at my Feet her Laws obedient laid;
All Sov'reignty, all Honours are my own,
Consul, Dictator, I am all Alone.
But thou, my only Goddess, and my Friend,
Thou, on whom all my secret Pray'rs attend,
Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious End.
Let none on Earth, let none beside thee, know,
I sink thus poorly to the Shades below.
Dispose, ye Gods! my Carcase as you please,
Deep let it drown beneath these raging Seas;
I ask no Urn my Ashes to infold,
Nor Marble Monuments, nor Shrines of Gold;
Let but the World, unknowing of my Doom,
Expect me still, and think I am to come;
So shall my Name with Terror still be heard,
And my Return in ev'ry Nation fear'd.
He spoke, and sudden, wondrous to behold,
High on a tenth huge Wave his Bark was roll'd;
Nor sunk again, Alternate, as before,
But rushing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the Shore.
Rome, and his Fortune were at once restor'd,
And Earth again receiv'd him for her Lord.
Now, thro' the Camp his late Arrival void,
The Warriors croud, their Leader to behold;

In

In Tears, around, the murm'ring Legions ſtand,
And welcome him, with fond Complaints, to Land.
What means too daring *Ceſar* (thus they cry)
To tempt the ruthleſs Seas, and ſtormy Sky?
What a vile helpleſs Herd had we been left,
Of ev'ry Hope at once in thee bereft?
While on thy Life ſo many Thouſands wait,
While Nations live Dependant on thy Fate,
While the whole World on thee, their Head, rely,
'Tis cruel in thee to conſent to die.
And could'ſt thou not one faithful Soldier find,
One equal to his mighty Maſter's Mind,
One that deſerv'd not to be left behind?
While tumbling Billows toſt thee on the Main,
We ſlept at Eaſe, unknowing of thy Pain.
Were we the Cauſe, oh Shame? unworthy we,
That urg'd thee on to brave the raging Sea?
Is there a Slave whoſe Head thou hold'ſt ſo light,
To give him up to this tempeſtuous Night?
While *Ceſar*, whom the ſubject Earth obeys,
To Seaſons ſuch as theſe, his ſacred ſelf betrays.
Still wo't thou weary out indulgent Heaven,
And ſcatter all the lavish Gods have giv'n?
Doſt thou the Care of Providence employ,
Only to ſave thee when the Seas run high?
Auſpicious *Jove* thy Wiſhes wou'd promote;
Thou ask'ſt the Safety of a leaky Boat:

He

Digitized by Google

He proffers thee the World's ſupreme Command;
Thy Hopes aſpire no farther than to Land,
And caſt thy Shipwreck on th' *Heſperian* Strand.
In kind Reproaches thus they waſte the Night,
'Till the grey Eaſt diſclos'd the breaking Light:
Serene the Sun his beamy Face diſplay'd,
While the tir'd Storm, and weary Waves were laid.
Speedy the *Latian* Chiefs unfurl their Sails,
And catch the gently-riſing Northern Gales:
In fair Appearance the tall Veſſels glide,
The Pilots, and the Wind, conſpire to guide,
And waft 'em fitly o'er the ſmoother Tide:
Decent they move, like ſome well-order'd Band,
In rang'd Battalions marching o'er the Land.
Night fell at length, the Winds the Sails forſook,
And a dead Calm the beauteous Order broke.
So when, from *Strymon*'s wint'ry Banks, the Cranes,
In feather'd Legions, cut th' Æthereal Plains;
To warmer *Nile* they bend their airy Way,
Form'd in long Lines, and rank'd in juſt Array:
But if ſome ruſhing Storm the Journey croſs,
The wingy Leaders all are at a loſs:

Ver. 1024. *Strymon*,] Is a River in that Part of *Thrace* which joins to *Macedonia*. 'Tis now call'd *Stromona*. The Commentators obſerve upon this Paſſage, that the Cranes in their Flight (as here from a colder to a warmer Climate) uſually kept in the Form of one of theſe three *Greek* Letters Δ Λ or Υ, unleſs the Violence of the Wind broke their Order.

Now

Now close, now loose, the breaking Squadrons fly,
And scatter in Confusion o'er the Sky.
The Day return'd, with *Phœbus Auster* rose,
And hard upon the straining Canvals blows.
Scudding afore him swift the Fleet he bore,
O'er-passing *Lyssus*, to *Nymphæum*'s Shore;
There safe from Northern Winds, within the Port they moor.
While thus united *Cæsar*'s Arms appear,
And Fortune draws the great Decision near;
Sad *Pompey*'s Soul uneasie Thoughts infest,
And his *Cornelia* pains his anxious Breast.
To distant *Lesbos* fain he woo'd remove,
Far from the War, the Partner of his Love.
Oh who can speak, what Numbers can reveal
The Tenderness, which pious Lovers feel?
Who can their secret Pangs and Sorrows tell,
With all the croud of Cares that in their Bosoms dwell?

Ver. 1035. *O'er-passing* Lyssus.] This was a Town of *Macedonia* at the Mouth of the River *Drilon* on the Borders of *Illyricum*. The *Nymphæum* here mention'd is a Promontory of *Macedonia* on the *Ionian* Sea, not far from *Apollonia*.

I don't know whether it be worth while to observe, that this Passage concerning the Course of *Cæsar*'s Fleet is differently related by the Historians.

Ver. 1041. *To distant* Lesbos.] This was one of the most considerable Islands in the *Archipelago*, on the Coast of *Asia*. It was greatly favour'd by *Pompey*, and after it had suffer'd in the *Mithridatick* War, restor'd by him to its Liberty. See more of this Place in the Eighth Book.

See

Digitized by Google

See what new Passions now the Hero know,
Now first he doubts Success, and fears his Foes;
Rome, and the World he hazards in the Strife,
And gives up all to Fortune, but his Wife.
Oft' he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing News with fond Delay,
And ling'ring, puts off Fate from Day to Day.
The fleeting Shades began to leave the Sky,
And Slumber soft forsook the drooping Eye:
When, with fond Arms, the fair *Cornelia* prest
Her Lord, reluctant, to her snowy Breast:
Wond'ring, she found he slunn'd her just Embrace,
And felt warm Tears upon his manly Face.
Heart-wounded with the sudden Woe, she griev'd,
And scarce the weeping Warrior yet believ'd.
When, with a Groan, thus he. My truest Wife,
To say how much I love thee more than Life,
Poorly expresses what my Heart wou'd show,
Since Life, alas! is grown my Burthen now.
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful Doom,
That cruel parting Hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his Might,
Advancing *Cæsar* calls me to the Fight.
Haste then, my gentle Love, from War retreat;
The *Lesbian* Isle attends thy peaceful Seat:

Nor

Nor ſeek, oh! ſeek not to encreaſe my Cares,
Seek not to change my Purpoſe with thy Pray'rs;
My ſelf, in vain, the fruitleſs Suit have try'd,
And my own pleading Heart has been deny'd.
Think not, thy Diſtance will increaſe thy Fear:
Ruin, if Ruin comes, will ſoon be near,
Too ſoon the fatal News ſhall reach thy Ear.
Nor burns thy Heart with juſt and equal Fires,
Nor doſt thou love as Virtue's Law requires;
If thoſe ſoft Eyes can ev'n thy Husband bear,
Red with the Stains of Blood, and guilty War.
When horrid Trumpets ſound their dire Alarms,
Shall I indulge my Sorrows with thy Charms,
And riſe to Battle from theſe tender Arms?
Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
And join thy Abſence to the publick Woe.
But thou be hid, be ſafe from ev'ry Fear,
While Kings and Nations in Deſtruction ſhare:
Shun thou the Cruſh of my impending Fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its Weight.
Then if the Gods my Overthrow ordain,
And the fierce Victor chace me o'er the Plain,

1081. *Nor doſt thou love.*] As if *Cornelia* could not come up to the Virtue of the *Roman* Matrons, if ſhe did not look with Deteſtation, even upon her Husband, when he was engaged in a Civil War.

Thou

Thou ſhalt be left me ſtill, my better Part,
To ſooth my Cares, and heal my broken Heart;
Thy open Arms I ſhall be ſure to meet,
And fly with Pleaſure to the dear Retreat.
Stunn'd and aſtoniſh'd at the deadly Stroke,
All Senſe, at firſt, the Matron ſad forſook.
Motion, and Life, and Speech at length returns,
And thus in Words of heavieſt Woe ſhe mourns:
No, *Pompey!* 'tis not that my Lord is dead,
'Tis not the Hand of Fate has robb'd my Bed;
But like ſome baſe *Plebeian* I am curs'd,
And by my cruel Husband ſtand divorc'd.
But *Caſar* bids us part! thy Father comes!
And we muſt yield to what that Tyrant dooms!
Is thy *Cornelia*'s Faith ſo poorly known,
That thou ſhould'ſt think her ſafer whilſt alone?
Are not our Loves, our Lives, our Fortunes one?
Canſt thou, Inhuman, drive me from thy Side,
And bid my ſingle Head the coming Storm abide?
Do I not read thy Purpoſe in thy Eye?
Doſt thou not hope, and wiſh, ev'n now to die?
And can I then be ſafe? Yet Death is free,
That laſt Relief is not deny'd to me;

Ver. 1106. *Stand divorc'd.*] Divorces were very frequent among the *Romans*; tho' *Cornelia*, who was a Lady of ſingular Virtue, complains here that ſhe ſhou'd be parted from her Husband upon any other Occaſion than Death.

Tho'

Digitized by Google

Tho' baniſh'd by thy harſh Command I go,
Yet I will join thee in the Realms below.
Thou bidſt me with the Pangs of Abſence, ſtrive
And, 'till I hear thy certain Loſs, ſurvive.
My vow'd Obedience, what it can, ſhall bear;
But, oh! my Heart's a Woman, and I fear.
If the good Gods, indulgent to my Pray'r,
Shou'd make the Laws of *Rome*, and thee, their Care;
In diſtant Climes I may prolong my Woe,
And be the laſt thy Victory to know.
On ſome bleak Rock that frowns upon the Deep,
A conſtant Watch thy weeping Wife ſhall keep;
There from each Sail Misfortune ſhall I gueſs,
And dread the Bark that brings me thy Succeſs.
Nor ſhall thoſe happier Tidings end my Fear,
The vanquiſh'd Foe may bring new Danger near;
Defenceleſs I may ſtill be made a Prize,
And *Cæſar* ſnatch me with him, as he flies:
With Eaſe my known Retreat he ſhall explore,
While thy great Name diſtinguiſhes the Shore:
Soon ſhall the *Lesbian* Exile ſtand reveal'd,
The Wife of *Pompey* cannot live conceal'd.
But if th' o'er-ruling Pow'rs thy Cauſe forſake,
Grant me this only laſt Requeſt I make;
When thou ſhalt be of Troops, and Friends bereft,
And wretched Flight is all thy Safety left;

Oh!

Digitized by Google

Oh! follow not the Dictates of thy Heart,
But chuse a Refuge in some distant Part.
Where-e'er thy unsuspicious Bark shall steer,
Thy sad *Cornelia*'s fatal Shade forbear,
Since *Cæsar* will be sure to seek thee there.
So saying, with a Groan the Matron fled,
And, wild with Sorrow, left her lifeless Dead:
She flies all Ling'ring, all Delays as vain,
And rushes headlong to possess the Pain;
Nor will the hurry of her Grief afford
One last Embrace from her forbidden Lord.
Uncommon cruel was the Fate, for two,
Whose Lives had lasted long, and been so true,
To lose the Pleasure of one last Adieu.
In all the woful Days that crost their Bliss,
Sure never Hour was known so sad as this;
By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to Pain,
They met all after-Sorrows with Disdain,
And Fortune shot her envious Shafts in vain.
Low on the Ground the fainting Dame is laid,
Her Train officious hasten to her Aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful Hand,
Support her, slow-descending o'er the Strand.
There, while with eager Arms she grasp'd the Shore,
Scarcely the Mourner to the Bark they bore.
Not half this Grief of Heart, these Pangs, she knew,
When from her native *Italy* she flew:

Lonely

Lonely, and comfortleſs, ſhe takes her Flight,
Sad ſeems the Day, and long the ſleepleſs Night.
In vain her Maids the downy Couch provide,
She wants the tender Partner of her Side.
When weary oft' in Heavineſs ſhe lies,
And dozy Slumber ſteals upon her Eyes;
Fain, with fond Arms, her Lord ſhe wou'd have preſt,
But weeps to find the Pillow at her Breaſt.
Tho' raging in her Veins a Fever burns,
Painful ſhe lies, and reſtleſs oft' ſhe turns,
She ſhuns his ſacred Side with awful Fear,
And wou'd not be convinc'd he is not there.
But, oh! too ſoon the Want ſhall be ſupply'd,
The Gods too cruelly for that provide:
Again, the circling Hours bring back her Lord,
And *Pompey* ſhall be fatally reſtor'd.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google